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THE  
CANTERBURY TALES  
OF  
CHAUCE R.

To which are added,

An ESSAY upon his LANGUAGE and  
VERSIFICATION; an INTRODUCTORY  
DISCOURSE; and NOTES.

V O L. III.

L O N D O N,  
Printed for T. PAYNE, at the Mews-gate.  
M D C C L X X V.

THE

CANTONMENT

OF  
CALIFORNIA

OF THE U. S. ARMY

AND

AN ESSAY ON THE  
CONSTRUCTION OF  
THE

VOLUME

LONDON

PRINTED BY T. & A. STANLEY



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THE  
CANTERBURY TALES.

THE MONKES PROLOGUE.

WHAN ended was my tale of Melibee,  
And of Prudence and hire benignitee,  
Our hoste saide ; as I am faithful man,  
And by the precious *corpus Madrian*,  
I hadde lever than a barell of ale,  
That goode lese my wif had herde this tale : 13900  
For she n'is no thing of swiche patience,  
As was this Melibeus wif Prudence.

By Goddes bones, whan I bete my knaves,  
She bringeth me the grete clobbed staves,  
And cryeth ; flee the dogges everich on.  
And breke hem bothe bak and every bon.

And if that any neighebour of mine  
Wol not in chirche to my wif encline,  
Or be so hardy to hire to trespace,  
Whan she cometh home she rampeth in my face,  
And cryeth ; false coward, wreke thy wif : 13911  
By *corpus Domini*, I wol have thy knif,  
And thou shalt have my distaf, and go spinne.  
Fro day til night right thus she wol beginne.

Alas, she saith, that ever I was yshape  
To wed a milkfop, or a coward ape,

2 THE MONKES PROLOGUE.

That wol ben overladde with every wight !  
Thou darst not stonden by thy wives right.

This is my lif, but if that I wol fight,  
And out at dore anon I mote me dight, 13920  
Or elles I am-lost, but if that I  
Be like a wilde leon, fool-hardy.

I wote wel she wol do me flee som day  
Som neighebour, and thanne go my way,  
For I am perilous with knif in honde,  
Al be it that I dare not hire withstonde :  
For she is bigge in armes by my faith,  
That shal he finde, that hire misdoth or faith.  
But let us passe away fro this matere.

My lord the Monk, quod he, be mery of chere,  
For ye shul telle a tale trewely. 13931

Lo, Rouchefer stondest here faste by.  
Ride forth, min owen lord, breke not our game.  
But by my trouthe I can not telle youre name ;  
Whether shal I call you my lord Dan John,  
Or Dan Thomas, or elles Dan Albon ?  
Of what hous be ye, by your fader kin ?  
I vow to God, thou hast a ful faire skin ;  
It is a gentil pasture ther thou gost ;  
Thou art not like a penaunt or a gost. 13940

Upon my faith thou art som officer,  
Som worthy sextein, or som celerer.

For

For by my fadres foule, ás to my dome,  
 Thou art a maister, whan thou art at home ;  
 No poure cloisterer, ne non novice,  
 But a governour bothe ware and wise,  
 And therwithal of braunes and of bones  
 A right wel faring persone for the nones.  
 I pray to God yeve him confusion,  
 That first thee brought into religion. 13950  
 Thou woldest han ben a trede-foul a right,  
 Haddest thou as grete leve, as thou hast might,  
 To parfourme all thy lust in engendrure,  
 Thou haddest begeten many a creature.  
 Alás ! why werest thou so wide a cope ?  
 God yeve me sorwe, but, and I were pope,  
 Not only thou but every mighty man,  
 Though he were shore ful high upon his pan,  
 Shuld haye a wif, for al this world is lorn ;  
 Religion hath take up all the corn 13960  
 Of treading, and we borel men ben shrimpes :  
 Of feble trees ther comen wretched impes.  
 This maketh that our heires ben so sclendre  
 And feble, that they moun not wel engendre.  
 This maketh that our wives wol assaye  
 Religious folk, for they moun better paye  
 Of Venus payementes than mowen we :  
 God wote, no lusheburghes payen ye.

4 THE MONKES PROLOGUE.

But be not wroth, my lord, though that I play ;  
 Ful oft in game a sothe have I herd say. 13970

This worthy Monke toke all in patience,  
 And saide ; I wol don all my diligence,  
 As fer as founeth into honestee,  
 To tellen you a tale, or two or three.  
 And if you list to herken hiderward,  
 I wol you sayn the lif of Seint Edward ;  
 Or elles tragedies first I wol telle,  
 Of which I have an hundred in my celle.

Tragedie is to sayn a certain storie,  
 As olde bookes maken us memorie, 13980  
 Of him that stood in gret prosperitee,  
 And is yfallen out of high degree  
 In to miserie, and endeth wretchedly.  
 And they ben versified comunly  
 Of six feet, which men clepen exametron :  
 In prose eke ben endited many on,  
 And eke in metre, in many a sondry wise.  
 Lo, this declaring ought ynough suffice.

Now herkeneth, if you liketh for to here.  
 But first I you besече in this matere, 13990  
 Though I by ordre telle not thise thinges,  
 Be it of popes, emperoures, or kinges,  
 After hir ages, as men written finde,  
 But telle hem som before and som behinde,

As it now cometh to my remembrance,  
Have me excused of min ignorance.

## THE MONKES TALE.

I wol bewaile in manere of tragedie  
The harm of hem, that stode in high degree,  
And fellen so, that ther n'as no remedie  
To bring hem out of hir adversitee. 14000  
For certain whan that fortune list to flee,  
Ther may no man of hire the cours withholde :  
Let no man trust on blinde prosperitee ;  
Beth ware by thise ensamples trewe and olde.

*Lucifer.*

At Lucifer, though he an angel were  
And not a man, at him I wol beginne.  
For though fortune may non angel dere,  
From high degree yet fell he for his sinne  
Doun into helle, wheras he yet is inne.  
O Lucifer, brightest of angels alle, 14010  
Now art thou Sathanas, that maist not twinne  
Out of miserie, in which that thou art falle.

*Adam.*

Lo Adam, in the feld of Damascene  
With Goddes owen finger wrought was he,  
And not begeten of mannes sperme unclene,  
And welte all Paradis saving o tree:

## 6 THE MONKES TALE.

Had never worldly man so high degree  
 As Adam, til he for misgovernance  
 Was driven out of his prosperitee  
 To labour, and to helle, and to meschance. 14020

*Sampson,*

Lo Sampson, which that was annunciat  
 By the angel, long or his nativitee :  
 And was to God Almighty consecrat,  
 And stode in nobleffe while he mighte see :  
 Was never swiche another as was he,  
 To speke of strength, and therto hardinesse :  
 But to his wives tolde he his secree,  
 Thurgh which he flow himself for wretchednesse.

Sampson, this noble and mighty champion,  
 Withouten wepen, save his handes twey, 14030  
 He flow and all to-rente the leon,  
 Toward his wedding walking by the wey :  
 His false wif coude him so plese, and pray,  
 Til she his conseil knewe ; and she untrew  
 Unto his foos his conseil gan bewray,  
 And him forfoke, and toke another newe.

Three hundred foxes toke Sampson for ire,  
 And all hir tayles he togeder bond :  
 And set the foxes tayles all on fire,  
 For he in every tayl had knit a brond. 14040  
 And



And they brent all the cornes in that lond,  
 And all hir oliveres, and vines eke.  
 A thousand men he flow eke with his hond,  
 And had no wepen, but an asses cheke.

Whan they were slain, so thursted him, that he  
 Was wel nie lorne, for which he gan to preye,  
 That God wold on his peine han som pitee,  
 And send him drinke, or elles moſte he deye :  
 And of this asses cheke, that was ſo dreye,  
 Out of a wang toth ſprang anon a welle, 14050  
 Of which he dranke ynough, ſhortly to feye.  
 Thus halp him God, as *Judicum* can telle.

By veray force at Gafa on a night,  
 Maugre the Philiftins of that citee,  
 The gates of the toun he hath up plight,  
 And on his bak ycaried hem hath he  
 High on an hill, wher as men might hem ſe.  
 O noble mighty Sampſon, leſe and dere,  
 Haddeſt thou not told to women thy ſecree,  
 In all this world ne had ther ben thy pere. 14060

This Sampſon never ſider drank ne wine,  
 Ne on his hed came rafour non ne there,  
 By precept of the meſſager divine,  
 For all his ſtrengthes in his heres were :

And fully twenty winter yere by yere  
 He hadde of Israél the governance :  
 But sone shal he wepen many a tere,  
 For women shuln him bringen to meschance.

Unto his lemman Dalida he told,  
 That in his heres all his strengthe lay,      14070  
 And falsely to his fomen she him sold ;  
 And sleping in hire barme upon a day  
 She made to clip or shere his here away,  
 And made his fomen all his craft espien ;  
 And whan that they him fond in this array,  
 They bond him fast, and putten out his eyen.

But or his here was clipped or yshave,  
 Ther was no bond, with which men might him bind.  
 But now is he in prison in a cave,  
 Wheras they made him at the querne grinde.      14080  
 O noble Sampson, strongest of mankind,  
 O whilom juge in glory and richeffe,  
 Now mayest thou wepen with thin eyen blind,  
 Sith thou fro wele art falle in wretchednesse.

The ende of this caitif was, as I shal seye :  
 His fomen made a feste upon a day,  
 And made him as hir fool before hem pleye :  
 And this was in a temple of gret array.

But

But at the last he made a foule affray,  
 For he two pillers shoke, and made hem falle, 14090  
 And doun fell temple and all, and ther it lay,  
 And flow himself, and eke his fomen alle.

This is to fayn, the princes everich on,  
 And eke three thousand bodies were ther slain  
 With falling of the gret temple of ston.  
 Of Sampson now wol I no more fain :  
 Beth ware by this ensample old and plain,  
 That no men tell hir conseil to hir wives  
 Of swiche thing, as they wold han secree fain,  
 If that it touch hir limmes or hir lives. 14100

*Hercules.*

Of Hercules the soveraine conquerour  
 Singen his werkes laude, and high renoun ;  
 For in his time of strength he was the flour.  
 He flow and raft the skinne of the leon ;  
 He of Centaures laid the boft adoun ;  
 He Harpies flow, the cruel briddes felle ;  
 He golden apples raft fro the dragon ;  
 He drow out Cerberus the hound of helle.

He flow the cruel tirant Busirus,  
 And made his hors to fret him flesh and bon ; 14110  
 He flow the firy serpent venemous ;  
 Of Achelous two hornes brake he on.

And

And he flow Cacus in a cave of fton ;  
 He flow the geaunt Anteus the ftrong ;  
 He flow the grifely bore, and that anon ;  
 And bare the hevене on his nekke long.

Was never wight fith that the world began,  
 That flow fo many monftres, as did he ;  
 Thurghout the wide world his name ran,  
 What for his ftrength, and for his high bountee ;  
 And every reaume went he for to fee, 14121  
 He was fo ftrong that no man might him let ;  
 At bothe the worldes endes, faith Trophee,  
 In ftede of boundes he a piller fet.

A lemman had this noble champion,  
 That highte Deianire, as fresh as May ;  
 And as thife clerkes maken mention,  
 She hath him sent a fherte fresh and gay :  
 Alas ! this fherte, alas and wala wa !  
 Envenimed was sotilly withalle, 14130  
 That or that he had wered it half a day,  
 It made his flesh all from his bones falle.

But natheles fom clerkes hire excufen  
 By on, that highte Nessus, that it maked ;  
 Be as may be, I wol hire not accufen ;  
 But on his bak this fherte he wered al naked,

Til

Til that his flesh was for the venim blaked :  
 And whan he saw non other remedie ;  
 In hote coles he hath himselfen raked,  
 For with no venime deigned him to die. 14140

Thus starf this worthy mighty Hercules.  
 Lo, who may trust on fortune any throw ?  
 For him that folweth all this world of pres,  
 Or he be ware, is oft ylaid ful lowe :  
 Ful wise is he, that can himselfen knowe.  
 Beth ware, for whan that fortune list to glose,  
 Than waiteth she hire man to overthrowe  
 By swiche a way, as he wold lest suppose.

*Nabuchodonosor.*

The mighty trone, the precious tresor,  
 The glorious sceptre, and real majestee, 14150  
 That hadde the king Nabuchodonosor,  
 With tonge unnetthes may descryved be.  
 He twies wan Jerusalem the citee,  
 The vessell of the temple he with him ladde ;  
 At Babiloine was his soveraine fee,  
 In which his glorie and his delit he hadde.

The fayrest children of the blood real  
 Of Israel he did do gelde anon,  
 And maked eche of hem to ben his thral.  
 Amonges

Amonges other Daniel was on, 14160  
 That was the wisest child of everich on;  
 For he the dremes of the king expounded,  
 Wher as in Caldee clerk ne was ther non,  
 That wiste to what fin his dremes founed.

This proude king let make a statue of gold  
 Sixty cubites long, and seven in brede,  
 To which image bothe yonge and old  
 Commanded he to loute, and have in drede,  
 Or in a fourneis, ful of flames rede,  
 He shuld be brent, that wolde not obeye: 14170  
 But never wold assenten to that dede  
 Daniel, ne his yonge felawes tweye.

This king of kinges proud was and elat;  
 He wend that God, that sit in majestee,  
 Ne might him nat bereve of his estat:  
 But sodenly he lost his dignitee,  
 And like a best him femed for to be,  
 And ete hey as an oxe, and lay therout:  
 In rain with wilde bestes walked he,  
 Til certain time was ycome about. 14180

And like an egles fethers wex his heres,  
 His neyles like a briddes clawes were,  
 Til God relefed him at certain yeres,

And

And yaf him wit, and than with many a tere  
 He thanked God, and ever his lif in fere  
 Was he to don amis, or more trespace :  
 And til that time he laid was on his bere,  
 He knew that God was ful of might and grace.

*Balthasar.*

His sone, which that highte Balthasar,  
 That held the regne after his fadres day, 14190  
 He by his fader coude not beware,  
 For proude he was of herte, and of array :  
 And eke an ydolaster was he ay.  
 His high estat assured him in pride ;  
 But fortune cast him doun (and ther he lay)  
 And sodenly his regne gan devide.

A feste he made unto his lordes alle  
 Upon a time, and made hem blithe be,  
 And than his officeres gan he calle ;  
 Goth, bringeth forth thilke vessels, quod he, 14200  
 Which that my fader in his prosperitee  
 Out of the temple of Jerufalem berast,  
 And to our highe goddes thanke we  
 Of honour, that our eldres with us last.

His wif, his lordes, and his concubines  
 Ay dronken, while hir appetites last,

Out

Out of thise noble vessels sondry wines.  
 And on a wall this king his eyen cast,  
 And saw an hand armles, that wrote ful fast,  
 For fere of whiche he quoke, and fiked fore: 14210  
 This hand, that Balthasar so fore agast,  
 Wrote *Mane techel phares*, and no more:

In al that lond Magicien was non,  
 That coud expounen what this lettre ment,  
 But Daniel expounded it anon,  
 And said; O king, God to thy fader lent  
 Glorie and honour, regne, tresour, and rent;  
 And he was proud, and nothing God ne dradde;  
 And therefore God gret wreche upon him sent,  
 And him berast the regne that he hadde. 14220

He was out cast of mannes compaignie,  
 With asses was his habitation;  
 And ete hey, as a best, in wete and drie,  
 Til that he knew by grace and by reson,  
 That God of heven hath domination  
 Over every regne, and every creature:  
 And than had God of him compassion,  
 And him restored his regne and his figure.

Eke thou, that art his sone, art proud also,  
 And knowest all thise thinges veraily; 14230  
 And



And art rebel to God, and art his fo.  
 Thou dranke eke of his vessels boldely,  
 Thy wif eke, and thy wenches sinfully  
 Dranke of the fame vessels sondry wines,  
 And heried false goddes cursedly,  
 Therefore to thee yshapen ful gret pine is.

This hand was sent fro God, that on the wall  
 Wrote *Mane techel phares*, trusteth me ;  
 Thy regne is don, thou weyest nought at all ;  
 Divided is thy regne, and it shal be 14240  
 To Medes and to Perfes yeven, quod he.  
 And thilke fame night this king was flawe ;  
 And Darius occupied his degree,  
 Though he therto had neither right ne lawe.

Lordinges, ensample hereby moun ye take,  
 How that in lordship is no fikerneffe :  
 For whan that fortune wol a man forsake,  
 She bereth away his regne and his richeffe,  
 And eke his frendes, bothe more and lesse.  
 For what man that hath frendes thurgh fortune,  
 Mishap wol make hem enemies, I gesse. 14251  
 This proverbe is ful soth, and ful commune.

*Zenobia.*

Zenobia, of Palmerie the quene,  
 (As writen Perfiens of hire nobleffe)

So

So worthy was in armes, and so kene,  
 That no wight passed hire in hardinesse,  
 Ne in linage, ne in other gentillesse.  
 Of kinges blood of Perse is she descended ;  
 I say not that she hadde most fairenesse,  
 But of hire shape she might not ben amended. 14260

From hire childhode I finde that she fledde  
 Office of woman, and to wode she went ;  
 And many a wilde hartes blood she shedde  
 With arwes brode that she to hem sent ;  
 She was so swift, that she anon hem hent.  
 And whan that she was elder, she wold kille  
 Leons, leopards, and beres al to-rent,  
 And in hire armes weld hem at hire wille.

She dorst the wilde bestes dennes seke,  
 And rennen in the mountaignes all the night, 14270  
 And flepe under the bush ; and she coud eke  
 Wrafflen by veray force and veray might  
 With any yong man, were he never so wight ;  
 Ther mighte nothing in hire armes stonde ;  
 She kept hire maidenhode from every wight,  
 To no man deigned hire for to be bonde.

But at the last hire frendes han hire maried  
 To Odenat, a prince of that contree ;

Al were it so, that she hem longe taried.  
 And ye shul understonden, how that he 14280  
 Hadde swiche fantasies as hadde she;  
 But natheles, whan they weré knit in fere,  
 They lived in joye, and in felicitee,  
 For eche of hem had other lese and dere.

Save o thing, that she n'olde never assente,  
 By no way, that he shulde by hire lie  
 But ones, for it was hire plaine entente  
 To have a childe, the world to multiplie :  
 And al so sone as that she might espie,  
 That she was not with childe with that dede, 14290  
 Than would she suffer him don his fantasie  
 Estfone, and not but ones out of drede.

And if she were with child at thilke cast,  
 No more shuld he playen thilke game  
 Till fully fourty dayes weren past :  
 Than wold she ones suffre him do the same.  
 Al were this Odenate wild or tame,  
 He gate no more of hire, for thus she sayde,  
 It was to wives lecherie and shame,  
 In other cas if that men with hem playde. 14300

Two sones by this Odenate had she,  
 The which she kept in vertue and lettrure.

But now unto our tale turne we :  
 I say, so worshipful a creature,  
 And wise therwith, and large with mesure,  
 So penible in the werre, and curteis eke,  
 Ne more labour might in werre endure,  
 Was non, though al this world men shulden feke.

Hire riche array ne mighte not be told,  
 As wel in vessell as in hire clothing : 14310  
 She was al clad in pierrie and in gold,  
 And eke she lefte not for non hunting  
 To have of sondry tonges ful knowing,  
 Whan that she leiser had, and for to entend  
 To lernen bookes was all hire liking,  
 How she in vertue might hire lif dispend.

And shortly of this storie for to trete,  
 So doughty was hire hufbond and eke she,  
 That they conquered many regnes grete  
 In the Orient, with many a faire citee, 14320  
 Appertenaunt unto the majestee  
 Of Rome, and with strong hand held hem ful fast,  
 Ne never might hir fomen don hem flee,  
 Ay while that Odenates dayes last.

Hire batailles, who so list hem for to rede,  
 Againe Sapor the king, and other mo,

And

And how that all this proceffe fell in dede,  
 Why ſhe conquered, and what title therto,  
 And after of hire miſchefe and hire wo,  
 How that ſhe was beſeged, and ytake, 1433<sup>o</sup>  
 Let him unto my maifter Petrark go,  
 That writeth ynough of this, I undertake.

Whan Odenate was ded, ſhe mightily  
 The regnes held, and with hire propre hond  
 Agains hire fos ſhe fought ſo cruelly,  
 That ther n'as king ne prince in all that lond,  
 That he n'as glad, if he that grace fond  
 That ſhe ne wolde upon his lond werreye:  
 With hire they maden alliaunce by bond  
 To ben in pees, and let hire ride and pleye. 1434<sup>o</sup>

The emperour of Rome Claudius,  
 Ne, him befor, the Romain Galien  
 Ne dorſte never be ſo corageous,  
 Ne non Ermin, ne non Egiptien,  
 Ne Surrien, ne non Arabien  
 Within the feld ne dorſte with hire fight,  
 Left that ſhe wold hem with hire hondes ſlen,  
 Or with hire meinie putten hem to flight.

In kinges habite wente hire ſones two,  
 As heires of hir fadres regnes alle, 1435<sup>o</sup>

And Hereinanno and Timolao  
 Hir names were, as Perfiens hem calle.  
 But ay fortune hath in hire hony galle :  
 This mighty quene may no while endure,  
 Fortune out of hire regne made hire falle  
 To wretchednesse, and to misaventure.

Aurelian, whan that the governance  
 Of Rome came into his hondes twey,  
 He shope upon this quene to do vengeance,  
 And with his legions he toke his way 14360  
 Toward Zenobie, and shortly for to say,  
 He made hire flee, and atte last hire hent,  
 And fettred hire, and eke hire children tway,  
 And wan the lond, and home to Rome he went.

Amonges other thinges that he wan,  
 Hire char, that was with gold wrought and pierrie,  
 This grete Romain, this Aurelian  
 Hath with him lad, for that men shuld it see.  
 Beforen his triumpe walketh she  
 With gilte chaines on hire necke honging, 14370  
 Crouned she was, as after hire degree,  
 And ful of pierrie charged hire clothing.

Alas fortune ! she that whilom was  
 Dredeful to kinges and to emperoures,  
 Now gaureth all the peple on hire, alas !

And

And she that helmed was in starke floures,  
 And wan by force tounes stronge and toures,  
 Shal on hire hed now were a vitremite :  
 And she that bare the sceptre ful of floures,  
 Shal bere a distaf hire cost for to quite. 14380

*Nero.*

Although that Nero were as vicious,  
 As any fend, that lith ful low adoun,  
 Yet he, as telleth us Suetonius,  
 This wide world had in subiectioun,  
 Both Est and West, South and Septentrioun.  
 Of rubies, saphires, and of perles white  
 Were all his clothes brouded up and doun,  
 For he in gemmes gretly gan delite.

More delicat, more pompous of array,  
 More proude, was never emperour than he ; 14390  
 That ilke cloth that he had wered o day,  
 After that time he n'olde it never see ;  
 Nettes of gold threde had he gret plentee,  
 To fish in Tiber, whan him list to play ;  
 His lustes were as law, in his degree,  
 For fortune as his frend wold him obay.

He Rome brente for his delicacie ;  
 The fenatours he slow upon a day,

To heren how that men wold wepe and crie ;  
 And flow his brother, and by his suster lay. 1440  
 His moder made he in pitous array,  
 For he hire wombe let flitten, to behold  
 Wher he conceived was, so wala wa !  
 That he so litel of his moder told.

No tere out of his eyen for that sight  
 Ne came, but sayd, a faire woman was she.  
 Gret wonder is, how that he coud or might  
 Be domesman of hire dede beautee :  
 The wine to bringen him commanded he,  
 And dranke anon, non other wo he made. 1441  
 Whan might is joined unto crueltee,  
 Alas ! to depe wol the venime wade.

In youthe a maister had this emperour  
 To techen him lettrure and curtesie,  
 For of moralitee he was the flour,  
 As in his time, but if bookes lie.  
 And while this maister had of him maistrice,  
 He makid him so conning and so souple,  
 That longe time it was, or tyrannie,  
 Or any vice dorst in him uncouple. 1442

This Seneka, of which that I devise,  
 Because Nero had of him swiche drede,

For



For he fro vices wold him ay chaftise  
 Difcretly, as by word, and not by dede,  
 Sire, he wold fay, an emperour mote nede  
 Be vertuous, and haten tyrannie.  
 For which he made him in a bathe to blede  
 On bothe his armes, till he muſte die.

This Nero had eke of a cuſtumaunce  
 In youth ageins his maifter for to riſe ; 1443<sup>o</sup>  
 Which afterward him thought a gret grevaunce,  
 Therefore he made him dien in this wiſe.  
 But natheles this Seneka the wiſe  
 Chees in a bathe to die in this manere,  
 Rather than han another turmentife :  
 And thus hath Nero ſlain his maifter dere.

Now fell it ſo, that fortune liſt no lenger  
 The highe pride of Nero to cherice :  
 For though that he were ſtrong, yet was ſhe ſtrenger.  
 She thoughte thus ; by God I am to nice 1444<sup>o</sup>  
 To ſet a man, that is fulfilled of vice,  
 In high degree, and emperour him calle :  
 By God out of his ſete I wol him trice,  
 Whan he leſt weneth, ſoneſt ſhal he falle.

The peple roſe upon him on a night  
 For his defaute, and whan he it eſpied,

Out of his dores anon he hath him dight  
 Alone, and ther he wend han ben allied,  
 He knocked fast, and ay the more he cried,  
 The faster shetten they hir dores alle : 14450  
 Tho wist he wel he had himself misgied,  
 And went his way, no lenger dorst he calle.

The peple cried and rombled up and doun,  
 That with his eres herd he how they sayde,  
 Wher is this false tyrant, this Neroun ?  
 For fere almost out of his wit he brayde,  
 And to his goddes pitoufly he preide  
 For focour, but it mighte not betide :  
 For drede of this him thoughte that he deide,  
 And ran into a gardin him to hide. 14460

And in this gardin fond he cherles tweye  
 That saten by a fire gret and red,  
 And to thise cherles two he gan to preye  
 To slen him, and to girden of his hed,  
 That to his body, whan that he were ded,  
 Were no despit ydon for his defame.  
 Himself he slow, he coud no better rede,  
 Of which fortune lough and hadde a game,

*Holofernes.*

Was never capitaine under a king,  
 That regnes mo put in subjeetioun, 14470  
 Ne

Ne stronger was in feld of alle thing  
 As in his time, ne greter of renoun,  
 Ne more pompous in high presumptioun,  
 Than Holoferne, which that fortune ay kist  
 So likerously, and lad him up and doun,  
 Til that his hed was of, or that he wist.

Not only that this world had him in awe  
 For lesing of richeffe and libertee;  
 But he made every man reneie his lawe.  
 Nabuchodonosor was God, sayd he; 14480  
 Non other God ne shulde honoured be.  
 Ageins his heste ther dare no wight trespace,  
 Save in Bethulia, a strong citee,  
 Wher Eliachim a preest was of that place.

But take kepe of the deth of Holoferne:  
 Amid his host he dronken lay a night  
 Within his tente, large as is a berne;  
 And yet for all his pompe and all his might,  
 Judith, a woman, as he lay upright  
 Sleping, his hed of smote, and fro his tente 14490  
 Ful prively she stole from every wight,  
 And with his hed unto hire toun she wente.

*Antiochus.*

What nedeth it of king Antiochus  
 To tell his high and real majestee,

His

His gret pride, and his werkes venimous ?  
 For swiche another was ther non as he ;  
 Redeth what that he was in Machabe,  
 And redeth the proud wordes that he feid,  
 And why he fell from his prosperitee,  
 And in an hill how wretchedly he deid. 14500

Fortune him had enhaunfed so in pride,  
 That veraily he wend he might attaine  
 Unto the sterres upon every side,  
 And in a balaunce weyen eche mountaine,  
 And all the floodes of the see restreine :  
 And Goddes peple had he most in hate,  
 Hem wold he fleen in turment and in peine,  
 Wening that God ne might his pride abate.

And for that Nichanor and Timothee  
 With Jewes were venquished mightily, 14510  
 Unto the Jewes swiche an hate had he,  
 That he bad greithe his char ful hastily,  
 And swore and sayde ful despitoufly,  
 Unto Jerufalem he wold eftfone  
 To wreke his ire on it ful cruelly,  
 But of his purpos was he let ful sone.

God for his manace him so fore smote,  
 With invifible wound, ay incurable,

That

That in his guttes carfe it fo and bote,  
 Til that his peines weren importable ; 14520  
 And certainly the wreche was refonable,  
 For many a mannes guttes did he peine ;  
 But from his purpos, curfed and damnable,  
 For all his fmerte, he n'olde him not reftreine :

But bade anon apparailen his hofte.  
 And fodenly, or he was of it ware,  
 God daunted all his pride, and all his bofte ;  
 For he fo fore fell out of his chaire,  
 That it his limmes and his fkinne to-tare,  
 So that he neither mighte go ne ride ; 14530  
 But in a chaire men about him bare,  
 Alle forbrufed bothe bak and fide.

The wreche of God him fmote fo cruelly,  
 That thurgh his body wicked wormes crept,  
 And therwithal he ftanke fo horribly,  
 That non of all his meinie that him kept,  
 Whether fo that he woke or elles fleep,  
 Ne mighte not of him the ftinke endure.  
 In this mifchiefe he wailed and eke wept,  
 And knew God, Lord of every creature. 14540

To all his hofte, and to himfelf alfo  
 Ful wlatfom was the ftinke of his careine ;

No

No man ne mighte him beren to ne fro.  
 And in this stinke, and this horrible peine,  
 He starf ful wretchedly in a mountaine.  
 Thus hath this robbour, and this homicide,  
 That many a man made to wepe and pleine,  
 Swiche guerdon, as belongeth unto pride.

*Alexander.*

The storie of Alexandre is so commune,  
 That every wight, that hath discretioun, 14550  
 Hath herd somwhat or all of his fortune.  
 This wide world, as in conclusioun,  
 He wan by strength, or for his high renoun  
 They weren glad for pees unto him fende,  
 The pride of man and boft he layd adoun,  
 Wher so he came, unto the worldes ende,

Comparifon might never yet be maked  
 Betwix him and another conquerour,  
 For al this world for drede of him hath quaked;  
 He was of knighthode and of fredome flour; 14560  
 Fortune him maked the heir of hire honour.  
 Save wine and women, nothing might affwage  
 His high entente in armes and labour,  
 So was he ful of leonin corage.

What

What pris were it to him, though I you told  
 Of Darius, and an hundred thousand mo,  
 Of kinges, princes, dukes, erles bold,  
 Which he conquered, and brought hem into wo?  
 I say, as fer as man may ride or go  
 The world was his, what shuld I more devise? 14570  
 For though I wrote or told you ever mo  
 Of his knighthode, it mighte not suffice.

Twelf yere he regned, as saith Machabe;  
 Philippus sone of Macedoine he was,  
 That first was king in Grece the contree.  
 O worthy gentil Alexandre, alas  
 That ever shuld thee fallen swiche a cas!  
 Enpoisoned of thyn owen folke thou were;  
 Thy fis fortune hath turned into an as,  
 And yet for thee ne wept she never a tere. 14580

Who shal me yeven teres to complaine  
 The deth of gentilleffe, and of fraunchise,  
 That all this world welded in his demaine,  
 And yet him thought it mighte not suffice?  
 So ful was his corage of high emprise.  
 Alas! who shal me helpen to endite  
 Falsse fortune, and poison to despise?  
 The whiche two of all this wo I wite.

*Julius*

*Julius Cesar.*

By wisdome, manhode, and by gret labour,  
 From humblehede to real majestee 1459<sup>o</sup>  
 Up rose he Julius the conquerour,  
 That wan all the occident, by lond and see,  
 By strengthe of hond, or elles by treetee,  
 And unto Rome made hem tributarie ;  
 And sith of Rome the emperour was he,  
 Til that fortune wexe his adversarie.

O mighty Cesar, that in Theffalie  
 Ageins Pompeius father thin in lawe,  
 That of the orient had all the chivalrie,  
 As fer as that the day beginneth dawe, 1460<sup>o</sup>  
 Thou thurgh thy knighthode hast hem take and flawe,  
 Save fewe folk, that with Pompeius fledde,  
 Thurgh which thou put all the orient in awe,  
 Thanke fortune, that so wel thee spedde.

But now a litel while I wol bewaile  
 This Pompeius, this noble governour  
 Of Rome, which that fled at this bataille.  
 I say, on of his men, a false traitour,  
 His hed of finote, to winnen him favour  
 Of Julius, and him the hed he brought : 1461<sup>o</sup>  
 Alas, Pompeie, of the orient conquerour,  
 That fortune unto swiche a fin thee brought !

To



To Rome again repaireth Julius  
 With his triumphe laureat ful hie,  
 But on a time Brutus and Cassius,  
 That ever had of his high estat envie,  
 Ful prively had made conspiracie  
 Ageins this Julius in sotil wise :  
 And cast the place, in which he shulde die  
 With bodekins, as I shal you devise. 14620

This Julius to the capitolie wente  
 Upon a day, as he was wont to gon,  
 And in the capitolie anon him hente  
 This false Brutus, and his other foon,  
 And stiked him with bodekins anon  
 With many a wound, and thus they let him lie :  
 But never gront he at no stroke but on,  
 Or elles at two, but if his storie lie.

So manly was this Julius of herte,  
 And so wel loved estatly honestee, 14630  
 That though his dedly woundes fore smerte,  
 His mantel over his hippes caste he,  
 For no man shulde feen his privetee :  
 And as he lay of dying in a trance,  
 And wiste veraily that ded was he,  
 Of honestee yet had he remembrance.

Lucan,

Lucan, to thee this storie I recomende,  
 And to Sueton, and Valerie also,  
 That of this storie writen word and ende :  
 How that to thise gret conqueroures two 14640  
 Fortune was first a frend, and sith a fo.  
 No man ne trust upon hire favour long,  
 But have hire in await for evermo ;  
 Witnesse on all thise conqueroures strong.

*Crefus.*

The riche Crefus, whilom king of Lide,  
 Of whiche Crefus, Cirus him fore dradde,  
 Yet was he caught amiddes all his pride,  
 And to be brent men to the fire him ladde ;  
 But swiche a rain down from the welken shadde,  
 That slow the fire, and made to him escape : 14650  
 But to beware no grace yet he hadde,  
 Til fortune on the galwes made him gape.

Whan he escaped was, he can not stint  
 For to beginne a newe werre again :  
 He wened wel, for that fortune him sent  
 Swiche hap, that he escaped thurgh the rain,  
 That of his foos he mighte not be flain ;  
 And eke a sweven upon a night he mette,  
 Of which he was so proud, and eke so fain,  
 That in vengeance he all his herte sette. 14660  
 Upon

Upon a tree he was, as that him thought,  
 Ther Jupiter him wesfhe, both bak and fide;  
 And Phebus eke a faire towail him brought.  
 To drie him with, and therfore wex his pride.  
 And to his doughter that stood him beside,  
 Which that he knew in high science habound,  
 He bad hire tell him what it signified,  
 And she his dreame began right thus expound.

The tree (quod she) the galwes is to mene,  
 And Jupiter betokeneth snow and rain, 14670  
 And Phebus with his towail clere and clene,  
 Tho ben the sonnes stremes, soth to sain:  
 Thou shalt anhangd be, fader, certain;  
 Rain shal thee wash, and sonne shal thee drie.  
 Thus warned him ful plat and eke ful plain  
 His doughter, which that called was Phanie.

Anhangd was Crefus the proude king,  
 His real trone might him not availle:  
 Tragedie is non other maner thing,  
 Ne can in finging crien ne bewaile, 14680  
 But for that fortune all day wol assaille  
 With unware stroke the regnes that ben proude:  
 For whan men trusten hire, than wol she faille,  
 And cover hire bright face with a cloude.

*Peter of Spaine.*

O noble, o worthy Petro, glorie of Spaine,  
 Whom fortune held so high in majestee,  
 Wel oughten men thy pitous deth complaine.  
 Out of thy lond thy brother made thee flee,  
 And after at a fege by fotiltee  
 Thou were betraied, and lad unto his tent, 1469<sup>e</sup>  
 Wher as he with his owen hond flow thee,  
 Succeding in thy regne and in thy rent.

The feld of snow, with th'egle of blak therin,  
 Caught with the limerod, coloured as the glede,  
 He brewed this cursedneffe, and all this finne ;  
 The wicked neste was werker of this dede ;  
 Not Charles Oliver, that toke ay hede  
 Of trouthe and honour, but of Armorike  
 Genilon Oliver, corrupt for mede,  
 Broughte this worthy king in swiche a brike. 1470<sup>o</sup>

*Petro, king of Cypre.*

O worthy Petro king of Cypre also,  
 That Alexandrie wan by high maistrise,  
 Ful many an hethen wroughtest thou ful wo,  
 Of which thin owen lieges had envie :

And

And for no thing but for thy chivalrie,  
 They in thy bed han slain thee by the morwe ;  
 Thus can fortune hire whele governé and gie,  
 And out of joye bringen men to forwe.

*Barnabo Viscount.*

Of Milane grete Barnabo Viscount,  
 God of delit, and scourge of Lumbardie, 14710  
 Why shuld I not thin infortune account,  
 Sith in estat thou clomben were so high ?  
 Thy brothers sone, that was thy double allie,  
 For he thy nevew was, and sone in lawe,  
 Within his prifon made he thee to die,  
 But why, ne how, n'ot I that thou were flawe.

*Hugelin of Pise.*

Of the erl Hugelin of Pise the langour  
 Ther may no tonge tellen for pitee.  
 But litel out of Pise stant a tour,  
 In whiche tour in prifon yput was he, 14720  
 And with him ben his litel children three,  
 The eldest scarsely five yere was of age :  
 Alas ! fortune, it was gret cruéltee  
 Swiche briddes for to put in swiche a cage.

Dampned was he to die in that prifon,  
 For Roger, which that bishop was of Pise,

Had on him made a false suggestion,  
 Thurgh which the peple gan upon him rise,  
 And put him in prifon, in fwiche a wife,  
 As ye han herd ; and mete and drinke he had 14730  
 So fmale, that wel unnethe it may fuffife,  
 And therwithal it was ful poure and bad.

And on a day befell, that in that houre,  
 Whan that his mete wont was to be brought,  
 The gailer fhette the dores of the toure ;  
 He hered it wel, but he fpake right nought.  
 And in his herte anon ther fell a thought,  
 That they for hunger wolden do him dien ;  
 Alas ! quod he, alas that I was wrought !  
 Therwith the teres fellen fro his eyen. 14740

His yonge fone, that three yere was of age,  
 Unto him said, fader, why do ye wepe ?  
 Whan will the gailer bringen our potage ?  
 Is ther no morfel bred that ye do kepe ?  
 I am fo hungry, that I may not flepe.  
 Now wolde God that I might flepen ever,  
 Than shuld not hunger in my wombe crepe ;  
 Ther n'is no thing, fauf bred, that me were lever.

Thus day by day this childe began to crie,  
 Til in his fadres barme adoun it lay, 14750  
 And

And faide, farewell, fader, I mote die;  
 And kist his fader, and dide the same day.  
 And whan the woful fader did it sey,  
 For wo his armes two he gan to bite,  
 And faide, alas ! fortune, and wala wa !  
 Thy false whele my wo all may I wite.

His children wenden, that for hunger it was  
 That he his armes gnowe, and not for wo,  
 And sayden : fader, do not so, alas !  
 But rather ete the flesh upon us two. 14760  
 Our flesh thou yaf us, take our flesh us fro,  
 And ete ynough : right thus they to him seide,  
 And after that, within a day or two,  
 They laide hem in his lappe adoun, and deide.

Himself dispeired eke for hunger starf.  
 Thus ended is this mighty Erl of Pise :  
 From high estat fortune away him carf.  
 Of this tragedie it ought ynough suffice ;  
 Who so wol here it in a longer wise,  
 Redeth the grete poete of Itaille, 14770  
 That highte Dante, for he can it devise  
 Fro point to point, not o word wol he faille.

## THE NONNES PREESTES PROLOGUE.

Ho ! quod the knight, good fire, no more of this :  
 That ye han said, is right ynough ywis,





That on your bridel hange on every fide,  
 By heven king, that for us alle dide,  
 I shuld er this have fallen doun for flepe,  
 Although the slough had ben never so depe :  
 Than hadde your tale all ben tolde in vain.  
 For certainly, as that thise clerkes fain,  
 Wher as a man may have non audience,  
 Nought helpeth it to tellen his sentence.  
 And wel I wote the substance is in me,  
 If any thing shal wel reported be. 14810  
 Sire, say fomwhat of hunting, I you pray.

Nay, quod this Monk, I have no lust to play :  
 Now let another telle as I have told.

Than spake our hoste with rude speche and bold,  
 And sayd unto the Nonnes Preeft anon,  
 Come nere thou preeft, come hither thou Sire John,  
 Telle us swiche thing, as may our hertes glade.  
 Be blithe, although thou ride upon a jade,  
 What though thyn horse be bothe foule and lene,  
 If he wol serve thee, recke thee not a bene : 14820  
 Loke that thyn herte be mery evermo.

Yes, hoste, quod he, so mote I ride or go,  
 But I be mery, ywis I wol be blamed.  
 And right anon his tale he hath attamed ;  
 And thus he said unto us everich on,  
 This swete preeft, this goodly man Sire John.

## THE NONNES PREESTES TALE.

A POURE widewe fomdel stoupen in age,  
 Was whilom dwelling in a narwe cotage,  
 Beside a grove, stonding in a dale.  
 This widewe, which I tell you of my tale, 14830  
 Sin thilke day that she was last a wif,  
 In patience led a ful simple lif,  
 For litel was hire catel and hire rente :  
 By husbondry of swiche as God hire sente,  
 She found hireself, and eke hire doughtren two,  
 Three large sowes had she, and no mo :  
 Three kine, and eke a sheep that highte Malle.  
 Ful footy was hire boure, and eke hire halle,  
 In which she ete many a slender mele.  
 Of poinant fauce ne knew she never a dele. 14840  
 No deintee morsel passed thurgh hire throte ;  
 Hire diete was accordant to hire cote.  
 Repletion ne made hire never fike ;  
 Attempre diete was all hire physike,  
 And exercise, and hertes suffisance.  
 The goute let hire nothing for to dance,  
 Ne apoplexie shente not hire hed.  
 No win ne dranke she, neyther white ne red :  
 Hire bord was served most with white and black,  
 Milk and broun bred, in which she fond no lack,

Seinde

Seinde bacon, and somtime an ey or twey;  
For she was as it were a maner dey.

A yerd she had, enclosed all about  
With sticke, and a drie dicke without,  
In which she had a cok highte Chaunteclere,  
In all the land of crowing n'as his pere.  
His vois was merier than the mery organ,  
On masse daies that in the chirches gon.  
Wel fikerer was his crowing in his loge,  
Than is a klok, or any abbey orloge. 14860

By nature he knew eche ascentioun  
Of the equinoctial in thilke toun;  
For whan degrees fiftene were ascended,  
Than crew he, that it might not ben amended.

His combe was redder than the fin corall,  
Enbattelled, as it were a castel wall.  
His bill was black, and as the jet it shone;  
Like asure were his legges and his tone;  
His nailes whiter than the lily flour,  
And like the burned gold was his colour. 14870

This gentil cok had in his governance  
Seven hennes, for to don all his plesance,  
Which were his susters and his paramoures,  
And wonder like to him, as of coloures.  
Of which the fairest hewed in the throte,  
Was cleped faire damoselle Pertelote.

Curteis

## 42 THE NONNES PREESTES TALE.

Curteis she was, discrete, and debonaire,  
 And compenable, and bare hireself so faire,  
 Sithen the day that she was fevennight old,  
 That trewelich she hath the herte in hold 14880  
 Of Chaunteclere, loken in every lith :  
 He loved hire so, that wel was him therwith.  
 But swiche a joye it was to here hem sing,  
 Whan that the brighte sonne gan to spring,  
 In swete accord : my lefe is fare in lond.

For thilke time, as I have understond,  
 Bestes and briddes couden speke and sing.

And so befell, that in a dawening,  
 As Chaunteclere among his wives alle  
 Sate on his perche, that was in the halle, 14890  
 And next him fate his faire Pertelote,  
 This Chaunteclere gan gronen in his throte,  
 As man that in his dreame is dretched sore.  
 And whan that Pertelote thus herd him rore,  
 She was agast, and saide, herte dere,  
 What aileth you to grone in this manere ?  
 Ye ben a veray sleper, fy for shame.

And he answered and sayde thus ; madame,  
 I pray you, that ye take it not agrese :  
 By God me mette I was in swiche mischese 14900  
 Right now, that yet min herte is fore afright.  
 Now God (quod he) my sweven recche aright,

And

And kepe my body out of foule prifoun,

Me mette, how that I romed up and doun  
Within our yerde, wher as I faw a beste,  
Was like an hound, and wold han made arefte  
Upon my body, and han had me ded.

His colour was betwix yelwe and red ;  
And tipped was his tail, and both his eres  
With black, unlike the remenant of his heres. 14910  
His snout was smal, with glowing eyen twey :  
Yet for his loke almost for fere I dey :  
This caused me my groning douteles.

Away, quod she, fy on you herteles.  
Alas ! quod she, for by that God above  
Now han ye lost myn herte and all my love ;  
I cannot love a coward by my faith.  
For certes, what so any woman faith,  
We all defiren, if it mighte be,  
To have an hufbond, hardy, wise and free, 14920  
And secree, and non niggard ne no fool,  
Ne him that is agast of every tool,  
Ne non avantour by that God above.  
How dorsten ye for shame say to your love,  
That any thing might maken you aferde ?  
Han ye no mannes herte, and han a berde ?  
Alas ! and con ye ben agast of swevenis ?  
Nothing but vanitee, god wote, in sweven is.

Swevenes

44 THE NONNES PREESTES TALE.

Swevenes engendren of repletions,  
 And oft of fume, and of complexions, 1493<sup>o</sup>  
 Whan humours ben to habundant in a wight.  
 Certes this dreame, which ye han met to-night,  
 Cometh of the grete superfluitee  
 Of youre rede *colera* parde,  
 Which causeth folk to dreden in hir dremes  
 Of arwes, and of fire with rede lemes,  
 Of rede bestes, that they wol hem bite,  
 Of conteke, and of waspes gret and lite ;  
 Right as the humour of melancolie  
 Causeth ful many a man in slepe to crie, 1494<sup>o</sup>  
 For fere of bolles, and of beres blake,  
 Or elles that blake devils wol hem take,

Of other humours coud I telle also,  
 That werken many a man in slepe moch wo ;  
 But I wol passe, as lightly as I can.

Lo Caton, which that was so wise a man,  
 Said he not thus ? Ne do no force of dremes.

Now, Sire, quod she, whan we flee fro the bemes,  
 For Goddes love, as take som laxatif :  
 Up peril of my soule, and of my lif, 1495<sup>o</sup>  
 I conseil you the best, I wol not lie,  
 That both of coler, and of melancolie  
 Ye purge you ; and for ye shul not tarie,  
 Though in this toun be non apotecarie,

I shal

I shal myself two herbes techen you,  
 That shal be for your hele, and for your prow;  
 And in our yerde, the herbes shall I finde,  
 The which han of hir propretee by kinde  
 To purgen you benethe, and eke above.  
 Sire, forgete not this for Goddes love;      14960  
 Ye ben ful colerike of complexion;  
 Ware that the sonne in his ascention  
 Ne finde you not replete of humours hote:  
 And if it do, I dare wel lay a grote,  
 That ye shul han a fever tertiane,  
 Or elles an ague, that may be your bane.  
 A day or two ye shul han digestives  
 Of wormes, or ye take your laxatives,  
 Of laureole, centaurie, and fumetere,  
 Or elles of ellebor, that groweth there,      14970  
 Of catapuce, or of gaitre berries,  
 Or herbe ive growing in our yerd, that mery is:  
 Picke hem right as they grow, and ete hem in.  
 Beth mery, husbond, for your fader kin,  
 Dredeth no dreame, I can say you no more.

Madame, quod he, *grand mercy* of your lore.  
 But natheles, as touching dan Caton,  
 That hath of wisdome swiche a gret renoun,  
 Though that he bade no dreames for to drede,  
 By God, men moun in olde bookes rede,      14980  
 Of

## 46 THE NONNES PREESTES TALE.

Of many a man, more of auctoritee  
 Than ever Caton was, so mote I the,  
 That all the revers sayn of his sentence,  
 And han wel founden by experience,  
 That dremes ben significations  
 As wel of joye, as tribulations,  
 That folk enduren in this lif present.  
 Ther nedeth make of this non argument ;  
 The veray preve sheweth it indede.

On of the gretest auctours that men rede, 14990  
 Saith thus ; that whilom twey felawes wente  
 On pilgrimage in a ful good entente ;  
 And happed so, they came into a toun,  
 Wher ther was swiche a congregatioun  
 Of peple, and eke so streit of herbergage,  
 That they ne founde as moche as a cotage,  
 In which they bothe might ylogged be :  
 Wherfore they musten of necessitee,  
 As for that night, departen compaignie ;  
 And eche of hem goth to his hostelrie, 15000  
 And toke his logging as it wolde falle.

That on of hem was logged in a stalle,  
 Fer in a yerd, with oxen of the plough ;  
 That other man was logged wel ynough,  
 As was his aventure, or his fortune,  
 That us governeth all, as in commune.

And



And so befell; that, long or it were day,  
 This man met in his bed, ther as he lay,  
 How that his felaw gan upon him calle,  
 And said, alas! for in an oxes stalle 15010  
 This night shal I be mordred, ther I lie.  
 Now helpe me, dere brother, or I die;  
 In alle haste come to me, he saide.

This man out of his flepe for fere abraide;  
 But whan that he was waked of his flepe,  
 He turned him, and toke of this no kepe;  
 Him thought his dreame was but a vanitee.  
 Thus twies in his sleping dreamed he.

And at the thridde time yet his felaw  
 Came, as him thought, and said, I now am slaw:  
 Behold my bloody woundes, depe and wide. 15021  
 Arise up erly, in the morwe tide,  
 And at the West gate of the toun (quod he)  
 A carte ful of donge ther shalt thou see,  
 In which my body is hid prively.  
 Do thilke carte arresten boldely.  
 My gold caused my mordre, soth to fain.  
 And told him every point how he was slain  
 With a ful pitous face, pale of hewe.  
 And trusteth wel, his dreame he found ful trewe.  
 For on the morwe, as sone as it was day, 15031  
 To his felawes inne he toke his way:

And

And whan that he came to this oxes stalle,  
After his felaw he began to calle.

The hosteler answered him anon,  
And saide, Sire, your felaw is agon,  
As sone as day he went out of the toun.

This man gan fallen in suspeciou  
Remembring on his dremes that he mette,  
And forth he goth, no lenger wold he lette, 15040  
Unto the West gate of the toun, and fond  
A dong carte, as it went for to dong lond,  
That was arraied in the fame wise  
As ye han herde the dede man devise :  
And with an hardy herte he gan to crie,  
Vengeance and justice of this felonie ;  
My felaw mordred is this fame night,  
And in this carte he lith, gaping upright.  
I crie out on the ministres, quod he,  
That shulden kepe and reulen this citee : 15050  
Harow ! alas ! here lith my felaw flain.

What shuld I more unto this tale sain ?  
The peple out stert, and cast the cart to ground,  
And in the middel of the dong they found  
The dede man, that mordred was all newe.

O blisful God, that art so good and trewe,  
Lo, how that thou bewreyest mordre alway.  
Mordre wol out, that see we day by day.

Mordre

Mordre is so wlatfom and abhominable  
 To God, that is so just and resonable, 15060  
 That he ne wol not suffre it hylled be :  
 Though it abide a yere, or two, or three,  
 Mordre wol out, this is my conclusioun.

And right anon, the ministres of the toun  
 Han hent the carter, and so fote him pined,  
 And eke the hosteler so fore engined,  
 That they beknew hir wickednesse anon,  
 And were anhanged by the necke bon.

Here moun ye see that dremes ben to drede.  
 And certes in the same book I rede, 15070  
 Right in the nexte chapitre after this,  
 (I gabbe not, so have I joye and blis)  
 Two men that wold han passed over the see  
 For certain cause in to a fer contrec,  
 If that the wind ne hadde ben contrarie,  
 That made hem in a citee for to tarie,  
 That stood ful mery upon an haven side.  
 But on a day, agein the even tide,  
 The wind gan change, and blew right as hem left.  
 Jolif and glad they wenten to hir rest, 15080  
 And casten hem ful erly for to faile ;  
 But to that o man fell a gret mervaile.

That on of hem in sleping as he lay,  
 He mette a wonder dreme, again the day :

## 50 THE NONNES PREESTES TALE.

Him thought a man stood by his beddes side,  
 And him commanded, that he shuld abide,  
 And said him thus; if thou to-morwe wende,  
 Thou shalt be dreint; my tale is at an ende.

He woke, and told his felaw what he met,  
 And praied him his viage for to let, 15090  
 As for that day, he prayd him for to abide.

His felaw that lay by his beddes side,  
 Gan for to laugh, and scorned him ful faste.  
 No dreme, quod he, may so my herte agaste,  
 That I wol leten for to do my thinges.  
 I sette not a straw by thy dreminges,  
 For swevens ben but vanitees and japes.  
 Men dreme al day of oules and of apes,  
 And eke of many a mase therwithal;  
 Men dreme of thing that never was, ne shal. 15100  
 But sith I see that thou wolt here abide,  
 And thus forflouthen wilfully thy tide,  
 God wot it reweth me, and have good day.  
 And thus he took his leve, and went his way.

But or that he had half his cours yfailed,  
 N'ot I not why, ne what meschance it ailed,  
 But casuelly the shippes bottoma rente,  
 And ship and man under the water wente  
 In fight of other shippes ther beside,  
 That with him failed at the same tide. 15110

And

And therefore, faire Pertelote so dere,  
 By swiche ensamples olde maist thou lere,  
 That no man shulde be to reccheles  
 Of dremes, for I say thee douteles,  
 That many a dreme ful sore is for to drede:

Lo, in the lif of feint Kenelme, I rede,  
 That was Kenulphus sone, the noble king  
 Of Mercenrike, how Kenelm mette a thing.

A litel or he were mordred on a day,  
 His mordre in his avision he say. 15120.

His norice him expounded every del  
 His sweven, and bade him for to kepe him wel  
 Fro treson; but he n'as but seven yere old,  
 And therefore litel tale hath he told  
 Of any dreme, so holy was his herte.  
 By God I hadde lever than my sherte,  
 That ye had red his legend, as have I.

Dame Pertelote, I say you trewely,  
 Macrobius, that writ the avision  
 In Affrike of the worthy Scipion, 15130  
 Affirmeth dremes, and sayth that they ben  
 Warning of thinges, that men after seen.

And forthermore, I pray you loketh wel  
 In the olde Testament, of Daniel,  
 If he held dremes any vanitee.

Rede eke of Joseph, and ther shuln ye see

## 52 THE NONNES PREESTES TALE.

Wher dremes ben somtime (I fay not alle)  
Warning of thinges that shuln after falle.

Loke of Egipt the king, dan Pharao,  
His baker and his boteler also, 15140  
Wheder they ne felten non effect in dremes.

Who so wol seken actes of fondry remes,  
May rede of dremes many a wonder thing.

Lo Cresus, which that was of Lydie king,  
Mette he not that he sat upon a tree,  
Which signified he shuld anhangd be ?

Lo hire Andromacha, Hectors wif,  
That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,  
She dremed on the same night beforen,  
How that the lif of Hector shuld be lorne, 15150  
If thilke day he went into bataille :

She warned him, but it might not availle ;  
He went forth for to fighten natheles,  
And was yslain anon of Achilles.

But thilke tale is al to long to telle,  
And eke it is nigh day, I may not dwelle.

Shortly I fay, as for conclusion,  
That I shal han of this avision

Adversitee : and I fay forthermore,  
That I ne tell of laxatives no store, 15160  
For they ben venomous, I wot it wel :  
I hem despie, I love hem never a del.

But

But let us speke of mirthe, and stinte all this;  
 Madame Pertelote, so have I blis,  
 Of o thing God hath sent me large grace :  
 For whan I see the beautee of your face,  
 Ye ben so scarlet red about your eyen,  
 It maketh all my drede for to dien,  
 For, al so fiker as *In principio*,  
*Mulier est hominis confusio.*

15170

(Madame, the sentence of this Latine is,  
 Woman is mannes joye and mannes blis.)  
 For whan I fele a-night your softe side,  
 Al be it that I may not on you ride,  
 For that our perche is made so narwe, alas!  
 I am so ful of joye and of solas,  
 That I deffie bothe sweven and dreme.

And with that word he flew down fro the beme,  
 For it was day, and eke his hennes alle ;  
 And with a chuk he gan hem for to calle, 15180  
 For he had found a corn, lay in the yerd.  
 Real he was, he was no more aferd :  
 He fettered Pertelote twenty time,  
 And trade hire eke as oft, er it was prime.  
 He loketh as it were a grim leoun ;  
 And on his toos he rometh up and doun,  
 Him deigned not to set his feet to ground :  
 He chukketh, whan he hath a corn yfound,

54 THE NONNES PREESTES TALE.

And to him rennen than his wives alle.

Thus real, as a prince is in his halle, 15190  
 Leve I this Chaunteclere in his pasture ;  
 And after wol I tell his aventure.

Whan that the month in which the world began,  
 That highte March, whan God first maketh man,  
 Was complete, and ypassed were also,  
 Sithen March ended, thritty dayes and two,  
 Befell that Chaunteclere in all his pride,  
 His seven wives walking him beside,  
 Cast up his eyen to the brighte sonne,  
 That in the signe of Taurus hadde yronne 15200  
 Twenty degrees and on, and somwhat more :  
 He knew by kind, and by non other lore,  
 That it was prime, and crew with blisful steven.  
 The sonne, he said, is clomben up on heven  
 Twenty degrees and on, and more ywis.  
 Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis,  
 Herkeneth thise blisful briddes how they sing,  
 And see the freshe floures how they spring ;  
 Ful is min herte of revel, and solas.

But sodenly him fell a sorweful cas ; 15210  
 For ever the latter ende of joye is wo :  
 God wote that worldly joye is sone ago :  
 And if a rethor coude faire endite,  
 He in a chronicle might it saufully write,

As



As for a foveraine notabilitee.

Now every wise man let him herken me :  
 This story is al so trewe, I undertake,  
 As is the book of Launcelot du lake,  
 That women holde in ful gret reverence.  
 Now wol I turne agen to my sentence. 15220

A col fox, ful of sleigh iniquitee,  
 That in the grove had wonned yeres three,  
 By high imagination forecast,  
 The same night thurghout the hegges braft  
 Into the yerd, ther Chaunteclere the faire  
 Was wont, and eke his wifes, to reparaire ;  
 And in a bedde of wortes stille he lay,  
 Till it was passed undern of the day,  
 Waiting his time on Chaunteclere to falle :  
 As gladly don thise homicides alle, 15230  
 That in await ligger to mordre men.

O false morderour, rucking in thy den !  
 O neue Scariot, neue Genelon !  
 O false diffimulour, o Greek Sinon,  
 That broughtest Troye al utterly to forwe !  
 O Chaunteclere, accursed be the morwe,  
 That thou into thy yerd flew fro the bemes :  
 Thou were ful wel ywarned by thy dremes,  
 That thilke day was perilous to thee.  
 But what that God forewote most nedes be, 15240

After the opinion of certain clerkes,  
 Witnesse on him, that any parfit clerk is,  
 That in scole is gret altercation  
 In this matere, and gret disputifon,  
 And hath ben of an hundred thousand men.  
 But I ne cannot boult it to the bren,  
 As can the holy doctour Augustin,  
 Or Boece, or the bishop Bradwardin,  
 Whether that Goddes worthy foreweting  
 Streineth me nedely for to don a thing, 15250  
 (Nedely clepe I simple necessitee)  
 Or elles if free chois be granted me  
 To do that same thing, or do it nought,  
 Though God forewot it, or that it was wrought;  
 Or if his weting freineth never a del,  
 But by necessitee condicionel.  
 I wol not han to don of swiche matere;  
 My tale is of a cok, as ye may here,  
 That took his conseil of his wif with forwe  
 To walken in the yerd upon the morwe, 15260  
 That he had met the dreme, as I you told.  
 Womennes conseiles ben ful often cold;  
 Womannes conseil brought us first to wo,  
 And made Adam fro paradis to go,  
 Ther as he was ful mery, and wel at ese.  
 But for I n'ot, to whom I might displese,

If I conseil of women wolde blame,  
 Passe over, for I said it in my game.

Rede auctours, wher they trete of swiche matere,  
 And what they fayn of women ye mown here. 15270  
 Thise ben the Cokkes wordes, and not mine;  
 I can non harme of no woman devine.

Faire in the sond, to bath hire merily,  
 Lith Pertelote, and all hire susters by,  
 Agein the sonne, and Chaunteclere so free  
 Sang merier than the Mermaid in the see,  
 For Phisiologus sayth fikerly,  
 How that they singen wel and merily.

And so befell that as he cast his eye  
 Among the wortes on a boterflie, 15280  
 He was ware of this fox that lay ful low.  
 Nothing ne list him thanne for to crow,  
 But cried anon cok, cok, and up he sterte,  
 As man that was affraied in his herte.  
 For naturelly a beest desireth flee  
 Fro his contrarie, if he may it see,  
 Though he never erst had seen it with his eye.

This Chaunteclere, whan he gan him espie,  
 He wold han fled, but that the fox anon  
 Said; gentil fire, alas! what wol ye don? 15290  
 Be ye affraid of me that am your frend?  
 Now certes, I were werse than any fend,

If I to you wold harme or vilanie,  
 I n'am not come your conseil to espie.  
 But trewely the cause of my coming  
 Was only for to herken how ye sing :  
 For trewely ye han as mery a steven,  
 As any angel hath, that is in heven ;  
 Therwith ye han of musike more feling,  
 Than had Boece, or any that can sing. 15300  
 My lord your fader (God his soule bleffe)  
 And eke your moder of hire gentilleffe  
 Han in myn hous yhen, to my gret ese :  
 And cetces, fire, ful fain wold I you pefe.  
 But for men speke of finging, I wol sey,  
 So mote I brouken wel min eyen twey,  
 Save you, ne herd I never man so sing,  
 As did your fader in the morwening.  
 Certes it was of herte all that he song.  
 And for to make his vois the more strong, 15310  
 He wold so peine him, that with both his eyen  
 He muste winke, so loud he wolde crien,  
 And stonden on his tiptoon therwithal,  
 And stretchen forth his necke long and final.  
 And eke he was of swiche discretion,  
 That ther n'as no man in no region,  
 That him in song or wisdom mighte passe.  
 I have wel red in dan Burnel the asse

Among

Among his yers, how that ther was a cok,  
 That for a preestes sone yave him a knob 1532<sup>o</sup>  
 Upon his leg, while he was yonge and nice,  
 He made him for to lese his benefice.

But certain ther is no comparison  
 Betwix the wisdom and discretion  
 Of youre fader, and his subtilitee.  
 Now singeth, fire, for Seinte Charitee,  
 Let see, can ye your fader contrefete?

This Chaunteclere his winges gan to bete,  
 As man that coud not his treson espie,  
 So was he ravished with his flaterie. 1533<sup>o</sup>

Alas! ye lordes, many a false flatour  
 Is in your court, and many a losengeour,  
 That pleseth you wel more, by my faith,  
 Than he that sothfastnesse unto you faith.  
 Redeth Ecclesiast of flaterie,  
 Beth ware, ye lordes, of hire trecherie.

This Chaunteclere stood high upon his toos  
 Stretching his necke, and held his eyen cloos,  
 And gan to crowen loude for the nones:  
 And dan Ruffel the fox stert up at ones, 1534<sup>o</sup>  
 And by the gargat hente Chaunteclere,  
 And on his back toward the wood him bere.  
 For yet ne was ther no man that him sued.

O destinee, that maist not ben eschued!

Alas,

## 60 THE NONNES PREESTES TALE.

Alas, that Chaunteclere flew fro the bemes !

Alas, his wif ne raughte not of dremes !

And on a Friday fell all this meschance.

O Venus, that art goddesse of plesance,

Sin that thy servant was this Chaunteclere,

And in thy service did all his powere, 1535<sup>o</sup>

More for delit, than world to multiplie,

Why wolt thou suffre him on thy day to die ?

O Gaufride, dere maister soverain,

That, whan thy worthy king Richard was slain

With shot, complainedest his deth so fore,

Why ne had I now thy science and thy lore,

The Friday for to chiden, as did ye ?

(For on a Friday sothly slain was he)

Than wold I shew you how that I coud plaine,

For Chauntecleres drede, and for his paine. 1536<sup>o</sup>

Certes swiche cry, ne lamentation

N'as never of ladies made, whan Ilion

Was wonne, and Pirrus with his freite sward

Whan he had hent king Priam by the berd,

And slain him, (as saith us *Eneidos*)

As maden all the hennes in the cloos,

Whan they had seen of Chaunteclere the fight.

But soverainly dame Pertelote shrighit,

Ful louder than did Hasdruballes wif,

Whan that hire husbond hadde ylost his lif, 1537<sup>o</sup>

And

And that the Romaines hadden brent Cartage,  
 She was so ful of turment and of rage,  
 That wilfully into the fire she sterte,  
 And brent hire selven, with a stedfast herte.

O woful hennes, right so criden ye,  
 As, whan that Nero brente the citee  
 Of Rome, cried the senatoures wives,  
 For that hir husbonds loften alle hir lives;  
 Withouten gilt this Nero hath hem slain.

Now wol I turne unto my tale again. 15380

The sely widewe, and hire doughtren two,  
 Herden thise hennes crie and maken wo,  
 And out at the dores sterten they anon,  
 And saw the fox toward the wode is gon,  
 And bare upon his back the cok away:  
 They crieden, out! harow and wala wa!  
 A ha the fox! and after him they ran,  
 And eke with staves, many another man;  
 Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot, and Gerlond,  
 And Malkin, with hire distaf in hire hond; 15390  
 Ran cow and calf, and eke the veray hogges  
 So fered were for berking of the dogges,  
 And shouting of the men and women eke,  
 They ronnen so, hem thought hir hertes breke.  
 They yelleden as fendes don in helle:  
 The dokes crieden as men wold hem quelle:

The

62 THE NONNES PREESTES TALE.

The gees for fere flewen over the trees,  
 Out of the hive came the swarme of bees,  
 So hidous was the noise, a *benedicite!*  
 Certes he Jakke Staw, and his meinie, 15400  
 Ne maden never shoutes half so shrille,  
 Whan that they wolden any Fleming kille,  
 As thilke day was made upon the fox.  
 Of bras they broughten beemes and of box,  
 Of horn and bone, in which they blew and pouped,  
 And therwithal they shriked and they houped ;  
 It semed, as that the heven shulde falle.

Now, goode men, I pray you herkeneth alle ;  
 Lo, how fortune turneth sodenly  
 The hope and pride eke of hire enemy: 15410  
 This cok that lay upon the foxes bake,  
 In all his drede, unto the fox he spake,  
 And sayde ; fire, if that I were as ye,  
 Yet wolde I sayn, (as wisly God helpe me)  
 Turneth agein, ye proude cherles alle ;  
 A veray pestilence upon you falle.  
 Now am I come unto the wodes side,  
 Maugre your hed, the cok shal here abide ;  
 I wol him ete in faith, and that anon.

The fox answered, in faith it shal be don : 15420  
 And as he spake the word, al sodenly  
 The cok brake from his mouth deliverly,

And



And high upon a tree he flew anon.  
 And whan the fox saw that the cok was gon,  
 Alas! quod he, o Chaunteclere, alas!  
 I have (quod he) ydon to you trespas,  
 In as moche as I maked you aferd,  
 Whan I you hente, and brought out of your yerd;  
 But, sire, I did it in no wikke entente:  
 Come down, and I shal tell you what I mente. 1543<sup>o</sup>  
 I shal say sothe to you, God helpe me so.

Nay than, quod he, I shrewe us bothe two.  
 And first I shrewe myself, bothe blood and bones,  
 If thou begile me oftener than ones.  
 Thou shalt no more thurgh thy flaterie  
 Do me to sing and winken with myn eye.  
 For he that winketh, whan he shulde see,  
 Al wilfully, God let him never the.

Nay, quod the fox, but God yeve him meschance,  
 That is so indiscrete of governance, 1544<sup>o</sup>  
 That jangleth, whan that he shuld hold his pees.

Lo, which it is for to be reccheles  
 And negligent, and trust on flaterie.  
 But ye that holden this tale a folie,  
 As of a fox, or of a cok, or hen,  
 Taketh the moralitee therof, good men.  
 For Seint Poule sayth, That all that writen is,  
 To our doctrine it is ywriten ywis.

Taketh

64 THE NONNES PREESTES TALE:

Taketh the fruit, and let the chaf be stille.

Now, goode God, if that it be thy wille, 15450  
As sayth my Lord, so make us all good men;  
And bring us to thy highe blisse. *Amen.*

Sire Nonnes Preeft, our hoste sayd anon,  
Ybleffed be thy breche and every ston;  
This was a mery tale of Chaunteclere.  
But by my trouthe, if thou were seculere;  
Thou woldest ben a tredefoule a right:  
For if thou have corage as thou hast might,  
Thee were nede of hennes, as I wene,

Ye mo than seven times seventene. 15460

Se, whiche braunes hath this gentil preeft,  
So gret a necke, and swiche a large breest!  
He loketh as a sparhawk with his eyen;  
Him nedeth not his colour for to dien  
With Brasil, ne with grain of Portingale.

But, fire, faire falle you for your talé.  
And after that, he with ful mery chere  
Sayd to another, as ye shulen here.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE SECOND NONNES TALE.

THE ministre and the norice unto vices,  
Which that men clepe in English idelnesse, 15470  
That porter at the gate is of delices,  
To eschuen, and by hire contrary hire oppresse,  
That

That is to fain, by leful befinesse,  
 Wel oughte we to don al our entente,  
 Lest that the fend thurgh idelnesse us hente:

For he that with his thousand cordes flie  
 Continuelly us waiteth to beclappe,  
 Whan he may man in idelnesse espie,  
 He can so lightly cacche him in his trappe,  
 Til that a man be hent right by the lappe, 15480  
 He n'is not ware the fend hath him in hond:  
 Wel ought us werche, and idelnesse withstond.

And though men dradden never for to die,  
 Yet see men wel by reson douteles,  
 That idelnesse is rote of flogardie,  
 Of which ther never cometh no good encrees,  
 And see that flouthe holdeth hem in a lees,  
 Only to flepe, and for to ete and drinke,  
 And to devouren all that other fwinke.

And for to put us from fwiche idelnesse, 15490  
 That cause is of so gret confusion,  
 I have here don my feithful befinesse  
 After the Legende in translation  
 Right of thy glorious lif and passion,  
 Thou with thy gerlond, wrought of rose and lilie,  
 Thee mene I, maid and martir Seinte Cecilie.

And thou, that arte floure of virgines all,  
 Of whom that Bernard list so wel to write,  
 To thee at my beginning first I call,  
 Thou comfort of us wretches, do me endite 15500  
 Thy maidens deth, that wan thurgh hire merite  
 The eternal lif, and over the fend victorie,  
 As man may after reden in hire storie.

Thou maide and mother, doughter of thy son,  
 Thou well of mercy, sinful soules cure,  
 In whom that God of bountee chees to won ;  
 Thou humble and high over every creature,  
 Thou nobledest so fer forth our nature,  
 That no desdaine the maker had of kinde  
 His son in blood and flesh to clothe and winde. 15510

Within the cloystre blisful of thy fides,  
 Toke mannes shape the eternal love and pees,  
 That of the trine compas Lord and gide is,  
 Whom erthe, and see, and heven out of relees  
 Ay herien ; and thou, virgine wemmeles,  
 Bare of thy body (and dweltest maiden pure)  
 The creatour of every creature.

Assembled is in thee magnificence  
 With mercy, goodnesse, and with swiche pitee,  
 That thou, that art the sonne of excellence, 15520

Not

Not only helpst hem that praien thee,  
 But oftentime of thy benignitee  
 Ful freely, or that men thin helpe besече,  
 Thou goest beforne, and art hir lives leche.

Now helpe, thou meke and blisful faire maide,  
 Me flemed wretch, in this desert of galle ;  
 Thinke on the woman Cananee, that saide  
 That whelpes eten som of the cromes alle  
 That from hir Lordes table ben yfaile ;  
 And though that I, unworthy sone of Eve, 15530  
 Be sinful, yet accepteth my beleve.

And for that feith is ded withouten werkes,  
 So for to werken yeve me wit and space,  
 That I be quit from thennes that most derke is ;  
 O thou, that art so faire and ful of grace,  
 Be thou min advocat in that high place, |  
 Ther as withouten ende is songe Ofanne,  
 Thou Cristes mother, doughter dere of Anne.

And of thy light my soule in prison light,  
 That troubled is by the contagion 15540  
 Of my body, and also by the wight  
 Of erthly lust, and false affection :  
 O haven of refute, o salvation  
 Of hem that ben in sorwe and in distresse,  
 Now help, for to my werk I wol me dresse.

Yet pray I you that reden that I write,  
 Foryeve me, that I do no diligence  
 This ilke storie subtilly to endite.  
 For both have I the wordes and sentence  
 Of him, that at the seintes reverence 15550  
 The storie wrote, and folowed hire legende,  
 And pray you that ye wol my werk amende.

First wol I you the name of Seinte Cecilie  
 Expoune, as men may in hire storie see :  
 It is to fayn in English, Hevens lilie,  
 For pure chaftnesse of virginitee,  
 Or for she whitnesse had of honestee,  
 And grene of conscience, and of good fame  
 The swote favour, Lilie was hire name.

Or Cecilie is to fayn, the way to blinde, 15560  
 For she ensample was by good teching;  
 Or elles Cecilie, as I writen finde,  
 Is joined by a maner conjoining  
 Of heven and *Lia*, and here in figuring  
 The heven is set for thought of holinesse,  
 And *Lia*, for hire lasting besinesse.

Cecilie may eke be sayd in this manere,  
 Wanting of blindnesse, for hire grete light  
 Of sapience, and for hire thewes clere.

THE SECOND NONNES TALE. 69

Or elles lo, this maidens name bright 15570  
 Of heven and *Leos* cometh, for which by right  
 Men might hire wel the heven of peple calle,  
 Ensamplē of good and wise werkes alle :

For *Leos* peple in English is to say ;  
 And right as men may in the heven see  
 The sonne and mone, and sterres every way,  
 Right so men gostly, in this maiden free  
 Sawen of faith the magnanimitē,  
 And eke the clerenesse hole of sapience,  
 And sondry werkes, bright of excellence. 15580

And right so as thise Philosophres write,  
 That heven is swift and round, and eke brenning,  
 Right so was faire Cecilie the white  
 Ful swift and besy in every good werking,  
 And round and hole in good persevering,  
 And brenning ever in charitee ful bright :  
 Now have I you declared what she hight.

This maiden bright Cecile, as hire lif faith,  
 Was come of Romaines and of noble kind;  
 And from hire cradle fostred in the faith 15590  
 Of Crist, and bare his Gospel in hire mind :  
 She never cesed, as I writen find,

Of hire prayere, and God to love and drede,  
Beseching him to kepe hire maidenhede.

And whan this maiden shuld until a man  
Ywedded be, that was ful yonge of age,  
Which that ycleped was Valerian,  
And day was comen of hire marriage,  
She ful devout and humble in hire corage,  
Under hire robe of gold, that fat ful faire, 15600  
Had next hire flesh yclad hire in an haire.

And while that the organs maden melodie,  
To God alone thus in hire hert song she;  
O Lord, my soule and eke my body gie  
Unwemmed, lest that I confounded be.  
And for his love that died upon the tree,  
Every second or thridde day she fast,  
Ay bidding in hire orisons ful fast.

The night came, and to bedde must she gon  
With hire husbond, as it is the manere, 15610  
And prively she said to him anon;  
O swete and wel beloved spouse dere,  
Ther is a conseil, and ye wol it here,  
Which that right fayn I wold unto you saie,  
So that ye swere, ye wol it not bewraic.

Valerian



Valerian gan fast unto hire swere,  
 That for no cas, ne thing that mighte be,  
 He shulde never to non bewraien here;  
 And than at erst thus to him saide she;  
 I have an Angel which that loveth me, 15620  
 That with gret love, wher so I wake or slepe,  
 Is redy ay my body for to kepe;

And if that he may felen out of drede,  
 That ye me touch or love in vilanie,  
 He right anon wol fleen you with the dede,  
 And in your youthe thus ye shulden die.  
 And if that ye in clene love me gie,  
 He wol you love as me, for your clenenesse,  
 And shew to you his joye and his brightnesse.

This Valerian, corrected as God wold, 15630  
 Answerd again, if I shal trusten thee,  
 Let me that angel seen, and him behold;  
 And if that it a veray angel be,  
 Than wol I don as thou hast prayed me;  
 And if thou love another man, forsothe  
 Right with this swerd than wol I flee you bothe.

Cecile answerd anon right in this wise;  
 If that you list, the angel shul ye see,  
 So that ye trowe on Crist, and you baptise;

Goth forth to Via Apia (quod she) 15640  
 That fro this toun ne stant but miles three,  
 And to the poure folkes that ther dwellen  
 Say hem right thus, as that I shal you tellen.

Tell hem, that I Cecile you to hem sent  
 To shewen you the good Urban the old,  
 For secree nedes, and for good entent ;  
 And whan that ye Seint Urban han behold,  
 Tell him the wordes whiche I to you told ;  
 And whan that he hath purged you fro sinne,  
 Than shal ye seen that angel er ye twinne. 15650

Valerian is to the place gon,  
 And right as he was taught by hire lerning,  
 He fond this holy old Urban anon  
 Among the seintes buriels louting :  
 And he anon withouten tarying  
 Did his message, and whan that he it tolde,  
 Urban for joye his hondes gan upholde.

The teres from his eyen let he falle ;  
 Almighty Lord, o Jesu Crist, quod he,  
 Sower of chaste conseil, hierde of us alle, 15660  
 The fruit of thilke seed of chastitee  
 That thou hast sow in Cecile, take to thee :  
 Lo, like a besy bee withouten gile  
 Thee serveth ay thin owen thral Cecile,

For

For thilke spoufe, that ſhe toke but newe  
 Ful like a fiers leon, ſhe ſendeth here  
 As meke as ever was any lambe to ewe.  
 And with that word anon ther gan apere  
 An old man, clad in white clothes clere,  
 That had a book with lettres of gold in hond, 15670  
 And gan before Valerian to ſtond.

Valerian, as ded, fell down for drede,  
 Whan he him ſaw ; and he up hent him tho,  
 And on his book right thus he gan to rede ;  
 On Lord, on faith, on God withouten mo,  
 On Criſtendom, and fader of all alſo  
 Aboven all, and over all every wher :  
 Thiſe wordes all with gold ywriten were.

Whan this was red, than ſaid this olde man,  
 Leveſt thou this thing or no ? ſay ye or nay. 15680  
 I leve all this thing, quod Valerian,  
 For ſother thing than this, I dare wel ſay,  
 Under the heven no wight thincken may.  
 Tho vaniſhed the olde man, he n'iſte wher,  
 And pope Urban him criſtened right ther.

Valerian goth home, and ſint Cecilie  
 Within his chambré with an angel ſtonde :  
 This angel had of roſes and of lilie

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Corones two, the which he bare in honde,  
 And first to Cecile, as I understonde, 15690  
 He yaf that on, and after gan he take  
 That other to Valerian hire make.

With body clene, and with unwemmed thought  
 Kepeth ay wel thise corones two, quod he,  
 From paradis to you I have hem brought,  
 Ne never mo ne shul they roten be,  
 Ne lese hir swete favour, trusteth me,  
 Ne never wight shal seen hem with his eye,  
 But he be chaste, and hate vilanie.

And thou, Valerian, for thou so sone 15700  
 Assentedest to good conseil, also  
 Say what thee list, and thou shalt han thy bone.  
 I have a brother, quod Valerian tho,  
 That in this world I love no man so,  
 I pray you that my brother may have grace  
 To know the trowth, as I do in this place.

The angel sayd; God liketh thy request,  
 And bothe with the palme of martirdome  
 Ye shullen come unto his blisful rest.  
 And with that word, Tiburce his brother come. 15710  
 And whan that he the favour undernome,  
 Which that the roses and the lilies cast,  
 Within his herte he gan to wonder fast,

And

And said; I wonder this time of the yere  
 Whennes that swete favour cometh so  
 Of roses and lilies, that I smelle here;  
 For though I had hem in min hondes two,  
 The favour might in me no deper go:  
 The swete smel, that in min herte I find,  
 Hath changed me all in another kind. 15720

Valerian saide; two corones han we  
 Snow-white and rose-red, that shinen clere,  
 Which that thin eyen han no might to see:  
 And as thou smellest hem thurgh my praiere,  
 So shalt thou seen hem, leve brother dere,  
 If it so be thou wolt withouten flouthe  
 Beleve aright, and know the veray trouthe.

Tiburce answered; saiest thou this to me  
 In sothnesse, or in dreme herken I this?  
 In dremes, quod Valerian, han we be 15730  
 Unto this time, brother min, ywis:  
 But now at erst in trouthe our dwelling is.  
 How wost thou this, quod Tiburce, in what wise?  
 Quod Valerian; that shal I thee devise.

The angel of God hath me the trouth ytaught,  
 Which thou shalt seen, if that thou wilt reney  
 The idoles, and be clene, and elles naught. And

[And of the miracle of thise corones twey  
 Seint Ambrose in his preface list to fey;  
 Solempnely this noble doctour dere 15740  
 Commendeth it, and faith in this manere.

The palme of martirdome for to receive,  
 Seinte Cecilie, fulfilled of Goddes yest,  
 The world and eke hire chambre gan she weive;  
 Witnesse Tiburces and Ceciles shrift,  
 To which God of his bountee wolde shift  
 Corones two, of floures wel smelling,  
 And made his angel hem the corones bring.

The maid hath brought thise men to blisse above;  
 The world hath wist what it is worth certain 15750  
 Devotion of chastitee to love.]

Tho shewed him Cecile all open and plain,  
 That all idoles n'is but a thing in vain,  
 For they ben dombe, and therto they ben deye,  
 And charged him his idoles for to leve.

Who so that troweth not this, a best he is,  
 Quod this Tiburce, if that I shal not lie.  
 And she gan kisse his brest whan she herd this,  
 And was ful glad he coude trouth espie:  
 This day I take thee for min allie, 15760  
 Saide this blisful faire maiden dere;  
 And after that she said as ye may here.

Lo,

Lo, right so as the love of Crist (quod she)  
 Made me thy brothers wif, right in that wise  
 Anon for mine allie here take I thee,  
 Sithen that thou wolt thin idoles despise.  
 Goth with thy brother now and thee baptise,  
 And make thee clene, so that thou maist behold  
 The angels face, of which thy brother told.

Tiburce answered, and saide; brother dere, 15770  
 Firft tell me whither I shal, and to what man.  
 To whom quod he; come forth with goode chere,  
 I wol thee lede unto the pope Urban.  
 To Urban? brother min Valerian,  
 Quod tho Tiburce, wilt thou me thider lede?  
 Me thinketh that it were a wonder dede.

Ne meneft thou not Urban (quod he tho)  
 That is so often damned to be ded,  
 And woneth in halkes alway to and fro,  
 And dare not ones putten forth his hed? 15780  
 Men shuld him brennen in a fire so red,  
 If he were found, or that men might him spie,  
 And we also, to bare him compaignie.

And while we seken thilke divinitee,  
 That is yhid in heven prively,  
 Algate ybrent in this world shuld we be.

To whom Cecile answered holdely ;  
 Men mighten dreden wel and skilfully  
 This lif to lese, min owen dere brother,  
 If this were living only and non other. 15790

But ther is better lif in other place,  
 That never shal be lost, ne drede thee nought :  
 Which Goddes sone us tolde thurgh his grace,  
 That fadres sone which alle thinges wrought ;  
 And all that wrought is with a skilful thought,  
 The goft, that from the fader gan procede,  
 Hath souled hem withouten any drede.

By word and by miracle he Goddes sone,  
 Whan he was in this world, declared here,  
 That ther is other lif ther men may wone. 15800  
 To whom answerd Tiburce ; o suster dere,  
 Ne saidest thou right now in this manere,  
 Ther n'as but o God, lord in sothfastnesse,  
 And now of three how mayst thou bere witnesse ?

That shal I tell, quod she, or that I go.  
 Right as a man hath sapiences three,  
 Memorie, engine, and intellect also,  
 So in o being of divinitee  
 Three perones mowen ther righte wel be.

Tho



Tho gan ſhe him ful beſily to preche 15810  
Of Criſtes ſonde, and of his peines teche,

And many pointes of his paſſion;  
How Goddeſe ſone in this world was withhold  
To don mankinde pleine remiſſion,  
That was ybound in finne and cares cold.  
All this thing ſhe unto Tiburce told,  
And after this Tiburce in good entent,  
With Valerian to pope Urban he went,

That thanked God, and with glad herte and light  
He criſtened him, and made him in that place 15820  
Parſite in his lerning and Goddeſe knight.  
And after this Tiburce gat ſwicke grace,  
That every day he ſaw in time and ſpace  
The angel of God, and every maner bone  
That he God axed, it was ſped ful ſone.

It were ful hard by ordre for to ſain  
How many wonders Jeſus for hem wrought.  
But at the laſt, to tellen ſhort and plain,  
The ſergeaunts of the toun of Rome hem fought,  
And hem before Almache the prefeſt brought, 15830  
Which hem appoſed, and knew all hire entent,  
And to the image of Jupiter hem ſent.

And

And said; who so wol nought do sacrifice,  
 Swap of his hed, this is my sentence here.  
 Anon thise martyrs, that I you devise,  
 On Maximus, that was an officere  
 Of the preeftes, and his corniculere,  
 Hem hent, and whan he forth the seintes lad;  
 Himself he wept for pitee that he had.

Whan Maximus had herd the seintes lore;  
 He gate him of the turmentoures leve; 1584r  
 And lad hem to his hous withouten more;  
 And with hir preching, or that it were eve,  
 They gonnen fro the turmentours to reve,  
 And fro Maxime, and fro his folk eche on  
 The false faith, to trowe in God alone.

Cecilie came, whan it was waxen night,  
 With preeftes, that hem cristened all yfere;  
 And afterward, whan day was waxen light,  
 Cecilie hem said with a ful stedfast chere; 1585o  
 Now, Cristes owen knightes leve and dere,  
 Caste all away the werkes of derkenesse,  
 And armeth you in armes of brightnesse.

Ye han forsoth ydon a gret bataille;  
 Your cours is don, your faith hath you conserved;  
 Goth to the croune of lif that may not faille;

The

The rightful juge, which that ye han served,  
 Shal yeve it you, as ye han it deserved.  
 And whan this thing was said, as I devise,  
 Men ledde hem forth to don the sacrifice. 15860

But whan they weren to the place ybrought,  
 To tellen shortly the conclusioun,  
 They n'olde encense, ne sacrifice right nought,  
 But on hir knees they setten hem adoun,  
 With humble herte and sad devotioun,  
 And loften bothe hir hedes in the place ;  
 Hir soules wenten to the king of grace.

This Maximus, that saw this thing betide,  
 With pitous teres told it anon right,  
 That he hir soules saw to heven glide 15870  
 With angels, ful of clerenesse and of light ;  
 And with his word converted many a wight.  
 For which Almachius did him to-bete  
 With whip of led, til he his lif gan lete.

Cecile him toke, and buried him anon  
 By Tiburce and Valerian softely,  
 Within hir burying place, under the ston.  
 And after this Almachius hastily  
 Bad his ministres fetchen openly

Cecile, so that she might in his presence 15880  
 Don sacrifice, and Jupiter encense.

But they converted at hire wise lore  
 Wepten ful fore, and yaven ful credence  
 Unto hire word, and crieden more and more ;  
 Crist, Goddes sone, withouten difference  
 Is veray God, this is all our sentence,  
 That hath so good a servant him to serve :  
 Thus with o vois we trowen though we sterve.

Almachius, that herd of this doing,  
 Bad fetchen Cecile, that he might hire see : 15890  
 And alderfirst, lo, this was his axing ;  
 What maner woman arte thou ? quod he.  
 I am a gentilwoman borne, quod she.  
 I axe thee, quod he, though it thee greve,  
 Of thy religion and of thy beleve.

Why than began your question folily,  
 Quod she, that woldest two answers conclude  
 In o demand ? ye axen lewedly.  
 Almache answerd to that similitude,  
 Of whennes cometh thin answering so rude ? 15900  
 Of whennes ? (quod she, whan that she was freined)  
 Of conscience, and of good faith unfeined.

Almachius

Almachius said; ne takest thou non hede  
 Of my power? and she him answerd this;  
 Your might (quod she) ful litel is to drede;  
 For every mortal mannes power n'is  
 But like a bladder ful of wind ywis:  
 For with a nedles point, whan it is blow,  
 May all the boft of it be laid ful low.

Ful wrongfully begonneft thou, (quod he) 15910  
 And yet in wrong is al thy perfeverance:  
 Wost thou not how our mighty princes free  
 Have thus commanded and made ordinance,  
 That every cristen wight shal han penance  
 But if that he his Cristendome withseye,  
 And gon al quite, if he wol it reneye?

Your princes erren, as your nobley doth,  
 Quod tho Cecile, and with a wood sentence  
 Ye make us gilty, and it is not soth:  
 For ye that knowen wel our innocence, 15920  
 For as moche as we don ay reverence  
 To Crist, and for we bere a Cristen name,  
 Ye put on us a crime and eke a blame.

But we that knowen thilke name so  
 For vertuous, we may it not withseye.  
 Almache answered; chese on of thise two,

Do sacrifice, or Cristendom reneye,  
 That thou mow now escapen by that wey.  
 At which this holy blisful fayre maid  
 Gan for to laughe, and to the juge said : 1593<sup>o</sup>

O juge confuse in thy nicetee,  
 Wolt thou that I reney min innocence ?  
 To maken me a wicked wight (quod she)  
 Lo, he diffimuleth here in audience,  
 He stareth and wodeth in his advertence.  
 To whom Almachius said ; Unfely wretch,  
 Ne wost thou not how far my might may stretch ?

Han not our mighty princes to me yeven  
 Ya bothe power and eke auctoritee  
 To maken folk to dien or to liven ? 1594<sup>o</sup>  
 Why spekest thou so proudly than to me ?  
 I ne speke nought but stedfastly, quod she,  
 Not proudely, for I say, as for my side,  
 We haten dedly thilke vice of pride.

And if thou drede not a soth for to here,  
 Than wol I shewe al openly by right,  
 That thou hast made a ful gret lesing here.  
 Thou saist, thy princes han thee yeven might  
 Both for to flee and for to quiken a wight,

Thou

Thou that ne maist but only lif bereve, 15950  
 Thou hast non other power ne no leve.

But thou maist fayn, thy princes han thee maked  
 Ministre of deth; for if thou speke of mo,  
 Thou liest; for thy power is ful naked.  
 Do way thy boldnesse, said Almachius tho,  
 And sacrifice to our goddes, er thou go.  
 I recke not what wrong that thou me proffre,  
 For I can suffre it as a philosophre.

But thilke wronges may I not endure,  
 That thou spekest of our goddes here, quod he.  
 Cecile answerd; o nice creature, 15961  
 Thou saidest no word sin thou spake to me,  
 That I ne knew therwith thy nicetee,  
 And that thou were in every maner wise  
 A lewed officer, a vain justice.

Ther lacketh nothing to thin utter eyen  
 That thou n'art blind; for thing that we seen alle  
 That is a ston, that men may wel esprien,  
 That ilke ston a god thou wolt it calle.  
 I rede thee let thin hond upon it falle, 15970  
 And tast it wel, and ston thou shalt it find,  
 Sin that thou seeest not with thin eyen blind.

It is a shame that the peple shal  
 So scornen thee, and laugh at thy folie :  
 For comunly men wot it wel over al,  
 That mighty God is in his hevens. hie ;  
 And thise images, wel maist thou espie,  
 To thee ne to hemself may not profite,  
 For in effect they be not worth a mite.

Thise and swiche other wordes saide she, 15980  
 And he wex wroth, and bade men shuld hire lede  
 Home til hire house, and in hire hous (quod he)  
 Brenne hire right in a bath, with flames rede.  
 And as he bade, right so was don the dede ;  
 For in a bathe they gonne hire faste shetten,  
 And night and day gret fire they under betten.

The longe night, and eke a day also,  
 For all the fire, and eke the bathes hete,  
 She fate al cold, and felt of it no wo,  
 It made hire not a drope for to swete : 15990  
 But in that bath hire lif she muste lete.  
 For he Almache, with a ful wicke entent,  
 To fleen hire in the bath his sonde sent.

Three stokes in the nekke he smote hire tho  
 The turmentour, but for no maner chance  
 He mighte not finite all hire nekke atwo :

And



And for ther was that time an ordinance  
 That no man shulde don man swiche penance,  
 The fourthe stroke to finiten, soft or fore,  
 This turmentour ne dorste do no more; 16000

But half ded, with hire nekke ycorven ther  
 He left hire lie, and on his way is went.  
 The cristen folk, which that about hire were,  
 With shetes han the blood ful faire yhent :  
 Three dayes lived she in this turment,  
 And never cesed hem the faith to teche,  
 That she had fostred hem, she gan to preche.

And hem she yaf hire mebles and hire thing,  
 And to the pope Urban betoke hem tho,  
 And said; I axed this of heven king, 16010  
 To have respit three dayes and no mo,  
 To recommend to you, or that I go,  
 Thise soules lo, and that I might do werche  
 Here of min hous perpetuellich a cherche.

Seint Urban, with his dekenes prively  
 The body fette, and buried it by night  
 Among his other feintes honestly :  
 Hire hous the cherche of seinte Cecile hight ;  
 Seint Urban halowed it, as he wel might,

In which unto this day in noble wife . . . 16020  
Men don to Crist and to his seinte servise.

## THE CHANONES YEMANNES PROLOGUE.

WHAN that tolde was the lif of seinte Cecile,  
Er we had ridden fully five mile,  
At Boughton under blee us gan atake  
A man, that clothed was in clothes blake,  
And undernethe he wered a white surplis,  
His hakeney, which that was al pomelee gris,  
So swatte, that it wonder was to see,  
It semed as he had priked miles three,  
The horse eke that his yeman rode upon, 16030  
So swatte, that unnethes might he gon.  
About the peytrel stood the fome ful hie,  
He was of fome as flecked as a pie.  
A male tweifold on his croper lay,  
It semed that he caried litel array,  
Al light for sommer rode this worthy man,  
And in my herte wondren I began  
What that he was, til that I understode,  
How that his cloke was sowed to his hode ;  
For which whan I had long ayised me, 16040  
I demed him some chanon for to be.  
His hat heng at his back doun by a las,  
For he had ridden more than trot or pas,

He

THE CHANONES YEMANNES PROLOGUE. 89

He had ay priked like as he were wode,  
 A clote lese he had laid under his hode  
 For swete, and for to kepe his hed fro hete,  
 But it was joye for to seen him swete ;  
 His forehed dropped, as a stillatorie  
 Were ful of plantaine or of paritorie.  
 And whan that he was come, he gan to crie, 16050  
 God save (quod he) this joly compaignie.  
 Fast have I priked (quod he) for your sake,  
 Because that I wolde you atake,  
 To riden in this mery compaignie.

His yeman was eke ful of curtesie,  
 And saide ; Sires, now in the morwe tide  
 Out of your hostelrie I saw you ride,  
 And warned here my lord and soverain,  
 Which that to riden with you is ful fain,  
 For his disport ; he loveth daliance. 16060  
 Frend, for thy warning God yeve the good chance,  
 Than said our hoste ; certain it wolde seme  
 Thy lord were wise, and so I may wel deme ;  
 He is ful joconde also dare I leye :  
 Can he ought tell a mery tale or tweie,  
 With which he gladen may this compaignie ?

Who, sire ? my lord ? Ye, sire, withouten lie,  
 He can of mirth and eke of jolitee  
 Not but ynough ; also, sire, trusteth me,

And

90 THE CHANONES YEMANNES PROLOGUE.

And ye him knew al so wel as do I, 16070  
 Ye wolden wondre how wel and craftily  
 He coude werke, and that in fondry wise.  
 He hath take on him many a gret emprise,  
 Which were ful harde for any that is here  
 To bring about, but they of him it lere.  
 As homely as he rideth amonges you,  
 If ye him knew, it wold be for your prow :  
 Ye wolden not forgon his acquaintance  
 For mochel good, I dare lay in balance  
 All that I have in my possession. 16080  
 He is a man of high discreffion,  
 I warne you wel, he is a passing man.

Wel, quod our hoste, I pray thee tell me than,  
 Is he a clerk, or non ? tell what he is.

Nay, he is greter than a clerk ywis,  
 Saide this yeman, and in wordes fewe,  
 Hoste, of his craft somwhat I wol you shewe.

I say, my lord can swiche a subtiltee,  
 (But all his craft ye moun not wete of me,  
 And somwhat help I yet to his werking) 16090  
 That all the ground on which we ben riding  
 Til that we come to Canterbury toun,  
 He coud al clene turnen up so down,  
 And pave it all of silver and of gold.

And whan this yeman had this tale ytolde

Unto

Unto our hoste, he said; *benedicite*,  
 This thing is wonder mervailous to me,  
 Sin that thy lord is of so high prudence,  
 Because of which men shulde him reverence,  
 That of his worship rekketh he so lite; 16100  
 His overest flospe it is not worth a mite  
 As in effect to him, so mote I go;  
 It is all bawdy and to-tore also.  
 Why is thy lord so sluttish I thee prey,  
 And is of power better cloth to beye,  
 If that his dede acorded with thy speche?  
 Telle me that, and that I thee besече.

Why? quod this yeman, wherto axe ye me?  
 God helpe me so, for he shal never the:  
 (But I wol not avowen that I say, 16110  
 And therefore kepe it secree I you pray)  
 He is to wise in faith, as I beleve.  
 Thing that is overdon, it wol not preve  
 Aright, as clerkes fain, it is a vice;  
 Wherefore in that I hold him lewed and nice.  
 For whan a man hath overgret a wit,  
 Ful oft him happeth to misusen it:  
 So doth my lord, and that me greveth fore.  
 God it amende, I can fay now no more.

Therof no force, good yeman, quod our host, 16120  
 Sin of the conning of thy lord thou wost,

Telle

92 THE CHANONES YEMANNES PROLOGUE.

Telle how he doth, I pray thee hertily,  
Sin that he is so crafty and so fly.

Wher dwellen ye, if it to tellen be ?

In the subarbes of a toun, quod he,  
Lurking in hernes and in lanes blinde,  
Wheras thise robbours and thise theves by kinde  
Holden hir privee fereful residence,  
As they that dare not shewen hir presence,  
So faren we, if I shal say the sothe. 16130

Yet, quod our hoste, let me talken to the ;  
Why art thou so discoloured of thy face ?

Peter, quod he, God yeve it harde grace,  
I am so used the hote fire to blow,  
That it hath changed my colour I trow ;  
I n'am not wont in no mirrour to prie,  
But swinke fore, and lerne to multiplie.  
We blundren ever, and poren in the fire,  
And for all that we faille of our desire,  
For ever we lacken our conclusion. 16140  
To mochel folk we don illusion,  
And borwe gold, be it a pound or two,  
Or ten or twelve, or many sommes mo,  
And make hem wenen at the leste wey,  
That of a pound we connen maken twey,  
Yet is it false ; and ay we han good hope  
It for to don, and after it we grope :

But

THE CHANONES YEMANNES PROLOGUE. 93

But that science is so fer us beforne,  
We mowen not, although we had it sworne,  
It overtake, it flit away so fast; 16150  
It wol us maken beggers at the last.

While this yeman was thus in his talking,  
This Chanon drow him nere, and herd all thing  
Which this yeman spake, for suspecion  
Of mennes speche ever had this Chanon:  
For Caton sayth, that he that gilty is,  
Demeth all thing be spoken of him ywis:  
That was the cause, he gan so nigh him drawe  
To his yeman, to herken all his fawe,  
And thus he saide unto his yeman tho; 16160  
Hold thou thy pees, and speke no wordes mo:  
For if thou do, thou shalt it dere abie.  
Thou sclaudrest me here in this compaignie,  
And eke discoverest that thou shuldest hide.

Ye, quod our hofte, tell on, what so betide;  
Of all his thretening recke not a mite.

In faith, quod he, no more I do but lite.  
And whan this Chanon saw it wold not be,  
But his yeman wold tell his privetee,  
He fled away for veray sorwe and shame. 16170

A, quod the yeman, here shal rise a game:  
All that I can anon I wol you telle,  
Sin he is gon; the foule fend him quelle;

For

## 94 THE CHANONES YEMANNES PROLOGUE.

For never hereafter wol I with him mete  
 For peny ne for pound, I you behete.  
 He that me broughte first unto that game,  
 Er that he die, forwe have he and shame.  
 For it it is ernest to me by faith ;  
 That fele I wel, what that any man faith ;  
 And yet for all my smert, and all my grief, 16180  
 For all my forwe, labour, and meschief,  
 I coude never leve it in no wise.  
 Now wolde God my wit mighte suffice  
 To tellen all that longeth to that art ;  
 But natheles, yet wol I tellen part ;  
 Sin that my lord is gon, I wol not spare,  
 Swiche thing as that I know, I wol declare.

## THE CHANONES YEMANNES TALE.

WITH this Chanon I dwelt have seven yere,  
 And of his science am I never the nere :  
 All that I had, I have ylost therby, 16190  
 And God wot, so han many mo than I.  
 Ther I was wont to be right fresh and gay  
 Of clothing, and of other good array,  
 Now may I were an hose upon min hed ;  
 And wher my colour was both fresh and red,  
 Now is it wan, and of a leden hewe ;  
 (Who so it useth, so shal he it rewe)

And



And of my fwinke yet blered is min eye ;  
 Lo which avantage is to multiplie !  
 That fliding science hath me made so bare, 16200  
 That I have no good, wher that ever I fare ;  
 And yet I am endetted so therby  
 Of gold, that I have borwed trewely,  
 That while I live, I shal it quiten never ;  
 Let every man be ware by me for ever.  
 What maner man that casteth him therto,  
 If he continue, I hold his thrift ydo ;  
 So help me God, therby shal he nat winne,  
 But empte his purse, and make his wittes thinne.  
 And whan he, thurgh his madnesse and folie, 16210  
 Hath lost his owen good thurgh jupartie,  
 Than he exciteth other folk therto,  
 To lese hir good as he himself hath do.  
 For unto shrewes joye it is and ese  
 To have hir felawes in peine and disese.  
 Thus was I ones lerned of a clerk ;  
 Of that no charge ; I wol speke of our werk.

Whan we be ther as we shuln exercise  
 Our elvish craft, we semen wonder wise,  
 Our termes ben so clerghial and queinte. 16220  
 I blow the fire til that myn herte feinte.  
 What shuld I tellen eche proportion  
 Of thinges, whiche that we werchen upon,

As on five or six unces, may wel be,  
 Of silver, or som other quantitee ?  
 And besie me to tellen you the names,  
 As orpiment, brent bones, yren squames,  
 That into poudre grounden ben ful final ?  
 And in an erthen pot how put is al,  
 And salt yput in, and also pepere, 16230  
 Beforn thise poudres that I speke of here,  
 And wel ycovered with a lampe of glas ?  
 And of moche other thing which that ther was ?  
 And of the pottes and glasses engluting,  
 That of the aire might passen out no thing ?  
 And of the esy fire, and smert also,  
 Which that was made ? and of the care and wo,  
 That we had in our materes subliming,  
 And in amalgaming, and calcening  
 Of quiksilver, ycleped mercurie crude ? 16240  
 For all our sleightes we can not conclude.  
 Our orpiment, and sublimed mercurie,  
 Our grounden litarge eke on the porphurie,  
 Of eche of thise of unces a certain  
 Not helpeth us, our labour is in vain.  
 Ne, neyther our spirites ascentioun,  
 Ne our materes that lien al fix adoun,  
 Mown in our werking nothing us availle ;  
 For lost is all our labour and travaille,

And

And all the cost a twenty devil way 16250  
Is lost also, which we upon it lay.

Ther is also ful many another thing,  
That is unto our craft appertéining,  
Though I by ordre hem nat reherfen can,  
Because that I am a lewed man,  
Yet wol I telle hem, as they come to minde,  
Though I ne cannot fet hem in hir kinde,  
As bole armoniak, verdegrefe, boras ;  
And sondry vessels made of erthe and glas,  
Our urinales, and our descensories, 16260  
Viols, croslettes, and sublimatories,  
Cucurbites, and alembikes eke,  
And other swiche ger, dere ynough a leke,  
What nedeth it for to reherse hem alle ?  
Wateres rubifying, and bolles galle,  
Arfenik, sal armoniak, and brimston ?  
And herbes coude I tell eke many on,  
As egremoine, valerian, and lunarie,  
And other swiche, if that me list to tarie ;  
Our lampes brenning bothe night and day, 16270  
To bring about our craft if that we may ;  
Our fourneis eke of calcination,  
And of wateres albification,  
Unflekke lime, chalk, and gleire of an ey,  
Poudres divers, ashes, dong, pisse, and cley,

Sered pokettes, fal peter, and vitriole ;  
 And divers fires made of wode and cole ;  
 Sal tartre, alcaly, and salt preparat,  
 And combust materes, and coagulat ;  
 Cley made with hors and mannes here, and oile 16280  
 Of tartre, alum, glas, berme, wort, and argoile,  
 Rosalgar, and other materes enbibing ;  
 And eke of our materes encorporing,  
 And of our silver citrination,  
 Our cementing, and fermentation,  
 Our ingottes, testes, and many thinges mo.

I wol you tell as was me taught also  
 The foure spirites, and the bodies sevene  
 By ordre, as oft I herd my lord hem nevene.  
 The firste spirit quiksilver cleped is ; 16290  
 The second orpiment ; the thridde ywis  
 Sal armoniak, and the fourth brimston.

The bodies sevene eke, lo hem here anon.  
 Sol gold is, and Luna silver we threpe ;  
 Mars iren, Mercurie quiksilver we clepe :  
 Saturnus led, and Jupiter is tin,  
 And Venus coper, by my fader kin.

This cursed craft who so wol exercise,  
 He shal no good have, that him may suffice,  
 For all the good he spendeth therabout 16300  
 He lesen shal, therof have I no doute.

Who

THE CHANONES YEMANNES TALE. 99

Who so that listeth uttren his folie,  
Let him come forth and lernen multiplie :  
And every man that hath ought in his cofre,  
Let him appere, and wex a philosophre,  
Ascaunce that craft is so light to lere.  
Nay, nay, God wot, al be he monk or frere,  
Preeft or chanon, or any other wight,  
Though he sit at his book both day and night  
In lerning of this elvish nice lore, 16310  
All is in vain, and parde mochel more  
To lerne a lewed man this subtiltee ;  
Fie, speke not therof, for it wol not be.  
And conne he letterure, or conne he non,  
As in effect, he shal finde it all on ;  
For bothe two by my salvation  
Concluden in multiplication  
Ylike wel, whan they have all ydo ;  
This is to fain, they failen bothe two.

Yet forgate I to maken reherfaile 16320  
Of waters corosif, and of limaile,  
And of bodies mollification,  
And also of hir induration,  
Oiles, ablusions, metal fusible,  
To tellen all, wold passen any bible,  
That o wher is ; wherfore as for the best  
Of all thise names now wol I me rest ;

For as I trow, I have you told ynow  
To reise a fend, al loke he never so row.

A, nay, let be ; the philosophres ston, 16330  
Elixer cleped, we seken fast eche on,  
For had we him, than were we fiker ynow ;  
But unto God of heven I make avow,  
For all our craft, whan we han all ydo,  
And all our sleight, he wol not come us to.  
He hath ymade us spenden mochel good,  
For sorwe of which almost we waxen wood,  
But that good hope crepeth in our herte,  
Supposing ever, though we fore smerte,  
To ben releved of him afterward. 16340  
Swiche supposing and hope is sharpe and hard.  
I warne you wel it is to seken ever.  
That future *temps* hath made men dissever,  
In trust therof, from all that ever they had,  
Yet of that art they conne not waxen sad,  
For unto hem it is a bitter swete ;  
So semeth it ; for ne had they but a shete  
Which that they might wrappen hem in a-night,  
And a bratt to walken in by day-light,  
They wold hem sell, and spend it on this craft ; 16350  
They conne not stinten, til no thing be last.  
And evermore, wher ever that they gon,  
Men may hem kennen by smell of brimston ;

For

For all the world they stinken as a gote ;  
 Hir favour is so rammish and so hote,  
 That though a man a mile from hem be,  
 The favour wol enfect him, trusteth me.

Lo, thus by smelling and thred-bare array,  
 If that men list, this folk they knowen may,  
 And if a man wol axe hem prively, 16360  
 Why they be clothed so unthriftily,  
 They right anon wol rounen in his ere,  
 And saien, if that they espied were,  
 Men wolde hem fle, because of hir science :  
 Lo, thus thise folk betraien innocence,

Passè over this, I go my tale unto,  
 Er that the pot be on the fire ydo  
 Of metals with a certain quantitee,  
 My lord hem tempereth, and no man but he ;  
 (Now he is gon, I dare say boldely) 16370  
 For as men sain, he can don craftily ;  
 Algate I wote wel he hath swiche a name,  
 And yet ful oft he renneth in a blame,  
 And wete ye how ? ful oft it falleth so,  
 The pot to-breketh, and farewell all is go.  
 Thise metales ben of so gret violence,  
 Our walles may not make hem resistence,  
 But if they weren wrought of lime and ston ;  
 They percen so, that thurgh the wall they gon ;

And som of hem sinke doun into the ground, 16380  
 (Thus have we lost by times many a pound)

And som are scatered all the flore aboute ;  
 Som lepen into the roof withouten doute.

Though that the fend not in our sight him shewe,  
 I trow that he be with us, thilke shrewe,  
 In helle, wher that he is lord and fire,  
 Ne is ther no more wo, rancour, ne ire.

Whan that our pot is broke, as I have sayde,  
 Every man chit, and holt him evil apayde.

Som sayd it was long on the fire-making ; 16390

Som sayd nay, it was long on the blowing ;  
 (Than was I ferd, for that was min office)

Straw, quod the thridde, ye ben lewed and nice,  
 It was not tempred as it ought to be.

Nay, quod the fourthe, stint and herken me ;  
 Because our fire was not made of beche,  
 That is the cause, and other non, so the iche.

I can not tell wheron it was along,  
 But wel I wot gret strif is us among.

What? quod my lord, ther n'is no more to don,  
 Of thise perils I wol beware eftsoone. 16401

I am right-fiker, that the pot was crased.

Be as be may, be ye no thing amased.

As usage is, let swepe the flore as swithe ;  
 Plucke up your hertes and be glad and blithe.



The mullok on an hepe ysweped was,  
 And on the flore ycast a canevas,  
 And all this mullok in a five ythrowe,  
 And sifted, and ypicked many a throwe.

Parde, quod on, somwhat of our metall 16410  
 Yet is ther here, though that we have not all,  
 And though this thing mishapped hath as now,  
 Another time it may be wel ynow.  
 We mosten put our good in aventure;  
 A marchant parde may not ay endure,  
 Trusteth me wel, in his prosperitee:  
 Somtime his good is drenched in the see,  
 And somtime cometh it fauf unto the lond.

Pees, quod my lord, the next time I wol fond  
 To bring our craft all in another plite, 16420  
 And but I do, fires, let me have the wite:  
 Ther was defaute in somwhat, wel I wote,

Another fayd, the fire was over hote,  
 But be it hote or cold, I dare say this,  
 That we concluden ever more amis:  
 We faille alway of that which we wold have,  
 And in our madnesse evermore we rave,  
 And whan we be together everich on,  
 Every man semeth a Salomon.  
 But all thing, which that shineth as the gold, 16430  
 Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told;

Ne every apple that is faire at eye,  
 Ne is not good, what so men clap or crie.  
 Right so, lo, fareth it amonges us.  
 He that semeth the wisest by Jesus  
 Is most fool, whan it cometh to the prese;  
 And he that semeth trewest, is a thefe.  
 That shal ye know, or that I from you wende,  
 By that I of my tale have made an ende.

Ther was a chanon of religioun 16449  
 Amonges us, wold enfect all a toun,  
 Though it as gret were as was Ninive,  
 Rome, Alifaundre, Troie, or other thre.  
 His sleightes and his infinite falsenesse  
 Ther coude no man writen, as I gesse,  
 Though that he mighte live a thousand yere;  
 In all this world of falsenesse n'is his pere.  
 For in his termes he wol him so winde,  
 And speke his wordes in so flie a kinde,  
 Whan he comunen shal with any wight, 16450  
 That he wol make him doten anon right,  
 But it a fend be, as himselyen is.  
 Ful many a man hath he begiled er this,  
 And wol, if that he may live any while:  
 And yet men gon and riden many a mile  
 Him for to seke, and have his acquaintance,  
 Not knowing of his false governance.

And

And if you lust to yeve me audience,  
I wol it tellen here in your presence.

But, worshipful Chanons religious, 16460  
Ne demeth not that I sclander your hous,  
Although that my tale of a Chanon be.

Of every order som shrew is parde :  
And God forbede that all a compaignie  
Shuld rewe a singuler mannes folie.

To sclander you is no thing min entent,  
But to correcten that is mis I ment.

This tale was not only told for you,  
But eke for other mo : ye wote wel how  
That among Cristes apošteles twelve 16470

Ther was no traitour but Judas himselve :  
Than why shuld al the remenant have blame,  
That giltles were ? by you I say the same.

Save only this, if ye wol herken me,  
If any Judas in your covent be,  
Remeveth him betimes, I you rede,  
If shame or los may causen any drede.

And be no thing displefed I you pray,  
But in this cas herkeneth what I say.

In London was a preeft, an annuellere, 16480  
That therin dwelled hadde many a yere,  
Which was so plesant and so servisable  
Unto the wif, ther as he was at table,

That

That she wold suffer him no thing to pay  
 For borde ne clothing, went he never so gay ;  
 And spending silver had he right ynow :  
 Therof no force ; I wol proceed as now,  
 And tellen forth my tale of the Chanon,  
 That brougte this preest to confusion.

This false Chanon came upon a day 16490  
 Unto the preestes chambre, ther he lay,  
 Befeching him to lene him a certain  
 Of gold, and he wold quite it him again.  
 Lene me a marke, quod he, but dayes three,  
 And at my day I wol it quiten thee.  
 And if it so be, that thou finde me false,  
 Another day hang me up by the halfe.

This preest him toke a marke, and that as fwith,  
 And this Chanon him thanked often sith,  
 And toke his leve, and wente forth his wey : 16500  
 And at the thridde day brought his money ;  
 And to the preest he toke his gold again,  
 Wherof this preest was wonder glad and fain.

Certes, quod he, nothing anoieth me  
 To lene a man a noble, or two, or three,  
 Or what thing were in my possession,  
 Whan he so trewe is of condition,  
 That in no wise he breken wol his day :  
 To swiche a man I can never say nay.

What ?

What? quod this Chanon, shuld I be untrewed?  
 Nay, that were thing fallen al of the newe.  
 Trowth is a thing that I wol ever kepe  
 Unto the day in which that I shal crepe  
 Into my grave, and elles God forbede:  
 Beleveth this as fiker as your crede,  
 God thanke I, and in good time be it sayde,  
 That ther n'as never man yet evil apayde  
 For gold ne silver that he to me lent,  
 Ne never falskede in min herte I ment.

And, sire, (quod he) now of my privetee, 16520  
 Sin ye so goodlich have ben unto me,  
 And kithed to me so gret gentillesse,  
 Somwhat, to quiten with your kindenesse,  
 I wol you shewe, and if you lust to lere  
 I wol you techen plainly the manere,  
 How I can werken in philosophie.  
 Taketh good heed, ye shuln wel sen at eye,  
 That I wol do a maistrie or I go.

Ye? quod the preest, ye, sire, and wol ye so?  
 Mary therof I pray you hertily. 16530

At your commandement, sire, trewely,  
 Quod the Chanon, and elles God forbede.  
 Lo, how this these coude his service bede.

Ful soth it is that swiche profered service  
 Stinketh, as witnessen thise olde wise;

And

And that ful sone I wol it verifie  
 In this Chanon, rote of all trecherie,  
 That evermore delight hath and gladnesse  
 (Swiche fendly thoughtes in his herte empreffe)  
 How Cristes peple he may to meschief bring. 1654<sup>o</sup>  
 God kepe us from his false diffimuling,  
 Nought wiste this preest with whom that he delt,  
 Ne of his harme coming nothing he felt.  
 O sely preest, o sely innocent,  
 With covetise anon thou shalt be blent;  
 O graceles, ful blind is thy conceite,  
 For nothing art thou ware of the disceite,  
 Which that this fox yshapen hath to thee;  
 His wily wrenches thou ne mayst not flee.  
 Wherfore to go to the conclusion 1655<sup>o</sup>  
 That referreth to thy confusion,  
 Unhappy man, anon I wol me hie  
 To tellen thin unwit and thy folie,  
 And eke the falsnesse of that other wretch,  
 As ferforth as that my conning wol stretch.  
 This Chanon was my lord, ye wolden wene;  
 Sire hoste, in faith, and by the heven quene,  
 It was another Chanon, and not he,  
 That can an hundred part more subtiltee.  
 He hath betraied folkes many a time; 1656<sup>o</sup>  
 Of his falsnesse it dulleth me to rime.

Ever

Ever whan that I speke of his falskede  
 For shame of him my chekes waxen rede ;  
 Algates they begynnen for to glowe,  
 For rednesse have I non, right wel I knowe,  
 In my visage, for fumes diverse  
 Of metals, which ye have herd me reherse,  
 Consumed han and wasted my rednesse.  
 Now take hede of this Chanons cursednesse.

Sire, quod the Chanon, let your yeman gon 16570  
 For quiksilver, that we it had anon ;  
 And let him bringen unces two or three ;  
 And whan he cometh, as faste shul ye see  
 A wonder thing, which ye saw never er this.

Sire, quod the preest, it shal be don ywis.  
 He bad his servant fetchen him this thing,  
 And he al redy was at his bidding,  
 And went him forth, and came anon again  
 With this quiksilver, shortly for to fain,  
 And toke thise unces three to the Chanoun ; 16580  
 And he hem laide wel and faire adoun,  
 And bad the servant coles for to bring,  
 That he anon might go to his werking.

The coles right anon weren yfet,  
 And this Chanon toke out a crosselet  
 Of his bosome, and shewed it to the preest.  
 This instrument, quod he, which that thou seest,

Take

Take in thyn hond, and put thyself therin  
 Of this quiksilver an unce, and here begin  
 In the name of Crist to wex a philosophre. 16590  
 Ther be ful fewe, which that I wolde profre  
 To shewen hem thus muche of my science :  
 For here shul ye see by experience,  
 That this quiksilver I wol mortifie,  
 Right in your sight anon withouten lie,  
 And make it as good silver and as fine,  
 As ther is any in your purse or mine,  
 Or elles wher ; and make it malliable ;  
 And elles holdeth me false and unable  
 Amonges folk for ever to appere. 16600

I have a poudere here that cost me dere,  
 Shal make all good, for it is cause of all  
 My conning, which that I you shewen shall.  
 Voideth your man, and let him be therout ;  
 And shet the dore, while we ben about  
 Our privetee, that no man us espie,  
 While that we werke in this philosophie.

All, as he bade, fulfilled was in dede.  
 This ilke servant anon right out yede,  
 And his maister shette the dore anon, 16610  
 And to hir labour spedily they gon.

This preest at this cursed Chanons bidding,  
 Upon the fire anon he set this thing,

And



THE CHANONES YEMANNES TALE. 111

And blew the fire, and besied him ful fast.  
 And this Chanon into the crosselet cast  
 A pouder, n'ot I never wherof it was  
 Ymade, other of chalk, other of glas,  
 Or somwhat elles, was not worth a flie,  
 To blinden with this preest; and bade him hie  
 The coles for to couchen all above 16620  
 The crosselet; for in tokening I thee love  
 (Quod this Chanon) thine owen hondes two  
 Shal werken all thing which that here is do.

*Grand mercy*, quod the preest, and was ful glad,  
 And couched the coles as the Chanon bad.  
 And while he besy was, this fendly wretch,  
 This false Chanon (the foule fend him fetch)  
 Out of his bosom toke a bechen cole,  
 In which ful subtilly was made an hole,  
 And therin put was of silver limaile 16630  
 An unce, and stopped was withouten faile  
 The hole with wax, to kepe the limaile in.

And understandeth, that this false gin  
 Was not made ther, but it was made before;  
 And other thinges I shal tell you more  
 Hereafterward, which that he with him brought;  
 Er he came ther, him to begile he thought,  
 And so he did, or that they went atwin:  
 Til he had torned him, coud he not blin.

It dulleth me, whan that I of him speke; 16640  
 On his falskede fain wold I me awreke,  
 If I wist how, but he is here and ther,  
 He is so variaunt, he abit no wher.

But taketh hede, fires, now for Goddes love:  
 He toke his cole, of which I spake above,  
 And in his hond he bare it prively,  
 And whiles the preeft couched besily  
 The coles, as I tolde you er this,  
 This Chanon sayde; frend, ye don amis;  
 This is not couched as it ought to be, 16650  
 But sone I shal amenden it, quod he.  
 Now let me meddle therwith but a while,  
 For of you have I pitee by Seint Gile:  
 Ye ben right hot, I see wel how ye fwete;  
 Have here a cloth and wipe away the wete.

And whiles that the preeft wiped his face,  
 This Chanon toke his cole, with fory grace,  
 And laied it above on the midward  
 Of the croffelet, and blew wel afterward,  
 Til that the coles gonnen fast to bren. 16660

Now yeve us drinke, quod this Chanon then,  
 As swithe all shal be wel, I undertake.  
 Sitte we doun, and let us mery make.  
 And whanne that this Chanones bechen cole  
 Was brent, all the limaile out of the hole

Into

Into the crosselet anon fell adoun ;  
 And so it muste nedes by resoun,  
 Sin it above so even couched was ;  
 But therof wist the preeft nothing, alas !  
 He demed all the coles ylike good, 16670  
 For of the sleight he nothing understood.

And whan this Alkymistre saw his time,  
 Rifeth up, fire preeft, quod he, and stondeþ by me ;  
 And for I wote wel ingot have ye non,  
 Goth, walketh forth, and bringeth a chalk ston ;  
 For I wol make it of the same shap,  
 That is an ingot, if I may have hap.  
 Bring eke with you a bolle or elles a panne  
 Ful of water, and ye shul wel see thanne  
 How that our besynesse shal thrive and preve. 16680  
 And yet, for ye shul have no misbeleve  
 Ne wrong conceit of me in your absence,  
 I ne wol not ben out of your presence,  
 But go with you, and come with you again.

The chambre dore, shortly for to sain,  
 They opened and shet, and went hir wey,  
 And forth with hem they caried the key,  
 And camen again withouten any delay.  
 What shuld I tarien all the longe day ?  
 He toke the chalk, and shope it in the wise 16690  
 Of an ingot, as I shal you devise ;

I say, he toke out of his owen fleve  
 A teine of silver (yvel mote he cheve)  
 Which that ne was but a just unce of weight.  
 And taketh heed now of his cursed sleight ;  
 He shop his ingot, in length and in bredè  
 Of thilke teine, withouten any drede,  
 So flily, that the preeft it not espide ;  
 And in his fleve again he gan it hide ;  
 And from the fire he toke up his matere, 16700  
 And in the ingot it put with mery chere :  
 And in the water-veffel he it cast,  
 Whan that him list, and bad the preeft as fast,  
 Loke what ther is ; put in thin hond and grope ;  
 Thou shalt ther finden silver as I hope.  
 What, divel of helle ! shuld it elles be ?  
 Shaving of silver, silver is parde.

He put his hond in, and toke up a teine  
 Of silver fine, and glad in every veine  
 Was this preeft, whan he saw that it was so. 16710  
 Goddes blessing, and his mothers also,  
 And alle Halwes, have ye, fire Chanon,  
 Sayde this preeft, and I hir malison,  
 But, and ye vouchesauf to techen me  
 This noble craft and this subtilitee,  
 I wol be your in all that ever I may.

Quod the Chanon, yet wol I make assay

The.

The second time, that ye mow taken hede,  
 And ben expert of this, and in your nede  
 Another day assay in min absence 16720  
 This discipline, and this crafty science:  
 Let take another unce, quod he tho,  
 Of quiksilver, withouten wordes mo,  
 And do therwith as ye have don er this  
 With that other, which that now silver is:

The preest him besieth all that ever he can  
 To don as this Chanon, this cursed man,  
 Commandeth him, and faste blewè the fire,  
 For to come to the effect of his desire:  
 And this Chanon right in the mene while 16730  
 Al redy was this preest est to begile,  
 And for a countenance in his hond bare  
 An holow stikke, (take kepe and beware)  
 In the ende of which an unce and no more  
 Of silver limaile put was, as before  
 Was in his cole, and stopped with wax wel  
 For to kepe in his limaile every del.  
 And while this preest was in his besinesse,  
 This Chanon with his stikke gan him dresse  
 To him anon, and his powder cast in, 16740  
 As he did erst, (the devil out of his skin  
 Him torne, I pray to God, for his falsshede,  
 For he was ever false in thought and dede)

And with his stikke, above the croffelet,  
 That was ordained with that false get,  
 He stirreth the coles, til relenten gan  
 The wax again the fire, as every man,  
 But he a fool be, wote wel it mote nede.  
 And all that in the stikke was out yede,  
 And in the croffelet hastily it fell. 1675

Now, goode fires, what wol ye bet than wel?  
 Whan that this preest was thus begiled again,  
 Supposing nought but trouthe, soth to fain,  
 He was so glad, that I can not expresse  
 In no manere his mirth and his gladnesse,  
 And to the Chanon he profered estsone  
 Body and good: ye, quod the Chanon, sone,  
 Though poure I be, crafty thou shalt me finde:  
 I warne thee wel, yet is ther more behinde.

Is ther any coper here within? sayd he. 1676  
 Ye, fire, quod the preest, I trow ther be.

Elles go beie us som, and that as swithe.  
 Now, goode fire, go forth thy way and hie the.

He went his way, and with the coper he came,  
 And this Chanon it in his hondes name,  
 And of that coper weyed out an unce.  
 To simple is my tonge to pronounce,  
 As minister of my wit, the doublenesse  
 Of this Chanon, rote of all cursednesse.

He femed frendly, to hem that knew him nought,  
 But he was fendly, both in werk and thought. 16771  
 It werieth me to tell of his falseneffe;  
 And natheles yet wol I it expresse,  
 To that entent men may beware therby,  
 And for non other cause trewely.

He put this coper into the croffelet,  
 And on the fire as fwithe he hath it fet,  
 And cast in pouder, and made the preest to blow,  
 And in his werking for to stoupen low,  
 As he did erst, and all n'as but a jape; 16780  
 Right as him list the preest he made his ape.

And afterward in the ingot he it cast,  
 And in the panne put it at the last  
 Of water, and in he put his owen hond;  
 And in his sleve, as ye beforen hond  
 Herde me tell, he had a silver teine;  
 He flily toke it out, this cursed heine,  
 (Unweting this preest of his false craft)

And in the pannes botome he it last.  
 And in the water rombleth to and fro, 16790  
 And wonder prively toke up also  
 The coper teine, (not knowing thilke preest)  
 And hid it, and him hente by the brest,  
 And to him spake, and thus said in his game;  
 Stoupeh adoun; by God ye be to blame;

118 THE CHANONES YEMANNES TALE.

Helpeth me now, as I did you whilere;  
Put in your hond, and loketh what is there.

This preest toke up this silver teine anon;  
And thanne said the Chanon, let us gon  
With thise three teines which that we han wrought,  
To som goldsmith, and wete if they ben ought:  
For by my faith I n'olde for my hood  
But if they weren silver fine and good,  
And that as swithe wel preved shal it be.

Unto the goldsmith with thise teines three  
They went anon, and put hem in assay  
To fire and hammer: might no man fay nay,  
But that they weren as hem ought to be.

This soted preest, who was gladder than he?  
Was never brid gladder agains the day, 16810  
Ne nightingale in the seson of May  
Was never non, that list better to sing,  
Ne lady lustier in carolling,  
Or for to speke of love and womanhede,  
Ne knight in armes don a hardy dede  
To stonden in grace of his lady dere,  
Than hadde this preest this craft for to lere;  
And to the Chanon thus he spake and seid;  
For the love of God, that for us alle deid,  
And as I may deserve it unto you, 16820  
What shal this receit cost? telleth me now.

By



By our lady, quod this Chanon, it is dere.

I warne you wel, that, save I and a frere,  
In Englelond ther can no man it make.

No force, quod he ; now, sire, for Goddes sake,  
What shall I pay ? telleth me, I you pray.

Ywis, quod he, it is ful dere I say.

Sire, at o word, if that you list it have,

Ye shal pay fourty pound, so God me save ;

And n'ere the frendship that ye did er this 16830

To me, ye shulden payen more ywis.

This preest the sum of fourty pound anon

Of nobles fet, and toke hem everich on

To this Chanon, for this ilke receipt.

All his werking n'as but fraud and deceit.

Sire preest, he said, I kepe for to have no loos

Of my craft, for I wold it were kept cloos ;

And as ye love me, kepeth it secree :

For if men knewen all my subtiltee,

By God they wolden have so gret envie 16840

To me, because of my philosophie,

I shuld be ded, ther were non other way.

God it forbede, quod the preest, what ye say.

Yet had I lever spenden all the good

Which that I have, (and elles were I wood)

Than that ye shuld fallen in swiche meschefe.

For your good will, sire, have ye right good prefe,

Quod the Chanon, and farewel, *grand mercy*.  
 He went his way, and never the preeft him fey  
 After that day : and whan that this preeft shold  
 Maken assay, at swiche time as he wold, 16851  
 Of this receit, farewel, it n'old not be.

Lo, thus bejaped and begiled was he :  
 Thus maketh he his introduction  
 To bringen folk to hir destruction.

Considereth, fires, how that in eche estat  
 Betwixen men and gold ther is debat,  
 So ferforth that unnethes is ther non.

This multiplying so blint many on,  
 That in good faith I trowe that it be 16860  
 The cause gretest of swiche scarsitee,  
 Thise philosophres speke so mistily  
 In this craft, that men cannot come therby,  
 For any wit that men have now adayes.

They mow wel chateren, as don thise jayes,  
 And in hir termes set hir lust and peine,  
 But to hir purpos shul they never atteine.

A man may lightly lerne, if he have ought,  
 To multiplie, and bring his good to nought.  
 Lo, swiche a lucre is in this lusty game ; 16870  
 A mannes mirth it wol turne al to grame,  
 And emptien also gret and hevy purfes,  
 And maken folk for to purchasen curses

Of hem, that han therto hir good ylent.  
 O, fy for shame, they that han be brent,  
 Alas ! can they not flee the fires hete ?  
 Ye that it use, I rede that ye it lete,  
 Lest ye lese all ; for bet than never is late :  
 Never to thriven, were to long a date.  
 Though ye prolle ay, ye shul it never find ; 16880  
 Ye ben as bold as is Bayard the blind,  
 That blondereth forth, and peril casteth mon :  
 He is as bold to renne agains a ston,  
 As for to go besides in the way :  
 So faren ye that multiplien, I fay.  
 If that your eyen cannot seen aright,  
 Loketh that youre mind lacke not his sight.  
 For though ye loke never so brode and stare,  
 Ye shul not win a mite on that chaffare,  
 But wasten all that ye may rape and renne. 16890  
 Withdraw the fire, lest it to faste brenne ;  
 Medleth no more with that art, I mene ;  
 For if ye don, your thrift is gon ful clene.  
 And right as swithe I wol you tellen here  
 What philosophres sain in this matere.

Lo, thus saith Arnolde of the newe toun,  
 As his Rosarie maketh mentioun,  
 He saith right thus, withouten any lie ;  
 Ther may no man Mercurie mortise,

But

But it be with his brothers knowleching. 1690<sup>3</sup>

Lo, how that he, which firste said this thing,  
Of philosophres father was Hermes :  
He saith, how that the dragon douteles  
Ne dieth not, but if that he be slain  
With his brother. And this is for to fain,  
By the dragon Mercury, and non other,  
He understood, and brimstone by his brother,  
That out of Sol and Luna were ydrawe.

And therefore, said he, take heed to my fawe.

Let no man beske him this art to seche, 1691<sup>0</sup>

But if that he the entention and speche  
Of philosophres understonden can;  
And if he do, he is a lewed man.  
For this science and this conning (quod he)  
Is of the secree of secrees parde.

Also ther was a disciple of Plato,  
That on a time said his maister to,  
As his book Senior wol bere witnesse,  
And this was his demand in sothfastnesse:  
Telle me the name of thilke privee ston. 1692<sup>0</sup>

And Plato answerd unto him anon;  
Take the ston that Titanos men name.  
Which is that? quod he. Magnetia is the fame,  
Saide Plato. Ye, fire, and is it thus?  
This is *ignotum per ignotius*.

What

THE CHANONES YEMANNES TALE. 123

What is Magnetia, good fire, I pray ?

It is a water that is made, I fay,  
Of the elementes foure, quod Plato.

Tell me the rote, good fire, quod he tho,  
Of that water, if that it be your will. 16930

Nay, nay, quod Plato, certain that I n'ill.

The philosophres were sworne everich on,

That they ne shuld discover it unto non,

Ne in no book it write in no manere ;

For unto God it is so lefe and dere,

That he wol not that it discovered be,

But wher it liketh to his deitee

Man for to enspire, and eke for to defende

Whom that him liketh ; lo, this is the ende.

Than thus conclude I, sin that God of heven 16940

Ne wol not that the philosophres neven,

How that a man shal come unto this ston,

I rede as for the best to let it gon.

For who so maketh God his adversary,

As for to werken any thing in contrary

Of his will, certes never shal he thrive,

Though that he multiply terme of his live.

And ther a point ; for ended is my tale.

God send every good man bote of his bale.

THE

THE MANCIPILES PROLOGUE.

WETE ye not wher stondeth a litel toun, 16950

Which that ycleped is Bob up and doun,

Under the blee, in Canterbury way ?

Ther gan our hoste to jape and to play,

And sayde ; fires, what ? Dun is in the mire.

Is ther no man for praiere ne for hire,

That wol awaken our felaw behind ?

A these him might ful lightly rob and bind.

See how he nappeth, see, for cockes bones,

As he wold fallen from his hors atones.

Is that a coke of London, with meschance ? 16960

Do him come forth, he knoweth his penance ;

For he shal tell a tale by my fey,

Although it be not worth a botel hey.

Awake thou coke, quod he, God yeve thee sorwe,

What aileth thee to slepen by the morwe ?

Hast thou had fleen al night, or art thou dronke ?

Or hast thou with som quene al night yswonke,

So that thou mayst not holden up thin hed ?

This coke, that was ful pale and nothing red,

Sayd to our hoste ; so God my soule blesse, 16970

As ther is falle on me swiche heviness,

N'ot I nat why, that me were lever to slepe,

Than the best gallon wine that is in Chepe.

Wel,

THE MANCIPILES PROLOGUE. 125

Wel, quod the Manciple, if it may don ese  
 To thee, fire Coke, and to no wight displese,  
 Which that here rideth in this compaignie,  
 And that our hoste wol of his curtesie,  
 I wol as now excuse thee of thy tale;  
 For in good faith thy visage is ful pale:  
 Thin eyen dasen, sothly as me thinketh, 16980  
 And wel I wot, thy breth ful soure stinketh,  
 That sheweth wel thou art not wel disposed:  
 Of me certain thou shalt not ben yglosed.  
 See how he galpeth, lo, this dronken wight,  
 As though he wold us swalow anon right.  
 Hold close thy mouth, man, by thy father kin:  
 The devil of helle set his foot therin,  
 Thy cursed breth enfecten woll us alle:  
 Fy stinking swine, fy, foul mote thee befall.  
 A, taketh heed, fires, of this lusty man. 16990  
 Now, swete fire, wol ye just at the fan?  
 Therto, me thinketh, ye be wel yshape.  
 I trow that ye have dronken win of ape,  
 And that is whan men playen with a straw.

And with this speche the coke waxed all wraw,  
 And on the Manciple he gan nod fast  
 For lacke of speche; and doun his hors him cast,  
 Wher as he lay, til that men him up toke.  
 This was a faire chivachee of a coke:

Alas

## 126 THE MANCIPLES PROLOGUE.

Alas that he ne had hold him by his ladel ! 17000  
 And er that he agen were in the fadel,  
 Ther was gret shoving bothe to and fro  
 To lift him up, and mochel care and wo,  
 So unweldy was this fely palled goft :  
 And to the Manciple than spake our host.  
 . Because that drinke hath domination  
 Upon this man, by my salvation  
 I trow he lewedly wol tell his tale.  
 For were it win, or old or moisty ale,  
 That he hath dronke, he speketh in his nose, 17010  
 And snefeth fast, and eke he hath the pose.  
 He also hath to don more than ynough  
 To kepe him on his capel out of the slough :  
 And if he falle from of his capel eftfone,  
 Than shul we alle have ynough to done  
 In lusting up his hevy dronken cors.  
 Tell on thy tale, of him make I no force.

But yet, Manciple, in faith thou art to nice,  
 Thus openly to repreve him of his vice :

Another day he wol paraventure 17020  
 Reclimen thee, and bring thee to the lure :  
 I mene, he speken wol of finale thinges,  
 As for to pinchen at thy rekeninges,  
 That were not honest, if it came to prese.

Quod the Manciple, that were a gret meschefe :

So



So might he lightly bring me in the snare.  
 Yet had I lever payen for the mare,  
 Which he rit on, than he shuld with me strive.  
 I wol not wrathen him, so mote I thrive ;  
 That that I spake, I sayd it in my bourd. 1703  
 And wete ye what? I have here in my gourd  
 A draught of win, ye of a ripe grape,  
 And right anon ye shul seen a good jape.  
 This coke shal drinke therof, if that I may ;  
 Up peine of my lif he wol not say nay.

And certainly, to tellen as it was,  
 Of this vessell the coke dranke fast, (alas!  
 What nedeth it? he dranke ynough beforene)  
 And whan he hadde pouped in his horne,  
 To the Manciple he toke the gourd again. 1704  
 And of that drinke the coke was wonder fain,  
 And thonked him in swiche wise as he coude.

Than gan our hoste to laughen wonder loude,  
 And sayd; I see wel it is necessary  
 Wher that we gon good drinke with us to cary ;  
 For that wol turnen rancour and disese  
 To accord and love, and many a wrong apese.

O Bacchus, Bacchus, blessed be thy name,  
 That so canst turnen ernest into game ;  
 Worship and thonke be to thy deitee. 1705  
 Of that matere ye get no more of me.

Tell on thy tale, Manciple, I thee pray.

Wel, fire, quod he, now herkeneth what I fay.

THE MANCIPLÉS TALE.

WHAN Phebus dwelled here in erth adoun,  
 As olde bookes maken mentioun,  
 He was the moſte luſty bachelere  
 Of all this world, and eke the beſt archer.  
 He ſlew Phiton the ſerpent, as he lay  
 Sleping agains the ſonne upon a day;  
 And many another noble worthy dede 17060  
 He with his bow wrought, as men mowen rede.

Playen he coude on every minſtralcie,  
 And ſingen, that it was a melodie  
 To heren of his clere vois the ſoun.  
 Certes the king of Thebes, Amphioun,  
 That with his ſinging walled the citee,  
 Coud never ſingen half ſo wel as he.  
 Therto he was the ſemelieſte man,  
 That is or was, ſithen the world began;  
 What nedeth it his ſeture to deſcribe? 17070  
 For in this world n'is non ſo faire on live.  
 He was therewith fulfilled of gentilleſſe,  
 Of honour, and of parfite worthineſſe.

This Phebus, that was flour of bachelerie,  
 As wel in fredom, as in chivalrie,

For

For his difport, in figne eke of victorie  
 Of Phiton, fo as telleth us the ftorie,  
 Was wont to beren in his hond a bowe.  
 Now had this Phebus in his hous a crowe,  
 Which in a cage he foftred many a day, 17080  
 And taught it fpeken, as men teche a jay.  
 Whit was this crowe, as is a fnow-whit swart,  
 And contrefete the fpeche of every man  
 He coude, whan he fhulde tell a tale.  
 Therwith in all this world no nightingale  
 Ne coude by an hundred thousand del  
 Singen fo wonder merily and wel.

Now had this Phebus in his hous a wif,  
 Which that he loved more than his lif,  
 And night and day did ever his diligence 17090  
 Hire for to plefe, and don hire reverence :  
 Save only, if that I the foth fhall fain,  
 Jelous he was, and wold have kept hire fain,  
 For him were loth yjaped for to be ;  
 And fo is every wight in fwiche degree ;  
 But all for nought, for it availeth nought.  
 A good wif, that is clene of werk and thought,  
 Shuld not be kept in non await certain ;  
 And trewely the labour is in vain  
 To kepe a fhrewe, for it wol not be. 17100  
 This hold I for a veray nicetee,

To spillen labour for to kepen wives ;  
 Thus writen olde clerkes in hir lives.

But now to purpos, as I first began.  
 This worthy Phebus doth all that he can  
 To plesen hire, wening thurgh swiche plesance,  
 And for his manhood and his governance,  
 That no man shulde put him from hire grace :  
 But God it wote, ther may no man embrace  
 As to destreine a thing, which that nature 17110  
 Hath naturelly set in a creature.

Take any brid, and put it in a cage,  
 And do all thin entente, and thy corage,  
 To foster it tendrely with mete and drinke  
 Of alle deintees that thou canst bethinke,  
 And kepe it al so clenely as thou may ;  
 Although the cage of gold be never so gay,  
 Yet had this brid, by twenty thousand fold,  
 Lever in a forest, that is wilde and cold,  
 Gon eten wormes, and swiche wretchednesse. 17120  
 For ever this brid will don his besinesse  
 To escape out of his cage whan that he may :  
 His libertee the brid desireth ay.

Let take a cat, and foster hire with milke  
 And tendre flesh, and make hire couche of filke,  
 And let hire see a mous go by the wall,  
 Anon she weiveth milke and flesh, and all,

And

And every deintee that is in that hous,  
Swiche appetit hath she to ete the mous.

Lo, here hath kind hire domination, 17130  
And appetit flemeth discretion.

A she-wolf hath also a vilains kind;  
The lewedeſte wolf that she may find,  
Or leſt of reputation, wol she take  
In time whan hire luſt to have a make.

All thiſe enſamples ſpeke I by thiſe men  
That ben untrewe, and nothing by women.  
For men have ever a likerous appetit  
On lower thing to parforme hir delit  
Than on hir wives, be they never ſo faire, 17140  
Ne never ſo trewe, ne ſo debonaire.  
Fleſh is ſo newefangle, with meſchance,  
That we ne con in nothing have pleaſance,  
That founeth unto vertue any while.

This Phebus, which that thought upon no gile,  
Diſceived was for all his jolitee :  
For under him another hadde ſhe,  
A man of litel reputation,  
Nought worth to Phebus in compariſon :  
The more harme is ; it happeth often ſo ; 17150  
Of which ther cometh mochel harme and wo.

And ſo befell, whan Phebus was abſent,  
His wiſ anon hath for hire lemman ſent.

Hire lemman? certes that is a knavish speche.  
 Foryeve it me, and that I you besече.

The wise Plato sayth, as ye mow rede,  
 The word must nede accorden with the dede,  
 If men shul tellen proprely a thing,  
 The word must cosin be to the werking.  
 I am a boistous man, right thus say I;      17160  
 Ther is no difference trewely  
 Betwix a wif that is of high degree,  
 (If of hire body dishonest she be)  
 And any poure wenche, other than this,  
 (If it so be they werken both amis)  
 But, for the gentil is in estat above,  
 She shal be cleped his lady and his love;  
 And, for that other is a poure woman,  
 She shal be cleped his wenche and his lemman:  
 And God it wote, min owen dere brother,      17170  
 Men lay as low that on as lith that other.

Right so betwix a titleles tiraunt  
 And an outlawe, or any these erraunt,  
 The same I say, ther is no difference,  
 (To Alexander told was this sentence)  
 But, for the tyrant is of greter might  
 By force of meinie for to fle doun right,  
 And brennen hous and home, and make all plain,  
 Lo, therefore is he cleped a capitain;

And

And, for the outlawe hath but smale meinie, 17180  
 And may not do so gret an harme as he,  
 Ne bring a contree to so gret meschiefe,  
 Men clepen him an outlawe or a thefe.

But, for I am a man not textuel,  
 I wol not tell of textes never a del;  
 I wol go to my tale, as I began.

Whan Phebus wif had sent for hire lemman,  
 Anon they wroughten all hir lust volage.  
 This white crowe, that heng ay in the cage,  
 Beheld hir werke, and sayde never a word: 17190  
 And whan that home was come Phebus the lord,  
 This crowe song, cuckow, cuckow, cuckow.

What? brid, quod Phebus, what song fingest thou  
 Ne were thou wont so merily to sing, [now?  
 That to my herte it was a rejoyfing  
 To here thy vois? alas! what song is this?

By God, quod he, I singe not amis.  
 Phebus, (quod he) for all thy worthinesse,  
 For all thy beautee, and all thy gentillesse,  
 For all thy song, and all thy minstralcie, 17200  
 For all thy waiting, blered is thin eye,  
 With on of litel reputation,  
 Not worth to thee as in comparison  
 The mountance of a gnat, so mote I thrive;  
 For on thy bedde thy wif I saw him swive.

What wol you more ? the crowe anon him told,  
 By fade tokenes, and by wordes bold,  
 How that his wif had don hire lecherie  
 Him to gret shame, and to gret vilanie ;  
 And told him oft, he sawe it with his eyen. 17210

This Phebus gan awayward for to wrien ;  
 Him thought his woful herte braft atwo.  
 His bowe he bent, and set therin a flo ;  
 And in his ire he hath his wif yslain :  
 This is the effect, ther is no more to fain,  
 For sorwe of which he brake his minstralcie,  
 Both harpe and lute, giterne, and fautrie ;  
 And eke he brake his arwes, and his bowe ;  
 And after that thus spake he to the crowe.

Traitour, quod he, with tonge of scorpion, 17220  
 Thou hast me brought to my confusion :  
 Alas that I was wrought ! why n'ere I dede ?

O dere wif, o gemme of lustyhede,  
 That were to me so fade, and eke so trewe,  
 Now lieft thou ded, with face pale of hewe,  
 Ful gilteles, that durst I fwere ywis.

O rakel hond, to do so foule a mis.

O troubled wit, o ire reccheles,

That unavisid smiteft gilteles.

O wantrust, ful of false suspecion,

17230

Wher was thy wit and thy discretion ?

O, every



O, every man beware of rakelnesse,  
 Ne trowe no thing withouten strong witnesse.  
 Smite not to sone, er that ye weten why,  
 And beth avised wel and fikerly,  
 Or ye do any execution  
 Upon your ire for suspecion.

Alas! a thousand folk hath rakel ire  
 Fully fardon, and brought hem in the mire.  
 Alas! for forwe I wol myselven fle. 17240

And to the crowe, o false thefe, said he,  
 I wol thee quite anon thy false tale.  
 Thou song whilom, like any nightingale,  
 Now shalt thou, false thefe, thy song forgon,  
 And eke thy white fethers everich on,  
 Ne never in all thy lif ne shalt thou speke;  
 Thus shul men on a traitour ben awreke.  
 Thou and thin ofspring ever shul be blake,  
 Ne never fwete noise shul ye make,  
 But ever crie ageins tempest and rain, 17250  
 In token, that thurgh thee my wif is slain.

And to the crowe he stert, and that anon,  
 And pulled his white fethers everich on,  
 And made him blak, and raft him all his song  
 And eke his speche, and out at dore him flong  
 Unto the devil, which I him betake;  
 And for this cause ben alle crowes blake.

Lordings, by this ensample, I you pray,  
 Beth ware, and taketh kepe what that ye fay;  
 Ne telleth never man in all your lif, 17260  
 How that another man hath dight his wif;  
 He wol you haten mortally certain.  
 Dan Salomon, as wise clerkes fain,  
 Techeth a man to kepe his tonge wel;  
 But as I fayd, I am not textuel.  
 But natheles thus taughte me my dame;  
 My sone, thinke on the crowe a Goddes name.  
 My sone, kepe wel thy tonge, and kepe thy frend;  
 A wicked tonge is werse than a fend:  
 My sone, from a fende men may hem bleffe. 17270  
 My sone, God of his endeles goodnesse  
 Walled a tonge with teeth, and lippes eke,  
 For man shuld him avisen what he speke.  
 My sone, ful often for to mochel speche  
 Hath many a man ben spilt, as clerkes teche;  
 But for a litel speche avisedly  
 Is no man shent, to speken generally.  
 My sone, thy tonge shuldest thou restreine  
 At alle time, but whan thou dost thy peine  
 To speke of God in honour and prayere. 17280  
 The firste vertue, sone, if thou wolt lere,  
 Is to restreine, and kepen wel thy tonge;  
 Thus leren children, whan that they be yonge,  
My

My sone, of mochel speking evil avised,  
 Ther lesse speking had ynough suffised,  
 Cometh mochel harme; thus was me told and taught;  
 In mochel speche sinne wanteth naught.  
 Wost thou wherof a rakel tonge serveth?  
 Right as a swerd forcutteth and forkerveth  
 An arme atwo, my dere sone, right so 17290  
 A tonge cutteth frendship all atwo.  
 A jangler is to God abhominable.  
 Rede Salomon, so wise and honourable,  
 Rede David in his Psalmes, rede Senek.  
 My sone, speke not, but with thyñ hed thou beck,  
 Diffimule as thou were dese, if that thou here  
 A janglour speke of perilous matere.  
 The Fleming sayth, and lerne if that thee lest,  
 That litel jangling causeth mochel rest.  
 My sone, if thou no wicked word hast said, 17300  
 Thee thar not dreden for to be bewraid;  
 But he that hath missayd, I dare wel sain,  
 He may by no way clepe his word again.  
 Thing that is sayd is sayd, and forth it goth,  
 Though him repent, or be him never so loth,  
 He is his thral, to whom that he hath sayd  
 A tale, of which he is now evil apaid.  
 My sone, beware, and be non auçtour newe  
 Of tidings, whether they ben false or trewe;

Wher

Wher so thou come, amonges high or lowe, 1731<sup>o</sup>  
Kepe wel thy tonge, and thinke upon the crowe.

## THE PERSONES PROLOGUE.

BY that the Manciple had his tale ended,  
The sonne fro the south line was descended  
So lowe, that it ne was not to my sight  
Degrees nine and twenty as of hight.  
Foure of the klok it was tho, as I gesse,  
For enleven foot, a litel more or lesse,  
My shadow was at thilke time, as there,  
Of swiche feet as my lengthe parted were  
In six feet equal of proportion. 1732<sup>o</sup>  
Therwith the mones exaltation,  
In mene Libra, alway gan ascende,  
As we were entring at the thorpes ende.  
For which our hoste, as he was wont to gie,  
As in this cas, our jolly compaignie,  
Said in this wise; lordings, everich on,  
Now lacketh us no tales mo than on.  
Fulfilled is my sentence and my decree;  
I trowe that we han herd of eche degree.  
Almost fulfilled is myn ordinance; 1733<sup>o</sup>  
I pray to God so yeve him right good chance,  
That telleth us this tale lustily.  
Sire preeft, quod he, art thou a vicary?

Or

Or art thou a Person? say soth by thy fay.  
 Be what thou be, ne breke thou not our play;  
 For every man, save thou, hath told his tale.  
 Unbokel, and shew us what is in thy male.  
 For trewely me thinketh by thy chere,  
 Thou shuldest knitte up wel a gret matere.  
 Tell us a fable anon, for cockes bones. 17340

This Person him answered al at ones;  
 Thou getest fable non ytold for me,  
 For Poule, that writeth unto Timothe,  
 Repreveth hem that weiven sothfastnesse,  
 And tellen fables, and swiche wretchednesse.  
 Why shuld I sowen draf out of my fist,  
 Whan I may sowen whete, if that me list?  
 For which I say, if that you list to here  
 Moralitee, and vertuous matere,  
 And than that ye wol yeve me audience, 17350  
 I wold ful fain at Cristes reverence  
 Don you plesance lesful, as I can.  
 But trusteth wel, I am a sotherne man,  
 I cannot geste, rom, ram, ruf, by my letter,  
 And, God wote, rime hold I but litel better.  
 And therefore if you list, I wol not glose,  
 I wol you tell a litel tale in prose,  
 To knitte up all this feste, and make an ende:  
 And Jesu for his grace wit me sende

To shewen you the way in this viage 17360  
 Of thilke parfit glorious pilgrimage,  
 That hight Jerufalem celestial.

And if ye vouchesauf, anon I shal  
 Beginne upon my tale, for which I pray  
 Tell your avis, I can no better fay.

-But natheles this meditation  
 I put it ay under correction  
 Of clerkes, for I am not textuel;  
 I take but the sentence, trusteth me wel.  
 Therefore I make a protestation, 17370  
 That I wol standen to correction.

Upon this word we han assented sone:  
 For as us femed, it was for to don,  
 To enden in som vertuous sentence,  
 And for to yeve him space and audience;  
 And bade our hofte he shulde to him fay,  
 That alle we to tell his tale him pray.

Our hofte had the wordes for us alle:  
 Sire preeft, quod he, now faire you befall;e;  
 Say what you list, and we shul gladly here. 17380  
 And with that word he said in this manere;  
 Telleth, quod he, your meditatioun,  
 But hasteth you, the sonne wol adoun.  
 Beth fructuous, and that in litel space,  
 And to do wel God sende you his grace.

## THE PERSONES TALE.

OUR fwete Lord God of heven, that no man wol perifh, but wol that we comen all to the knowleching of him, and to the blifful lif that is pardurable, amonesteth us by the Prophet Jeremie, that fayth in this wife: Stondeth upon the wayes, and feeth and axeth of the olde pathes; that is to fay, of olde sentences; which is the good way: and walketh in that way, and ye fhul finde refreshing for your foules. Many ben the wayes spirituel that leden folk to our Lord Jefu Crist, and to the regne of glory: of which wayes, ther is a ful noble way, and wel covenantable, which may not faille to man ne to woman, that thurgh finne hath misgon fro the right way of Jerufalem celestial; and this way is cleped penance; of which man fhuld gladly herken and enqueren with all his herte, to wete, what is penance, and whennes it is cleped penance, and how many maneres ben of actions or workings of penance, and how many spices ther ben of penance, and which thinges apperteinen and behoven to penance, and which thinges diftroublen penance.

Seint

Seint Ambrose sayth, That penance is the plaining of man for the gilt that he hath don, and no more to do any thing for which him ought to plaine. And som doctour sayth: Penance is the waymenting of man that forweth for his sinne, and peineth himself, for he hath misdou. Penance, with certain circumstances, is veray repentance of man, that holdeth himself in forwe and other peine for his giltes: and for he shal be veray penitent, he shal first bewailen the finnes that he hath don, and stedfastly purpofen in his herte to have shrift of mouth, and to don satisfacion, and never to don thing, for which him ought more to bewayle or complaine, and to continue in good werkes: or elles his repentance may not availe. For as Seint Isidor sayth; he is a japer and a gabber, and not veray repentant, that estsones doth thing, for which him oweth to repent. Weping, and not for to stint to do sinne, may not availe. But nathes, men shuld hope, that at every time that man falleth, be it never so oft, that he may arise thurgh penance, if he have grace: but certain, it is gret doute. For as faith Seint Gregorie; unnethes ariseth he out of sinne, that is charged with the charge of evil usage.

And



And therefore repentant folk, that stint for to sinne, and forlete sinne or that sinne forlete hem, holy chirche holdeth hem siker of hir salvation. And he that finneth, and veraily repenteth him in his last day, holy chirche yet hopeth his salvation, by the grete mercy of our Lord Jesu Crist, for his repentance: but take ye the siker and certain way.

And now sith I have declared you, what thing is penance, now ye shul understond, that ther ben three actions of penance. The first is, that a man be baptised after that he hath finned. Seint Augustine sayth; but he be penitent for his old sinful lif, he may not beginne the newe clene lif: for certes, if he be baptised without penitence of his old gilt, he receiveth the marke of baptisine, but not the grace, ne the remission of his finnes, til he have veray repentance. Another defaute is, that men don dedly sinne after that they have received baptisine. The thridde defaute is, that men fall in venial finnes after hir baptisine, fro day to day. Therof sayth Seint Augustine, that penance of good and humble folk is the penance of every day.

The spices of penance ben three. That on  
of

of hem is solempne, another is commune, and the thridde priuee. Thilke penance, that is solempne, is in two maneres; as to be put out of holy chirche in lenton, for slaughter of children, and swiche maner thing. Another is whan a man hath finned openly, of which finne the fame is openly spoken in the contree: and than holy chirche by iugement distreyneth him for to do open penance. Commun penance is, that preestes enjoinen men in certain cas: as for to go paraventure naked on pilgrimage, or bare foot. Priuee penance is thilke, that men don all day for priuee finnes, of which we shrive us prively, and receive priuee penance.

Now shalt thou understond what is behoueful and necessary to every parfit penance: and this stont on three thinges; contrition of herte, confession of mouth, and satisfaction. For which sayth Seint John Chrifostome: penance distreineth a man to accept benignely every peine, that him is enjoined, with contrition of herte, and shrift of mouth, with satisfaction, and werking of all maner humilitee. And this is fruitful penance ayenst tho three thinges, in which we wrathen our Lord Jesu Crist:  
 this

this is to say, by delit in thinking, by rechelesnesse in speking, and by wicked sinful working. And ayenst these wicked giltes is penance, that may be likened unto a tree.

The rote of this tree is contrition, that hideth him in the herte of him that is veray repentant, right as the rote of the tree hideth him in the erthe. Of this rote of contrition springeth a stalke, that bereth branches and leues of confession, and fruit of satisfaction. Of which Crist sayth in his gospell; doth ye digne fruit of penitence; for by this fruit mow men understonde and knowe this tree, and not by the rote that is hid in the herte of man, ne by the branches, ne the leues of confession. And therefore our Lord Jesu Crist faith thus; by the fruit of hem shal ye knowe hem. Of this rote also springeth a seed of grace, which seed is moder of fikernesse, and this seed is eger and hote. The grace of this seed springeth of God, thurgh remembrance on the day of dome, and on the péines of helle. Of this matere faith Salomon, that in the drede of God man forletteth his sinne. The hete of this fede is the love of God, and the desiring of the joye perdurable. This hete draweth the herte of man

to God, and doth him hate his sinne. For sothly, ther is nothing that favoureth so fote to a child, as the milke of his norice, ne nothing is to him more abhominable than that milke, whan it is medled with other mete. Right so the sinful man that loveth his sinne, him seemeth, that it is to him most swete of any thing; but fro that time that he loveth sadly our Lord Jesu Crist, and desireth the lif perdurable, ther is to him nothing more abhominable. For sothly the lawe of God is the love of God. For which David the prophet sayth; I have loved thy lawe, and hated wickednesse: he that loveth God, kepeth his lawe and his word. This tree saw the prophet Daniel in spirit, upon the vision of Nabuchodonosor, whan he counseiled him to do penance. Penance is the tree of lif, to hem that it receiven: and he that holdeth him in veray penance, is blisful, after the sentence of Salomon.

In this penance or contrition man shal understond foure thinges; that is to say, what is contrition; and which ben the causes that moven a man to contrition; and how he shuld be contrite; and what contrition availeth to the soule. Than is it thus, that contrition is  
the

the veray forwe that a man receiveth in his herte for his finnes, with sad purpos to shriven him, and to do penance; and never more to don sinne. And this forwe shal be in this maner, as sayth Seint Bernard; it shal ben hevvy and grevous, and ful sharpe and poinant in herte; first, for a man hath agilted his Lord and his creatour; and more sharpe and poinant, for he hath agilted his father celestial; and yet more sharpe and poinant, for he hath wrathed and agilted him that boughte him, that with his precious blod hath delivered us fro the bondes of sinne, and fro the crueltee of the devil, and fro the peines of helle.

The causes that ought to meve a man to contrition ben fixe. First, a man shal remembre him of his finnes. But loke that that remembrance ne be to him no delit, by no way, but grete shame and forwe for his finnes. For Job sayth, sinful men don werkes worthy of confession. And therefore sayth Ezechiel; I wol remembre me all the yeres of my lif, in the bitternesse of my herte. And God sayth in the Apocalipse; remembre you fro whens that ye ben fall, for before the time that ye sinned, ye weren children of God, and limmes of the regne

of God; but for your sinne ye ben waxen thral and foule; membres of the fende; hate of angels; sclaunder of holy chirche, and fode of the false serpent; perpetuel matere of the fire of helle; and yet more foule and abhominable, for ye trespaffen so oft times, as doth the hound that torneth again to ete his owen spewing; and yet fouler, for your long continuing in sinne, and your sinful usage, for which ye be roten in your finnes, as a beest in his donge. Swiche manere thoughtes make a man to have shame of his sinne, and no delit; as God faith, by the Prophet Ezechiel; ye shul remembre you of your wayes, and they shul displese you. Sothly, finnes ben the waies that lede folk to hell.

The second cause that ought to make a man to have disdeigne of sinne is this, that, as faith Seint Peter, who so doth sinne, is thral to sinne, and sinne putteth a man in gret thraldom. And therefore sayth the Prophet Ezechiel; I went forweful, and had disdeigne of myself. Certes, wel ought a man have disdeigne of sinne, and withdrawe him fro that thraldom and vilany. And lo, what sayth Seneke in this mater. He faith thus; though I wist, that nei-  
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ther God ne man shuld never know it, yet wold I have disdeigne for to do sinne. And the same Seneke also sayth: I am borne to greter things, than to be thral to my body, or for to make of my body a thral. Ne a fouler thral may no man, ne woman, make of his body, than for to yeve his body to sinne. Al were it the foulest chorle, or the foulest woman that liveth, and lest of value, yet is he than more foule, and more in servitude. Ever fro the higher degree that man falleth, the more is he thral, and more to God and to the world vile and abhominable. O good God, wel ought a man have disdeigne of sinne, sith that thurgh sinne, ther he was free, he is made bond. And therefore sayth Scint Augustine: if thou hast disdeigne of thy servant, if he offend or sinne, have thou than disdeigne, that thou thy self shuldest do sinne. Take reward of thiu owen value, that thou ne be to foule to thyself. Alas! wel oughten they than have disdeigne to be servants and thralles to sinne, and sore to be ashamed of hemself, that God of his endles goodnesse hath sette in high estat, or yeve hem witte, strength of body, hele, beautee, or prosperitee, and bought hem fro the deth

with his herte blood, that they so unkindly agains his gentilleffe, quiten him so villainfly, to slaughter of hir owen foules. O good God! ye women that ben of gret beautee, remembreth you on the proverbe of Salomon, that likeneth a faire woman, that is a fool of hire body, to a ring of gold that is worne in the groine of a sowe: for right as a sowe wroteth in every ordure, so wroteth she hire beautee in stinking ordure of sinne.

The thridde cause, that ought to meve a man to contrition, is drede of the day of dome, and of the horrible peines of helle. For as Seint Jerome sayth: at every time that me remembreth of the day of dome, I quake: for whan I ete or drinke, or do what so I do, ever semeth me that the trompe sowneth in min eres; riseth ye up that ben ded, and cometh to the jugement. O good God! moche ought a man to drede swiche a jugement, ther as we shul be alle, as Seint Poule sayth, before the streit jugement of oure Lord Jesu Crist; wheras he shal make a general congregation, wheras no man may be absent; for certes ther availeth non effoine ne non excusation; and not only, that our defautes shul be juged, but eke that all  
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our werkes shul openly be known. And, as sayth Seint Bernard, ther ne shal no pleting availe, ne no sleight: we shal yeve rekening of everich idle word. Ther shal we have a juge that may not be deceived ne corrupt; and why? for certes, all our thoughtes ben discovered, as to him: ne for prayer, ne for mede, he wil not be corrupt. And therefore faith Salomon: the wrath of God ne wol not spare no wight, for prayer ne for yest. And therefore at the day of dome ther is non hope to escape. Wherefore, as sayth Seint Anselme, ful gret anguish shal the sinful folk have at that time: ther shal be the sterne and wroth juge sitting above, and under him the horrible pitte of helle open, to destroy him that wolde not beknowen his finnes, which finnes shullen openly be shewed before God and before every creature: and on the left side, mo Divels than any herte may thinke, for to hary and drawe the sinful soules to the pitte of helle: and within the hertes of folk shal be the biting conscience, and without forth shal be the world all brenning. Whither than shal the wretched soule flee to hide him? Certes he may not hide him, he must come forth and shewe him. For certes, as faith

Seint Jerome, the erth shal cast him out of it, and the see, and also the aire, that shal be ful of thonder clappes and lightnings. Now sothly, who so wil remembre him of these thinges, I gesse that his finnes shal not torne him to delit, but to grete sorwe, for drede of the peine of helle. And therefore saith Job to God: suffer, Lord, that I may a while bewaile and bewepe, or I go without retorning to the derke londe, ycovered with the derkenesse of deth; to the londe of misese and of derkenesse, wheras is the shadowe of deth; wher as is non ordre ne ordinance, but grisly drede that ever shal last. Lo, here may ye see, that Job prayed respite a while, to bewepe and waile his trespas: for sothely on day of respite is better than all the trespas of this world. And for as moche as a man may acquite himself before God by penitence in this world, and not by trespas, therefore shuld he pray to God to yeve him respite a while, to bewepen and bewailen his trespas: for certes, all the sorwe that a man might make fro the beginning of the world, n'is but a litel thing, at regard of the sorwe of helle. The cause why that Job clepeth helle the londe of derkenesse; understondeth, that he clepeth it  
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londe or erth, for it is stable and never shal faile; and derke, for he that is in helle hath defaute of light naturel; for certes the derke light, that shal come out of the fire that ever shal brenne, shall torne hem all to peine that be in helle, for it sheweth hem the horrible Divels that hem turmenten. Covered with the derkenesse of deth; that is to say, that he that is in helle, shal have defaute of the sight of God; for certes the sight of God is the lif perdurable. The derkenesse of deth, ben the finnes that the wretched man hath don, which that distroublen him to see the face of God, right as a derke cloud betwene us and the sonne. It is londe of misese, because that ther ben three maner of defautes ayenst three thinges that folk of this world han in this present lif; that is to say, honoures, delites, and richeffes. Ayenst honour have they in helle shame and confusion: for wel ye wote, that men clepen honour the reverence that man doth to man; but in helle is non honour ne reverence; for certes no more reverence shal be don ther to a king, than to a knave. For which God sayth by the Prophet Jeremie; the folk, that me despisen, shal be in despise. Honour is also cleped  
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gret lordeship. Ther shal no wight seruen other, but of harme and turment. Honour is also cleped gret dignitee and highnesse; but in helle shal they be alle fortroden of diuels. As God saith; the horrible Diuels shul gon and comen upon the hedes of dampned folk: and this is, for as moche as the higher that they were in this present lif, the more shul they be abated and defouled in helle. Ayenst the richeffe of this world shul they have misese of poverté, and this poverté shal be in foure thinges: in defaute of tresour; of which David sayth; the riche folk that enbraceden and oneden all hir herte to tresour of this world, shul slepe in the sleping of deth, and nothing ne shul they find in hir hondes of all hir tresour. And moreover, the misese of helle shal be in defaute of mete and drink. For God sayth thus by Moyfes: they shul be wasted with hunger, and the briddes of helle shul deuoure hem with bitter deth, and the gall of the dragon shal ben hir drinke, and the venime of the dragon hir morsels. And further over hir misese shal be in defaute of clothing, for they shul be naked in body, as of clothing, save the fire in which they brenne, and other filthes; and naked shul they

they be in foule, of all maner vertues, which that is the clothing of the foule. Wher ben than the gay robes, the softe shetes, and the fyn shertes? Lo, what sayth God of heven by the Prophet Efaie, that under hem shul be strewed mothes, and hir covertures shul ben of wormes of helle. And further over hir misese shal be in defaute of frendes, for he is not poure that hath good frendes: but ther is no frend; for neither God ne no good creature shal be frend to hem, and everich of hem shal hate other with dedly hate. The sonnes and the doughters shal rebel ayenst father and mother, and kinred ayenst kinred, and chiden, and despisen eche other, both day and night, as God sayth by the Prophet Micheas. And the loving children, that whilom loveden so fleshly, everich of hem wold eten other if they might. For how shuld they love togeder in the peines of helle, whan they hated eche other in the prosperitee of this lif? For truste wel, hir fleshly love was dedly hate. As saith the Prophet David: who so that loveth wickednesse, he hateth his owen foule, and who so hateth his owen foule, certes he may love non other wight in no manere: and therefore in helle is no solace

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ne no frendship, but ever the more kinredes that ben in helle, the more curfing, the more chiding, and the more dedly hate ther is among hem. And further over ther they fhul have defaute of all maner delites, for certes delites ben after the appetites of the five wittes; as fight, hering, fmelling, favouring, and touching. But in helle hir fight fhul be ful of derkenesse and of fmoke, and hir eyen ful of teres; and hir hering ful of waimenting and grinting of teeth, as fayth Jesu Crist: hir nofethirles fhul be ful of finking; and, as faith Esay the Prophet, hir favouring fhul be ful of bitter galle; and touching of all hir body, fhul be covered with fire that never fhul quenche, and with wormes that never fhul die, as God fayth by the mouth of Esay. And for as moche as they fhul not wene that they mow dien for peine, and by deth flee fro peine, that mow they underftonde in the word of Job, that fayth; Ther is the fhadow of deth. Certes a fhadowe hath likeneffe of the thing of which it is fhadowed, but fhadowe is not the fame thing of which it is fhadowed: right fo fareth the peine of helle; it is like deth, for the horrible anguish; and why? for it peineth hem ever as though they fhuld die anon; but

but certes they shul not dien. For as sayth Seint Gregory; To wretched caitifes shal be deth withouten deth, and ende withouten ende, and defaute withouten failing; for hir deth shal alway live, and hir ende shal ever more beginne, and hir defaute shal never faile. And therefore sayth Seint John the Evangelist; They shul folow deth, and they shul not finde him, and they shul desire to die, and deth shal flee from hem. And eke Job saith, that in helle is non ordre of rule. And al be it so, that God hath create all thing in right ordre, and nothing withouten ordre, but all thinges ben ordred and nombred, yet natheles they that ben dampned ben nothing in ordre, ne hold non ordre. For the erth shal bere hem no fruite; (for, as the Prophet David sayeth, God shal destroy the fruite of the erth, as fro hem) ne water shal yeve hem no moisture, ne the aire no refreshing, ne the fire no light. For as sayth Seint Basil; The brenning of the fire of this world shal God yeve in helle to hem that ben dampned, but the light and the clerenesse shal be yeve in heven to his children; right as the good man yeveth flesh to his children, and bones to his houndes. And for they shul have non hope to escape, sayth Job at  
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last, that ther shal horrour and grisly drede dwellen withouten ende. Horrour is alway drede of harme that is to come, and this drede shal alway dwell in the hertes of hem that ben dampned. And therefore han they lorne all hir hope for seven causes. First, for God that is hir juge shal be withouten mercie to hem; and they may not plesse him; ne non of his halwes; ne they may yeve nothing for hir raunfom; ne they have no vois to speke to him; ne they may not flee fro peine; ne they have no goodnesse in hem that they may shew to deliver hem fro peine. And therefore sayth Salomon; The wicked man dieth, and whan he is ded, he shal have non hope to escape fro peine. Who so than wold wel understonde these peines, and bethinke him wel that he hath deserved these peines for his finnes, certes he shulde have more talent to fighen and to wepe, than for to singe and playe. For as sayth Salomon; Who so that had the science to know the peines that ben established and ordeined for sinne, he wold forsake sinne. That science, saith Seint Austyn, maketh a man to waimenten in his herte.

The fourthe point, that oughte make a man have contrition, is the sorweful remembrance of  
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the good dedes that he hath leste to don here in erthe, and also the good that he hath lorne. Sothly the good werkes that he hath leste, either they be the good werkes that he wrought er he fell into dedly sinne, or elles the good werkes that he wrought while he lay in sinne. Sothly the good werkes that he did before that he fell in dedly sinne, ben all mortified, astone, and dilled by the est finning: the other werkes that he wrought while he lay in sinne, they ben utterly ded, as to the lif perdurable in heaven. Than thilke good werkes that ben mortified by est finning, which he did while he was in charitee, moun never quicken ayen without veray penitence. And therof sayth God by the mouth of Ezechiel; if the rightful man retorne again fro his rightwisnesse and do wickednesse, shal he liven? nay; for all the good werkes that he hath wrought, shul never be in remembrance, for he shal die in his sinne. And upon thilke chapitre sayth Seint Gregorie thus; that we shal understonde this principally, that when we don dedly sinne, it is for nought than to remembre or drawe into memorie the good werkes that we have wrought befor: for certes in the working of dedly sinne,  
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ther is no trust in no good werk that we have don befor; that is to fay, as for to have thereby the lif perdurable in heven. But natheles, the good werkes quicken again and comen again, and helpe and availe to have the lif perdurable in heven, whan we have contrition: but sothly the good werkes that men don while they ben in dedly sinne, for as moche as they were don in dedly sinne, they may never quicken: for certes, thing that never had lif, may never quicken: and natheles, al be it so that they availen not to have the lif perdurable, yet availen they to abreggen the peine of helle, or elles to get temporal richeffes, or elles that God wol the rather enlumine or light the herte of the sinful man to have repentance; and eke they availen for to usen a man to do good werkes, that the fende have the lesse power of his soule. And thus the curteis Lord Jesu Crist ne woll that no good werk that men don be losse, for in somwhat it shal availe. But for as moche as the good werkes that men don while they ben in good lif, ben all amortised by sinne folowing, and eke sith all the good werkes that men don while they ben in dedly sinne, ben utterly ded, as for to have the lif perdu-

perdurable, wel may that man, that no good werk ne doth, sing thilke newe F'renshe song, *Fay tout perdu mon temps, et mon labour.* For certes sinne bereveth a man both goodnesse of nature, and eke the goodnesse of grace. For sothly the grace of the holy gost fareth like fire that may not ben idle; for fire faileth anon as it forletteth his werking, and right so grace faileth anon as it forletteth his werking. Than leseth the sinful man the goodnesse of glorie, that only is hight to good men that labouren and werken wel. Wel may he be sory than, that oweth all his lif to God, as long as he hath lived, and also as long as he shal live, that no goodnesse ne hath to paie with his dette to God, to whom he oweth all his lif: for trust wel he shal yeve accomptes, as sayth Seint Bernard, of all the goodes that han ben yeven him in this present lif, and how he hath hem dispended, in so moche that ther shal not perishe an here of his hed, ne a moment of an houre ne shal not perishe of his time, that he ne shal yeve therof a rekening.

The fifthe thing, that ought to meve a man to contrition, is remembrance of the passion that our Lord Jesu Crist suffered for our sinnes. For as

fayth Seint Bernard, While that I live, I shal  
 have remembrance of the travailes that our Lord  
 Jesu Crist suffered in preching, his werinesse in  
 traveling, his temptations whan he fasted, his  
 long wakinges whan he prayed, his teres whan  
 he wept for pitee of good peple: the wo and the  
 shame, and the filthe that men sayden to him:  
 of the soule spitting that men spitten in his face,  
 of the buffettes that men yave him: of the foule  
 mouthes and of the foule repreves that men saiden  
 to him: of the nayles with which he was nailed  
 to the crosse; and of all the remenant of his  
 passion, that he suffred for mannes sinne, and no-  
 thing for his gilte. And here ye shul understand  
 that in mannes sinne is every maner order, or  
 ordinance, tourned up so doun. For it is soth,  
 that God and reson, and sensualitee, and the body  
 of man, ben ordained, that everich of thise foure  
 thinges shuld have lordship over that other: as  
 thus; God shuld have lordship over reson, and  
 reson over sensualitee, and sensualitee over the  
 body of man. But sothly whan man sinneth,  
 all this ordre, or ordinance, is turned up so doun;  
 and therefore than, for as moche as reson of man  
 ne wol not be subget ne obeisant to God, that  
 is his lord by right, therefore leseth it the  
 Lordship

lordship that it shuld have over sensuallitee, and eke over the body of man; and why? for sensuallitee rebellēth than ayenst reson: and by that way leseth reson the lordship over sensuallitee, and over the body. For right as reson is rebel to God, right so is sensuallitee rebel to reson, and the body also. And certes this disordinance, and this rebellion, our Lord Jesu Crist abought upon his precious body ful dēre: and herkeneth in whiche wise. For as moche as reson is rebel to God, therefore is man worthy to have sorwe, and to be ded. This suffred our Lord Jesu Crist for man, after that he had be betraied of his disciple, and distreined and bounde, so that his blood braff out at every nail of his hondes, as saith Seint Augustin. And ferthermore, for as moche as reson of man wol not daunt sensuallitee whan it may, therefore is man worthy to have shame: and this suffered our Lord Jesu Crist for man, whan they spitten in his visage. And fertherover, for as moche as the caitif body of man is rebel both to reson and to sensuallitee, therefore it is worthy the deth: and this suffered our Lord Jesu Crist upon the crosse, wheras ther was no part of his body free, without grete peine and bitter passion. And all this suffred our Lord

Jesu Crist that never forfeited; and thus sayd he :  
 To mochel am I peined, for thinges that I never  
 deserved : and to moche defouled for fhendship  
 that man is worthy to have. And therefore may  
 the sinful man wel say, as sayth [Seint Bernard :  
 Accursed be the bitternesse of my sinne, for  
 whiche ther must be suffered so moche bitter-  
 nesse. For certes, after the divers discordance of  
 our wickednesse was the passion of Jesu Crist  
 ordeined in divers thinges ; as thus. Certes  
 sinful mannes soule is betraied of the diuel, by  
 coveitise of temporel prosperitee ; and scorned by  
 disceite, whan he cheseth fleshly delites ; and yet  
 it is turmented by impatience of adversitee, and  
 bespet by servage and subjection of sinne ; and  
 at the last it is slain finally. For this discordance  
 of sinful man, was Jesu Crist first betraied ; and  
 after that was he bounde, that came for to un-  
 binde us of sinne and of peine. Than was he  
 bescorned, that only shuld have ben honoured  
 in alle thinges and of alle thinges. Than was  
 his visage, that ought to be desired to be seen of  
 all mankind (in which visage angels desiren to  
 loke) vilainfly bespet. Than was he scourged  
 that nothing had trespassed ; and finally, than  
 was he crucified and slain. Than were accom-  
 plished

plished the wordes of Esaie: He was wounded for our misdeds, and defouled for our felonies. Now sith that Jesu Crist toke on himself the peine of all our wickednesses, moche ought sinful man to wepe and to bewaile, that for his finnes Goddes sone of heven shuld all this peine endure.

The sixte thing, that shuld move a man to contrition, is the hope of three thinges, that is to say, foryevenesse of sinne, and the yest of grace for to do wel, and the glorie of heven, with whiche God shal guerdon man for his good dedes. And for as moche as Jesu Crist yeveth us thise yestes of his largenesse, and of his soveraine bountee, therefore is he cleped, *Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judaeorum*. Jesus is for to say, saviour or salvation, on whom men shul hopen to have foryevenesse of finnes, which that is proprely salvation of finnes. And therefore sayd the Angel to Joseph, Thou shalt clepe his name Jesus, that shal saven his peple of hir finnes. And hereof saith Seint Peter; Ther is non other name under heven, that is yeven to any man, by which a man may be saved, but only Jesus. Nazarenus is as moche for to say, as flourishing, in which a man shal hope, that he, that yeveth him remission of finnes, shal yeve him also grace wel for to do: for

in the flour is hope of fruit in time coming, and in foryevenesse of finnes hope of grace wel to do. I was at the dore of thin herte, sayth Jesus, and cleped for to enter. He that openeth to me, shal have foryevenesse of his finnes, and I wol enter into him by my grace, and soupe with him by the good werkes that he shal don, which werkes ben the food of God, and he shal soupe with me by the gret joye that I shal yeve him. Thus shal man hope, that for his werkes of penance God shal yeve him his regne, as he behight him in the Gospel.

Now shal man understande, in which maner shal be his contrition. I say, that it shal be univerval and total; this is to say, a man shal be veray repentant for all his finnes, that he hath don in delite of his thought, for delite is perilous. For ther ben two maner of consentinges; that on of hem is cleped consenting of affection, whan a man is meyed to do sinne, and than deliteth him longe for to thinke on that sinne, and his reson apperceiveth it wel, that it is sinne ayenst the lawe of God, and yet his reson refraineth not his foule delite or talent, though he see wel apertly, that it is ayenst the reverence of God; although his reson consent



sent not to do that sinne indede, yet fayn som doctours, that swiche delite that dwelleth longe is ful perilous, al be it never so lite. And also a man shuld sorow, namely for all that ever he hath desired ayenst the lawe of God, with parsite consenting of his reson, for therof is no doute, that it is dedly sinne in consenting: for certes ther is no dedly sinne, but that it is first in mannes thought, and after that in his delite, and so forth into consenting, and into dede. Wherfore I say, that many men ne repent hem never of swiche thoughtes and delites, ne never shriven hem of it, but only of the dede of gret finnes outward: wherfore I say, that swiche wicked delites ben subtil begilers of hem that shul be dampned. Moreover man ought to forwen for his wicked wordes, as wel as for his wicked dedes: for certes repentance of a singuler sinne, and not repentant of all his other finnes; or elles repenting him of all his other finnes, and not of a singuler sinne, may not availe. For certes God Almighty is all good; and therefore, either he foryeveth all, or elles right nought. And therefore sayth Seint Augustin: I wote certainly, that God is enemy to every sinner: and how than? he that observeth on sinne, shal he

have foryevenesse of the remenant of his other finnes? Nay. And furtherover contrition shuld be wonder forweful and anguifhous: and therefore yeveth him God plainly his mercie: and therefore whan my soule was anguifhous, and forweful within me, than had I remembrance of God, that my praier might come to him. Furtherover contrition muste be continuel, and that man have stedfast purpose to shrive him, and to amend him of his lif. For sothly, while contrition lasteth, man may ever hope to have foryevenesse. And of this cometh hate of sinne, that destroyeth sinnebothe in himself, and eke in other folk at his power. For which sayth David; they that love God, hate wickednesse: for to love God, is for to love that he loveth, and hate that he hateth.

The last thing that men shull understand in contrition is this, wherof availeth contrition. I say, that contrition sometime delivereth man fro sinne: of which David saith; I say, (quod David) I purposed fermely to shrive me, and thou Lord relesedest my sinne. And right so as contrition availeth not without sad purpos of shrift and satisfaction, right so litel worth is shrift or satisfaction withouten contrition. And  
 moreover

moreover contrition destroyeth the prison of helle, and maketh weke and feble all the strengthes of the Devils, and restoreth the yestes of the holy gost, and of all good vertues, and it clenfeth the soule of sinne, and delivereth it fro the peine of helle, and fro the compaignie of the Devil, and fro the servage of sinne, and restoreth it to all goodes spirituel, and to the compaignie and communion of holy chirche. And furtherover it maketh him, that whilom was sone of ire, to be the sone of grace: and all these thinges ben preved by holy writ. And therefore he that wold set his entent to thise thinges, he were ful wise: for sothly he ne shuld have than in all his lif corage to sinne, but yeve his herte and body to the service of Jesu Crist, and therof do him homage. For certes our Lord Jesu Crist hath spared us so benignely in our folies, that if he ne had pitee on mannes soule, a sory song might we alle singe.

*Explicit prima pars penitentiae; et incipit pars secunda.*

The second part of penitence is confession, and that is signe of contrition. Now shul ye understonde what is confession; and whether it ought

ought nedes to be don or non : and which thinges ben covenable to veray confession.

First shalt thou understande, that confession is veray shewing of finnes to the preest ; this is to saie veray, for he must confesse him of all the conditions that belongen to his sinne, as ferforth as he can : all must be sayd, and nothing excused, ne hid, ne forwrapped : and not avaunt him of his good werkes. Also it is necessarie to understande whennes that finnes springen, and how they encrefen, and which they ben.

Of springing of finnes saith Seint Poule in this wise : that right as by on man sinne entred first into this world, and thurgh sinne deth, right so deth entreth into alle men that finnen : and this man was Adam, by whom sinne entred into this world, whan he brake the commandement of God. And therefore he that first was so mighty, that he ne shuld have died, became swiche on that he must nedes die, whether he wold or no ; and all his progenie in this world, that in thilke maner finnen, dien. Loke that in the estate of innocence, whan Adam and Eve weren naked in paradise, and no thing ne hadden shame of hir nakednesse, how that the serpent, that was most wily of all other bestes that  
 God

God had made, sayd to the woman: why commanded God you, that ye shuld not ete of every tree in Paradise? The woman answered: of the fruit, sayd she, of the trees of Paradise we feden us, but of the fruit of the tree that is in the middel of Paradise God forbode us for to eten, ne to touche it, lest we shuld die. The serpent sayd to the woman: nay, nay, ye shul not dien of deth; for soth God wote, that what day that ye ete therof your eyen shul open, and ye shul be as goddes, knowing good and harme. The woman saw that the tree was good to feding, and faire to the eyen, and delectable to the sight; she toke of the fruit of the tree and did ete, and yave to hire hufbond, and he ete; and anon the eyen of hem both opened: and whan they knewe that they were naked, they sowed of a fig-tree leves in maner of breches, to hiden hir members. Here mow ye seen, that dedly sinne hath first suggestion of the fende, as sheweth here by the adder; and afterward the delit of the flesh, as sheweth here by Eve; and after that the consenting of reson, as sheweth by Adam. For trust wel, though so it were, that the fende tempted Eve, that is to say, the flesh, and the flesh had delit in the  
 beautee

beautee of the fruit defended, yet certes til that reson, that is to say, Adam, consented to the eting of the fruit, yet stode he in the state of innocence. Of thilke Adam toke we thilke sinne original; from him fleshly descended be we all, and engendred of vile and corrupt mater: and whan the soule is put in our bodies, right anon is contract original sinne; and that, that was erst but only peine of concupiscence, is afterward both peine and sinne: and therefore we ben all yborne sones of wrath, and of dampnation perdurable, if ne were Baptisme that we receive, which benimeth us the culpe: but forsoth the peine dwelleth with us as to temptation, which peine hight concupiscence. This concupiscence, whan it is wrongfully disposed or ordeined in man, it maketh him coveit, by coveitise of flesh, fleshly sinne by sight of his eyen, as to erthly thinges, and also coveitise of highnesse by pride of herte.

Now as to speke of the first coveitise, that is concupiscence, after the lawe of our membres, that were lawfully ymaked, and by rightful judgement of God, I say, for as moche as a man is not obeisant to God, that is his Lord, therefore is his herte to him disobeisant thurgh concupiscence, which is called nourishing of sinne,  
and

and occasion of finne. Therefore, all the while that a man hath within him the peine of concupiscence, it is impossible, but he be tempted somtime, and moved in his flesh to finne. And this thing may not faile, as long as he liveth. It may wel waxe feble by vertue of Baptisme, and by the grace of God thurgh penitence; but fully ne shal it never quenche, that he ne shal somtime be meved in himselfe, but if he were refrained by sikeneffe, or malefice of forcerie, or cold drinkes. For lo, what sayth Seint Poule: the flesh coveiteth ayenst the spirit, and the spirit ayenst the flesh: they ben so contrarie and so striven, that a man may not alway do as he wold. The same Seint Poule, after his gret penance, in water and in lond; in water by night and by day, in gret peril, and in gret peine; in lond, in grete famine and thurst, cold and clothles, and ones stoned almost to deth; yet sayd he, alas! I caitif man, who shal deliver me fro the prison of my caitif body? And Seint Jerom, whan he long time had dwelled in desert, wheras he had no compaignie but of wilde bestes; wher as he had no mete but herbes, and water to his drinke, ne no bed but the naked erth, wherfore his flesh was black, as an Ethiopian, for hete,

and

and nie destroyed for cold : yet sayd he, that the brenning of lecherie boiled in all his body. Wherefore I wot wel fikerly that they be deceived that say, they be not tempted in hir bodies: Witnesse Seint James that said, that every wight is tempted in his owen conscience; that is to say, that eche of us hath mater and occasion to be tempted of the nourishing of sinne, that is in his body. And therefore sayth Seint John the Evangelist : if we say that we ben without sinne, we deceive ourself, and truth is not in us:

Now shul ye understonde, in what maner sinne wexeth and encreseth in man. The first thing is that nourishing of sinne, of which I spake before, that is concupiscence : and after that cometh suggestion of the divel, this is to say, the divels belous, with which he bloweth in man the fire of concupiscence : and after that a man bethinketh him, whether he wol do or no that thing to which he is tempted. And than if a man withstond and weive the first entising of his flesh, and of the fend, than it is no sinne : and if so be he do not, than feleth he anon a flame of delit, and than it is good to beware and kepe him wel, or elles he wol fall anon to consenting of sinne, and than wol he do it, if he may have  
time



time and place. And of this mater sayth Moyfes by the devil, in this maner: the fend sayth, I wol chace and pursue man by wicked suggestion, and I wol hent him by meving and stirring of sinne, and I wol depart my pris, or my prey, by deliberation, and my lust shal be accomplished in delit; I wol draw my swerd in consenting: (for certes, right as a swerd departeth a thing in two peces, right so consenting departeth God from man) and than wol I sle him with my hond in dede of sinne. Thus sayth the fend; for certes, than is a man al ded in soule; and thus is sinne accomplished, by temptation, by delit, and by consenting: and than is the sinne actual.

Forsoth sinne is in two maners, either it is venial, or dedly sinne. Sothly, whan a man loveth any creature more than Jesu Crist our creatour, than it is dedly sinne: and venial sinne it is, if a man love Jesu Crist lesse than him ought. Forsoth the dede of this venial sinne is ful perilous, for it amenufeth the love that man shuld have to God, more and more. And therefore if a man charge himself with many swiche venial finnes, certes, but if so be that he sometime discharge him of hem by shrift, they may wel lightly amenufe in him all the love that he hath

hath to Jesu Crist: and in this wise skippeth venial sinne into dedly sinne. For certes; the more that a man chargeth his soule with venial finnes, the more he is enclined to fall into dedly sinne. And therefore let us not be negligent to discharge us of venial finnes. For the proverbe sayth, that many smal maken a gret. And herken this ensample: A gret wawe of the see cometh somtime with so gret a violence, that it drencheth the ship: and the same harme do somtime the smal dropes of water, that enteren thurgh a litel crevis in the thurrok, and in the botom of the ship, if men ben so negligent, that they discharge hem not by time. And therefore although ther be difference betwix thise two causes of drenching, algates the ship is dreint. Right so fareth it somtime of dedly sinne, and of anoious venial finnes, whan they multiplie in man so gretly, that thilke worldly thinges that he loveth, thurgh which he finneth venially, is as gret in his herte as the love of God, or more: and therefore the love of every thing that is not beset in God, ne don principally for Goddes sake, although that a man love it lesse than God, yet is it venial sinne; and dedly sinne is, whan the love of any thing weigheth in the herte

herte of man, as moche as the love of God, or more. Dedly sinne, as sayth Seint Augustine, is, whan a man tourneth his herte fro God, whiche that is veray soveraine bountee, that may not chaunge, and yeveth his herte to thing that may chaunge and flitte: and certes, that is every thing save God of heven. For soth is, that if a man yeve his love, which that he oweth to God with all his herte, unto a creature, certes, as moche of his love as he yeveth to the same creature, so moche he bereveth fro God, and therefore doth he sinne: for he, that is dettour to God, ne yeldeth not to God all his dette, that is to sayn, all the love of his herte.

Now sith man understondeth generally, which is venial sinne, than is it covenable to tell specially of finnes, whiche that many a man peraventure demeth hem no finnes, and shriveth him not of the same, and yet natheles they be finnes sothly, as thise clerkes writen; this is to say, at every tyme that man eteth and drinketh more than sufficeth to the sustenance of his body, in certain he doth sinne; eke whan he speketh more than it nedeth, he doth sinne; eke whan he herkeneth not benignely the com-

plaint of the poure; eke whan he is in hele  
 of body, and wol not fast whan other folk fast,  
 without cause resonable; eke whan he slepeth  
 more than nedeth, or whan he cometh by that  
 enceson to late to chirche, or to other werkes  
 of charitee; eke whan he useth his wif with-  
 outen soveraine desire of engendrure, to the  
 honour of God, or for the entent to yeld his  
 wif his dette of his body; eke whan he wol  
 not visite the sike, or the prisoner, if he may;  
 eke if he love wif or child, or other worldly  
 thing, more than reson requireth; eke if he  
 flater or blandise more than him ought for any  
 necessitee; eke if he amenuse or withdrawe the  
 almesse of the poure; eke if he appaile his  
 mete more deliciouly than nede is, or ete it  
 to hastily by likeroufnesse; eke if he talke va-  
 nitees in the chirche, or at Goddes service, or  
 that he be a taler of idle wordes of foly or vi-  
 lanie, for he shal yeld accomptes of it at the  
 day of dome; eke whan he behighteth or as-  
 sureth to don thinges that he may not per-  
 fourme; eke whan that he by lightnesse of  
 foly missayeth or scorneth his neighbour; eke  
 whan he hath ony wicked suspecion of thing;  
 ther he ne wote of it no sothfastnesse: thise  
 things

thinges and mo withouten nombre be finnes, as sayth Seint Augustine. Now shul ye understonde, that al be it so that non erthly man may eschewe al venial finnes, yet may he refreine him, by the brenning love that he hath to our Lord Jesu Crist, and by prayer and confession, and other good werkes, so that it shal but litel grieve. For as sayth Seint Augustine; if a man love God in swiche maner, that all that ever he doth is in the love of God, or for the love of God veraily, for he brenneth in the love of God, loke how moche that o drope of water, which falleth into a fourneis ful of fire, anoieth or greveth the brenning of the fire, in like maner anoieth or greveth a venial sinne unto that man, whiche is stedfast and parfite in the love of our Saviour Jesu Crist. Furthermore, men may also refreine and put away venial sinne, by receiving worthily the precious body of Jesu Crist; by receiving eke of holy water; by almes dede; by general confession of *Confiteor* at Masse, and at prime, and at complin, and by blessing of Bishoppes and Preestes, and by other good werkes.

*De septem peccatis mortalibus.*

Now it is behovely to tellen whiche ben

dedly finnes, that is to say, chiefetaines of finnes; for as moche as all they ren in o lees, but in divers maners. Now ben they cleped chiefetaines, for as moche as they be chiefe, and of hem springen all other finnes. The rote of thise finnes than is pride, the general rote of all harmes. For of this rote springen certain braunches: as ire, envie, accidie or flouthe, avarice or covetise, (to commun understanding) glotonie, and lecherie: and eche of thise chief finnes hath his braunches and his twigges, as shal be declared in hir chapitres folowing.

*De superbia.*

AND though so be, that no man knoweth utterly the nombre of the twigges, and of the harmes that comen of pride, yet wol I shew a partie of hem, as ye shul understond. Ther is inobedience, avaunting, ipocrisie, despit, arrogance, impudence, swelling of herte, insolence, elation, impatience, strif, contumacie, presumption, irreverence, pertinacie, vaine glorie, and many other twigges that I cannot declare. Inobedient is he that disobeyeth for despit to the commandements of God, and to his soveraines, and to his gostly fader. Avauntour, is he that  
bofseth

boſteth of the harme or of the bountee that he hath don. Ipocrite, is he that hideth to ſhew him ſwiche as he is, and ſheweth him to ſeme ſwiche as he is not. Deſpitous, is he that hath diſdain of his neighebour, that is to ſayn, of his even Criſten, or hath deſpit to do that him ought to do. Arrogant, is he that thinketh that he hath thoſe bountees in him, that he hath not, or weneth that he ſhulde have hem by his deſerving, or elles that demeth that he be that he is not. Impudent, is he that for his pride hath no ſhame of his finnes. Swelling of herte, is whan man rejoyceth him of harme that he hath don. Inſolent, is he that deſpiſeth in his judgement all other folk, as in regarde of his value, of his conning, of his ſpeking, and of his bearing. Elation, is whan he ne may neither ſuffre to have maiſter ne felawe. Impatient, is he that wol not be taught, ne undernome of his vice, and by ſtrif werrieth truth wetingly, and defendeth his ſoly. *Contumax*, is he that thurgh his indignation is ayenſt every auctoritee or power of hem that ben his ſoveraines. Preſumption, is whan a man undertaketh an empriſe that him ought not to do, or elles that he may not do, and this is called ſurquidrie. Irrever-

ence, is whan man doth not honour ther as him ought to do, and waiteth to be reverenced. Pertinacie, is whan man defendeth his foly, and trusteth to moche in his owen wit. Vaineglorie, is for to have pompe, and delit in his temporel highnesse, and glorye him in his worldly estate. Jangling, is whan man speketh to moche before folk, and clappeth as a mille, and taketh no kepe what he sayth.

And yet ther is a privee spice of pride, that waiteth first to be falewed, or he wol falew, all be he lesse worthy than that other is; and eke he waiteth to sit, or to go above him in the way, or kisse the pax, or ben encensed, or gon to offering before his neighbour, and swiche semblable thinges, ayenst his duetee peraventure, but that he hath his herte and his entente, in swiche a proude desire, to be magnified and honoured befor the peple.

Now ben ther two maner of prides; that on of hem is within the herte of a man, and that other is without. Of whiche sothly thise foresayd thinges, and mo than I have sayd, apperteynen to pride, that is within the herte of man; and ther be other spices of pride that ben withouten: but natheles, that on of thise spices of pride



pride is signe of that other, right as the gay leuefell at the Taverne is signe of the win that is in the celler. And this is in many thinges : as in speche and contenance, and outragious array of clothing : for certes, if ther had ben no sinne in clothing, Crist wold not so sone have noted and spoken of the clothing of thilke rich man in the gospel. And, as Seint Gregory sayth, that precious clothing is culpable for the derthe of it, and for his softnesse, and for his strangenesse and disguising, and for the superfluitee, or for the inordinate scantnesse of it, alas ! may not a man see as in our daies, the sinneful costlewe array of clothing, and namely in to moche superfluitee, or elles in to disordinate scantnesse ?

As to the firste sinne in superfluitee of clothing, whiche that maketh it so dere, to the harme of the peple, not only the coste of the enbrouding, the disguising, endenting, or baring, oüding, paling, winding, or bending, and seemblable wast of cloth in vanitee ; but ther is also the costlewe furring in hir gounes, so moche pounsoning of chesel to maken holes, so moche dagging of sleres, with the superfluitee in length of the foresaide gounes, trailing

in the dong and in the myre, on hors and eke on foot, as wel of man as of woman, that all thilke trailing is veraily (as in effect) wasted, consumed, thredbare, and rotten with dong, rather than it is yeven to the poure, to gret damage of the foresayd poure folk, and that in fondry wise; this is to sayn, the more that cloth is wasted, the more must it cost to the poure people for the scarcenesse; and furtheröver, if so be that they wolden yeve swiche pounsoned and daggd clothing to the poure people, it is not convenient to were for hir estate, ne suffisant to bote hir necessitee, to kepe hem fro the distemperance of the firmament. Upon that other side, to speke of the horrible disordinat scantnesse of clothing, as ben thise cutted sloppes or hanfelines, that thurgh hir shortenesse cover not the shameful membres of man, to wicked entente; alas! som of hem shewen the bosse and the shape of the horrible swollen membres, that semen like to the maladie of Hernia, in the wrapping of hir hosen, and eke the buttockes of hem behinde, that faren as it were the hinder part of a she ape in the ful of the mone. And moreover the wretched swollen membres that they shew thurgh disguising, in departing  
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of hir hosen in white and rede, semeth that half hir shameful privee membres were flaine. And if so be that they departe hir hosen in other colours, as is white and blewe, or white and blake, or blake and rede, and so forth; than semeth it, as by variance of colour, that the half part of hir privee membres ben corrupt by the fire of Seint Anthonie, or by cancre, or other swiche mischance. Of the hinder part of hir buttockes it is ful horrible for to see, for certes in that partie of hir body ther as they purgen hir stinking ordure, that foule partie shewe they to the peple proudely in despite of honestee, whiche honestee that Jesu Crist and his frendes observed to shewe in hir lif. Now as to the outrageous array of women, God wote, that though the visages of som of hem semen ful chaste and debonaire, yet notifen they, in hir array of attire, likerousnesse and pride. I say not that honestee in clothing of man or woman is uncovenable, but certes the superfluitee or disordinat scarcitee of clothing is reprevable. Also the sinne of ornament, or of apparaile, is in thinges that apperteine to riding, as in to many delicat hors, that ben holden for delit, that ben so faire, fatte, and costlewe;

and

and also in many a vicious knave, that is susteined because of hem; in curious harneis, as in sadles, cropers, peitreles, and bridles, covered with precious cloth and rich, barred and plated of gold and of silver. For which God sayth by Zacharie the Prophet, I wol confounde the riders of swiche hors. These folke taken litel regard of the riding of Goddes sone of lieven, and of his harneis, whan hé rode upon the asse, and had non other harneis but the poure clothes of his disciples, ne we rede not that ever he rode on ony other beste. I speke this for the sinne of superfluitee, and not for honestee, whan reson it requireth. And moreover, certes pride is gretly notified in holding of gret meinie, whan they ben of litel profite or of right no profite, and namely whan that meinie is felonous and damageous to the peple by hardinesse of high lordeship, or by way of office; for certes, swiche lordes fell than hir lordeship to the Devil of helle, whan they susteine the wickednesse of hir meinie. Or elles, whan thise folk of low degree, as they that holden hostelries, susteinen theste of hir hostellers, and that is in many maner of deceites: thilke maner of folk ben the flies that folowen the hony, or elles the houndes

houndes that folowen the caraine. Swiche foresayde folk stranglen spirituelly hir lordeshipes; for which thus saith David the Prophet; wicked deth mot come unto thilke lordeshipes, and God yeye that they mot descend into helle, all doun; for in hir houses is iniquitee and shrewednesse, and not God of heven. And certes, but if they don amendement, right as God yave his benison to Laban by the service of Jacob, and to Pharao by the service of Joseph, right so God wol yeve his malison to swiche lordeshipes as susteine the wickednesse of hir servants, but they come to amendement. Pride of the table appereth eke ful oft; for certes riche men be cleped to festes, and poure folk be put away and rebuked; and also in excesse of divers metes and drinkes, and namely swiche maner bake metes and dishe metes brenning of wilde fire, and peinted and castelled with paper, and semblable wast, so that it is abusyon to thinke. And eke in to gret preciousnesse of vessell, and curiositee of minstralcie, by which a man is stirred more to the delites of luxurie, if so be that he sette his herte the lesse upon oure Lord Jesu Crist, it is a sinne; and certainly the delites might ben so gret in this  
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cas, that a man might lightly fall by hem into dedly sinne. The spices that sourden of pride, sothly whan they sourden of malice imagined, avised, and forecaste, or elles of usage, ben dedly finnes, it is no doute. And whan they sourden by freeltee unavised sodenly, and sodenly withdraw again, al be they grevous finnes, I gesse that they be not dedly. Now might men aske, wherof that pride sourdeth and springeth. I say that somtime it springeth of the goodes of nature, somtime of the goodes of fortune, and somtime of the goodes of grace. Certes the goodes of nature stonden only in the goodes of the body, or of the soule. Certes, the goodes of the body ben hele of body, strength, delivernesse, beautee, gentrie, franchise; the goodes of nature of the soule ben good wit, sharpe understanding, subtil engine, vertue naturel, good memorie: goodes of fortune ben riches, high degrees of lordshipes, and preisinges of the peple: goodes of grace ben science, power to suffre spirituel travaile, benignitee, vertuous contemplation, withstanding of temptation, and semblable thinges: of which foresayd goodes, certes it is a gret folie, a man to priden him in any of hem all. Now as for to speke of goodes  
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of nature, God wote that somtime we have hem in nature as moche to our damage as to our profite. As for to speke of hele of body, trewely it passeth ful lightly, and also it is ful ofte encheson of sikeneffe of the soule: for God wote, the flesh is a gret enemy to the soule: and therefore the more that the body is hole, the more be we in peril to falle. Eke for to priden him in his strength of body, it is a grete folie: for certes the flesh coveiteth ayenst the spirite: and ever the more strong that the flesh is, the forier may the soule be: and over all, this strength of body, and worldly hardineffe, causeth ful oft to many man peril and mischance. Also to have pride of gentrie is right gret folie: for oft time the gentrie of the body benimeth the gentrie of the soule: and also we ben all of o fader and of o moder: and all we ben of o nature rotten and corrupt, both riche and poure. Forsoth o maner gentrie is for to preise, that appareilleth mannes corage with vertues and moralitees, and maketh him Cristes child; for trusteth wel, that over what man that sinne hath maistrrie, he is a veray cherl to sinne.

Now ben ther general signes of gentilnesse; as eschewing of vice and ribaudrie, and servage

of finne, in word, and in werk and contenance, and using vertue, as courtesie, and clenenesse, and to be liberal; that is to say, large by measure; for thilke that passeth mesure, is folie and finne. Another is to remember him of bountee, that he of other folk hath received. Another is to be benigne to his subgettes; wherfore saith Seneke; ther is nothing more covenable to a man of high estate, than debonairtee and pitee: and therefore thise flies that men clepen bees, whan they make hir king, they chesen on that hath no pricke, wherwith he may sting. Another is, man to have a noble herte and a diligent, to atteine to high vertuous things. Now certes, a man to priden him in the goodes of grace, is eke an outrageous folie: for thilke yestes of grace that shuld have tourned him to goodnesse, and to medicine, tourneth him to venime and confusion, as sayth Seint Gregorie. Certes also, who so prideth him in the goodnesse of fortune, he is a gret fool: for somtime is a man a gret lord by the morwe, that is a caitife and a wretch or it be night: and somtime the richesse of a man is cause of his deth: and somtime the delites of a man ben cause of grevous maladie, thurgh which he dieth.

Certes,



Certes, the commendation of the peple is ful false and brotel for to trust; this day they preise, to-morwe they blame. God wote, desyre to have commendation of the peple hath caused deth to many a besy man.

*Remedium Superbiæ.*

Now sith that so is, that ye have understand what is pride, and which be the spices of it, and how mennes pride fourdeth and springeth; now ye shul understand which is the remedie ayenst it. Humilitee or mekenesse is the remedie ayenst pride; that is a vertue, thurgh which a man hath veray knowlege of himself, and holdeth of himself no deintee, ne no pris, as in regard of his desertes, considering ever his freeltee. Now ben ther three maner of humilitees; as humilitee in herte, and another in the mouth, and the thridde in werkes. The humilitee in herte is in foure maners: that on is, whan a man holdeth himself as nought worth before God of heven: the second is, whan he despiseth non other man: the thridde is, whan he ne recketh nat though men holde him nought worth: and the fourth is, whan he is not sory  
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of his humiliation. Also the humilitee of mouth is in foure thinges; in attemperat speche; in humilitee of speche; and whan he confesfeth with his owen mouth, that he is swiche as he thinketh that he is in his herte: another is, whan he preifeth the bountee of another man and nothing therof amenufeth: - Humilitee eke in werkes is in foure maners. The first is, whan he putteth other men before him; the second is, to chese the lowest place of all; the thridde is, gladly to assent to good conseil; the fourth is, to stond gladly to the award of his soveraine, or of him that is higher in degree: certain this is a gret werk of humilitee.

*De Invidia.*

After pride wol I speke of the foule sinne of Envie, which that is, after the word of the philosopher, sorwe of other mennes prosperitee; and after the word of Seint Augustine, it is sorwe of other mennes wele, and joye of other mennes harme. This foule sinne is platly ayenst the holy gost. Al be it so, that every sinne is ayenst the holy gost, yet natheles, for as moche as bountee apperteineth proprely to the holy gost, and envie cometh proprely of malice, therefore



spices cometh backbiting; and this sinne of backbiting or detracting hath certain spices, as thus: som man preifeth his neighbour by a wicked entente, for he maketh alway a wicked knotte at the laste ende: alway he maketh a *but* at the last ende, that is digne of more blame, than is worth all the preifing. The second spice is, that if a man be good, or doth or sayth a thing to good entente, the backbiter wol turne all that goodnesse up so down to his shrewde entente. The thridde is to amenufe the bountee of his neighbour. The fourthe spice of backbiting is this, that if men speke goodnesse of a man, than wol the backbiter say; Parfay swiche a man is yet better than he; in dispreifing of him that men preife. The fiftth spice is this, for to consent gladly to herken the harme that men speke of other folk. This sinne is ful gret, and ay encrefeth after the wicked entent of the backbiter. After backbiting cometh grutching or murmurance, and somtime it springeth of impatience ayenst God, and somtime ayenst man. Ayenst God it is whan a man grutcheth ayenst the peine of helle, or ayenst poverte, or losse of catel, or ayenst rain or tempest, or elles grutcheth that shrewes have prosperitee, or elles that good men have adverstitee:

adversitee: and all thise thinges shuld men suffre patiently, for they comen by the rightful judgement and ordinance of God: Somtime cometh grutching of avarice, as Judas grutched ayenst the Magdeleine, whan she anointed the hed of our Lord Jesu Crist with hire precious oynement: This maner murmuring is swiche as whan man grutcheth of goodnesse that himself doth; or that other folk don of hir owen catel. Somtime cometh murmur of pride, as whan Simon the Pharisee grutched ayenst the Magdeleine, whan she approched to Jesu Crist and wept at his feet for hire sinnes: and somtime it sourdeth of envie, whan men discover a mannes harme that was privee, or bereth him on hond thing that is false. Murmur also is oft among servants, that grutchen whan hir soveraines bidden hem do lesful thinges; and for as moche as they dare not openly withsay the commaundement of hir soveraines, yet wol they say harme and grutche and murmure prively for veray despit; which wordes they call the divels *Patēr noster*, though so be that the divel had never *Pater noster*, but that lewed folkē yeven it swiche a name. Somtime it cometh of ire or privee hate, that norissheth rancour in the herte, as afterward I shal de-

clare. Than cometh eke bitterneffe of herte, thurgh which bitterneffe every good dede of his neighbour semeth to him bitter and unfavory. Than cometh discord that unbindeth all maner of frendship. Than cometh scorning of his neighbour, al do he never so wel. Than cometh accusing, as whan a man seketh occasion to annoyen his neighbour, which is like the craft of the divel, that waiteth both day and night to accusen us all. Than cometh malignitee, thurgh which a man annoieth his neighbour prively if he may, and if he may not, algate his wicked will shal not let, as for to brenne his hous prive-ly, or enpoison him, or sle his bestes, and sem-ble things.

*Remedium Invidiæ.*

Now wol I speke of the remedie ayenst this foule sinne of envie. Firste is the love of God principally, and loving of his neighbour as himself: for sothly that on ne may not be without that other. And trust wel, that in the name of thy neighbour thou shalt understande the name of thy brother; for certes all we have on fader fleshly, and on moder; that is to say, Adam and Eve; and also on fader spirituel, that is to say,  
 God

God of heven. Thy neighbour art thou bounde for to love, and will him all goodnesse, and therefore sayth God; Love thy neighbour as thyself; that is to say, to salvation both of lif and soule. And moreover thou shalt love him in word, and in benigne amonesting and chastising, and comfort him in his anoyes, and praye for him with all thy herte. And in dede thou shalt love him in swiche wise that thou shalt do to him in charitee, as thou woldest that it were don to thin owen person: and therefore thou ne shalt do him no damage in wicked word, ne harme in his body, ne in his catel, ne in his soule by entising of wicked ensample. Thou shalt not desire his wif, ne non of his thinges. Understonde eke that in the name of neighbour is comprehended his enemy: certes man shal love his enemy for the commandement of God, and sothly thy frend thou shalt love in God. I say thin enemy shalt thou love for Goddes sake, by his commandement: for if it were reson that man shulde hate his enemy, forsoth God n'olde not receive us to his love that ben his enemies. Ayenst three maner of wronges, that his enemy doth to him, he shal do three thinges, as thus: ayenst hate and rancour of herte, he shal love him in herte:

ayenst chiding and wicked wordes, he shal pray for his enemy: ayenst the wicked dede of his enemy he shal do him bountee. For Crist sayth: Love your enemies, and prayeth for hem that speke you harme, and for hem that chafen and pursuen you: and do bountee to hem that haten you. Lo, thus comandeth us our Lord Jesu Crist to do to our enemies: forsoth nature driveth us to love our frendes, and parfay our enemies have more nede of love than our frendes, and they that more nede have, certes to hem shal men do goodnesse. And certes in thilke dede have we remembrance of the love of Jesu Crist that died for his enemies: and in as moche as thilke love is more grevous to performe, so moche is more gret the merite, and therefore the loving of our enemy hath confounded the venime of the diuel. For right as the diuel is confounded by humilitee, right so is he wounded to the deth by the love of our enemy: certes than is love the medicine that casteth out the venime of enyie fro mannes herte.

*De Ira.*

AETER envy wol I declare of the sinne of Ire: for sothly who so hath envy upon his neighbour,



bour, anon comunly wol finde him mater of wrath in word or in dede ayenst him to whom he hath envie. And as wel cometh Ire of pride as of envie, for sothly he that is proude or envious is lightly wroth.

This sinne of Ire, after the discribing of Seint Augustin, is wicked will to be avenged by word or by dede. Ire, after the Philosophre, is the fervent blode of man yquickened in his herte, thurgh which he wold harne to him that he hateth: for certes the herte of man by enchaufing and meving of his blood waxeth so troubled, that it is out of all maner judgement of reson. But ye shul understonde that Ire is in two maners, that on of hem is good, and that other is wicked. The good ire is by jalousie of goodnesse, thurgh the which man is wroth with wickednesse, and again wickednesse. And therefore saith the wise man, that ire is better than play. This ire is with debonairtee, and it is wrothe without bitternesse: not wrothe ayenst the man, but wrothe with the misdede of the man: as saith the Prophet David; *Irafcimini, & nolite peccare*. Now understond that wicked ire is in two maners, that is to say, soden ire or hasty ire without avisement and consenting of reson; the mening

and the sense of this is, that the reason of a man ne consenteth not to that soden ire, and than it is venial. Another ire is that is ful wicked, that cometh of felonie of herte, avised and cast before, with wicked will to do vengeance, and therto his reason consenteth: and sothly this is dedly sinne. This ire is so displeasent to God, that it troubleth his hous, and chaseth the holy Gost out of mannes soule, and wasteth and destroyeth that likenesse of God, that is to say, the vertue that is in mannes soule, and putteth in him the likenesse of the devil, and benimeth the man from God that is his rightful Lord. This ire is a ful gret plesance to the devil, for it is the devils forneis that he enchaufeth with the fire of helle. For certes right so as fire is more mighty to destroye erthly thinges, than any other element, right so ire is mighty to destroye all spirituel thinges. Loke how that fire of smal gledes, that ben almost ded under ashen, wol quicken ayen whan they ben touched with brimstone, right so ire wol evermore quicken ayen, whan it is touched with pride that is covered in mannes herte. For certes fire ne may not come out of no thing, but if it were first in the same thing naturelly: as fire is drawne out of flintes with stele.

stele. And right so as pride is many times mater of ire, right so is rancour norice and keper of ire. Ther is a maner tree, as sayth Seint Isidore, that whan men make a fire of the faide tree, and cover the coles of it with ashen, sothly the fire therof wol last all a yere or more : and right so fareth it of rancour, whan it is ones conceived in the herte of som men, certes it wol lasten peraventure from on Easterne day until another Easterne day, or more. But certes the same man is ful fer from the mercie of God all thilke while.

In this foresaid devils forneis ther forgen three shrewes ; pride, that ay bloweth and encreseth the fire by chiding and wicked wordes : than stondeth envie, and holdeth the hot yren upon the herte of man, with a pair of longe tonges of longe rancour : and than stondeth the sinne of contumelie or strif and cheste, and battereth and forgeth by vilains reprevinges. Certes this cursed sinne annoyeth both to the man himself, and eke his neighbour. For sothly almost all the harme or damage that ony man doth to his neighbour cometh of wrath : for certes, outrageous wrathe doth all that ever the foule fende willeth or commandeth him ; for  
he

he ne spareth neyther for our Lord Jesu Crist, ne his swete moder; and in his outrageous anger and ire, alas! alas! ful many on at that time, feleth in his herte ful wickedly, both of Crist, and also of all his halwes. Is not this a cursed vice? Yes certes. Alas! it benimmeth fro man his witte and his reson, and all his debonaire lif spirituel, that shuld kepe his soule. Certes it benimmeth also Goddes due lordship (and that is mannes soule) and the love of his neighbours: it striveth also all day ayenst trowth; it reveth him the quiet of his herte, and subverteth his soule.

Of ire comen thise stinking engendrures; first, hate, that is olde wrath: discord, thurgh which a man forsaketh his olde frend that he hath loved ful long: and than cometh werre, and every maner of wrong that a man doth to his neighbour in body or in catel. Of this cursed sinne of ire cometh eke manslaughter. And understondeth wel that homicide (that is, manslaughter) is in divers wise. Som maner of homicide is spirituel, and som is bodily. Spirituel manslaughter is in six thinges. First, by hate, as sayth Seint John: He that hateth his brother, is an homicide. Homicide is also by  
back-

backbiting; of which backbitours sayth Salomon, that they have two swerdes, with which they slay hir neighbours: for sothly as wicked it is to benime of him his good name as his lif. Homicide is also in yeving of wicked conseil by fraude, as for to yeve conseil to areise wrongful customes and talages; of which sayth Salomon: A lion roring, and a bere hungrie, ben like to cruel Lordes, in withholding or abregging of the hire or of the wages of servantes, or elles in usurie, or in withdrawing of the almesse of poure folk. For which the wise man sayth: Fedeth him that almost dieth for honger; for sothly but if thou fede him thou sleest him. And all thise ben dedly finnes. Bodily manslaughter is whan thou sleest him with thy tonge in other maner, as whan thou commandest to sle a man, or elles yevest conseil to sle a man. Manslaughter in dede is in foure maners. That on is by lawe, right as a justice dampneth him that is culpable to the deth: but let the justice beware that he do it rightfully, and that he do it not for delit to spill blood, but for keping of rightwisenesse. Another homicide is don for necessitee, as whan a man fleeth another in his defence, and that he ne may non other wise  
 escapen

escapen fro his owen deth : but certain, and he may escape withouten slaughter of his aduersarie, he doth sinne, and he shal bere penance as for dedly sinne. Also if a man by cas or aventure fhete an arowe or cast a-stone, with which he fleeth a man, he is an homicide. And if a woman by negligence overlyeth hire child in hire slepe, it is homicide and dedly sinne. Also whan a man disturbleth conception of a childe, and maketh a woman barein by drinkes of venomous herbes, thurgh which she may not conceive, or fleeth hire child by drinkes, or elles putteth certain material thing in hire secret place to fle hire childe, or elles doth unkinde sinne, by which man, or woman, fhedeth his nature in place ther as a childe may not be conceived : or elles if a woman hath conceived, and hurteth hireself, and by that mishappe the childe is flaine, yet is it homicide. What say we eke of women that murderen hir children for drede of worldly shame ? Certes, it is an horrible homicide. Eke if a man approche to a woman by desir of lecherie, thurgh which the childe is perished ; or elles smiteth a woman wetingly, thurgh which she leseth hire child ; all thise ben homicides, and horrible dedly finnes. Yet comen ther of  
ire

ire many mo finnes, as wel in worde, as in thought and in dede; as he that arretteth upon God, or blameth God of the thing of which he is himself guilty; or despiseth God and all his halwes, as don thise cursed hafardours in divers contrees. This cursed sinne don they, whan they felen in hir herte ful wickedly of God and of his halwes: also whan they treten unreverently the sacrament of the auter, thilke sinne is so gret, that unneth it may be relefed, but that the mercy of God passeth all his werkes, it is so gret, and he so benigne. Than cometh also of ire attry anger, whan a man is sharply amonested in his shrift to leve his sinne; than wol he be angry, and answeere hokerly and angerly, to defend or excusen his sinne by unstedfastnesse of his fleshe; or elles he did it for to hold compaignie with his felawes; or elles he sayeth the fend enticed him; or elles he did it for his youthe; or elles his complexion is so corageous that he may not forbere; or elles it is his destinee, he sayth, unto a certain age; or elles he sayth it cometh him of gentilnesse of his auncestres, and sembla-ble thinges. All thise maner of folke so wrap-pen hem in hir finnes, that they ne wol not deli-ver hemself; for sothly, no wight that excuseth  
himself

himself wilfully of his sinne, may not be delivered of his sinne, til that he mekely beknoweth his sinne. After this than cometh swering, that is expresse ayenst the commandement of God: and that befallerh often of anger and of ire: God sayth; Thou shalt not take the name of thy Lord God in idel. Also our Lord Jesu Crist sayth by the word of Seint Mathew; Ne shal ye not swere in all manere, neyther by heven, for it is Goddes trone: ne by erthe, for it is the benche of his feet: ne by Jerusalem, for it is the citee of a gret King: ne by thin hed, for thou ne mayst not make an here white ne black: but he sayth, be your word, ye, ye, nay, nay: and what that is more, it is of evil. Thus sayth Crist. For Cristes sake swere not so sinnefully, in dismembriing of Crist, by soule, herte, bones, and body: for certes it seemeth, that ye thinke that the cursed Jewes dismembred him not ynough, but ye dismembre him more. And if so be that the lawe compell you to swere, than reuleth you after the lawe of God in your swering, as sayth Jeremie; Thou shalt kepe three conditions; thou shalt swere in trowth, in dome, and in rightwisenesse. This is to say, thou shalt swere soth; for every lesing is ayenst Crist; for  
Crist



Crist is veray trowth : and thinke wel this, that every gret swerer, not compelled lawfully to swere, the plage shal not depart fro his hous, while he useth unlesful swering. Thou shalt swere also in dome, whan thou art constreined by the domesman to witnesse a trowth. Also thou shalt not swere for envie, neyther for favour, ne for mede, but only for rightwisenesse, and for declaring of trouthe to the honour and worship of God, and to the aiding and helping of thin even Cristen. And therefore every man that taketh Goddes name in idel, or falsely swereth with his mouth, or elles taketh on him the name of Crist, to be called a Cristen man, and liveth agenst Cristes living and his teching : all they take Goddes name in idel. Loke also what sayth Seint Peter ; *Actuum* iv. *Non est aliud nomen sub caelo, &c.* Ther is non other name (sayth Seint Peter) under heven yeven to men, in which they may be sated ; that is to say, but the name of Jesu Crist. Take kepe eke how precious is the name of Jesu Crist, as sayth Seint Poule, *ad Philipenses* ii. *In nomine Jesu, &c.* that in the name of Jesu every knee of heavenly creature, or erthly, or of helle, shuld bowen : for it is so high and so worshipful, that the cursed fend  
in

in helle ſhuld tremble for to here it named. Than ſemeth it, that men that ſwere ſo horribly by his bleſſed name, that they deſpiſe it more boldely than did the curſed Jewes, or elles the divel, that trembleth whan he hereth his name.

Now certes, ſith that ſwering (but if it be lawfully don) is ſo highly defended, moche worſe is for to ſwere falſely, and eke nedeles.

What ſay we eke of hem that deliten hem in ſwering, and hold it a genterie or manly dede to ſwere gret othes? And what of hem that of veray uſage ne ceſe not to ſwere gret othes, al be the cauſe not worth a ſtrawe? Certes this is horrible finne. Swering ſodenly without aviſement is alſo a gret finne. But let us go now to that horrible ſwering of adjuration and conjuration, as don thiſe falſe enchauntours and nigromancers in baſins ful of water, or in a bright ſwerd, in a cercle, or in a fire, or in a ſholder bone of a ſhepe: I cannot ſayn, but that they do curſedly and damnably ayenſt Criſt, and all the feith of holy chirche.

What ſay we of hem that beleven on divinales, as by flight or by noiſe of briddes or of beſtes, or by ſorte of geomancie, by dremes, by chirking of dores, or craking of houſes, by gnawing of  
rattes,

fattes, and swiche maner wretchednesse? Certes, all thise thinges ben defended by God and holy chirche; for which they ben accursed, till they come to amèndement, that on swiche filth set hir beleve. Charmes for woundes; or for maladies of men or of bestes; if they take any effect, it may be peraventure that God suffreth it, for folk shuld yeve the more feith and reverence to his name:

Now wol I spèké of lesinges, which generally is false signifiãce of word, in entent to deceive his even Cristen. Some lesing is, of which ther cometh non avantage to no wight; and som lesing turneth to the profite and ese of a man, and to the damage of another man. Another lesing is, for to saven his lif or his catel. Another lesing cometh of delit for to lie, in which delit, they wol forge a long tale, and peint it with all circumstances, wher all the ground of the tale is false. Some lesing cometh, for he wol sustein his word: and som lesing cometh of recchelesnesse withouten avisement, and sembla-  
ble thinges.

Let us now touche the vice of flaterie, which he cometh not gladly, but for drede, or for covetise. Flaterie is generally wrongful prei-

fing. Flaterers ben the devils nourices, that  
 nourish his children with milke of losengerie.  
 Forsoth Salomon sayth, That flaterie is werse  
 than detraction : for somtime detraction maketh  
 an hautein man be the more humble, for he  
 dredeth detraction, but certes flaterie maketh a  
 man to enhaunce his herte and his contenance.  
 Flaterers ben the devils enchauntours, for they  
 maken a man to wenen himself be like that he is  
 not like. They be like to Judas, that betrayed  
 God; and thise flaterers betrayen man to felle  
 him to his enemy, that is the devil. Flaterers  
 ben the devils chappeleines, that ever singen  
*Placebo*. I reken flaterie in the vices of ire : for  
 oft time if a man be wroth with another, than  
 wol he flater som wight, to susteine him in his  
 quarrel.

Speke we now of swiche cursing as cometh  
 of irous herte. Malison generally may be said  
 every maner power of harme : swiche cursing  
 bereveth man the regne of God, as sayth Seint  
 Poule. And oft time swiche cursing wrongfully  
 retorneth again to him that curseth, as a bird  
 retorneth again to his owen nest. And over all  
 thing men ought eschew to curse hir children,  
 and to yeve to the devil hir engendrure, as fer  
 forth

forth as in hem is : certes it is a grete peril and a grete sinne.

Let us than speke of chiding and repreving, which ben ful grete woundes in mannes herte, for they unfow the seames of frendship in mannes herte: for certes, unnethe may a man be plainely accorded with him, that he hath openly reviled, repreved, and disclaundred: this is a full grisly sinne, as Crist sayth in the Gospel. And take ye kepe now, that he that repreveth his neighbour, either he repreveth him by som harme of peine; that he hath upon his bodie, as, Mesel, croked harlot; or by som sinne that he doth. Now if he repreveth him by harme of peine, than turneth the repreveth to Jesu Crist: for peine is sent by the rightwise fonde of God, and by his suffrance, be it meselric, or maim, or maladie: and if he repreveth him uncharitably of sinne, as, thou holour, thou dronkelewe harlot, and so forth; than apperteineth that to the rejoicing of the devil, which ever hath joye that men don sinne. And certes, chiding may not come but out of a vilains herte, for after the haboundance of the herte speketh the mouth ful oft. And ye shul understond, that loke by any way, whan ony man chastifeth another, that he beware fro chid-

ing or repreving: for trewely, but he beware, he may ful lightly quicken the fire of anger and of wrath, which he shuld quench: and peraventure sleth him, that he might chastise with benignitee. For, as sayth Salomon, the amiable tonge is the tree of lif; that is to say, of lif spirituel. And sothly, a dissolute tonge sleth the spirit of him that repreveth, and also of him which is repreved. Lo, what sayth Seint Augustine: Ther is nothing so like the devils child, as he which oft chideth. A servant of God behoveth not to chide. And though that chiding be a vilains thing betwix all maner folk, yet it is certes most uncovenable betwene a man and his wif, for ther is never rest. And therefore sayth Salomon; An hous that is uncovered in rayn and dropping, and a chiding wif, ben like. A man, which is in a dropping hous in many places, though he eschew the dropping in o place, it droppeth on him in another place: so fareth it by a chiding wif; if she chide him not in o place, she wol chide him in another: and therefore, better is a morsel of bred with joye, than an hous filled ful of delices with chiding, sayth Salomon. And Seint Poule sayth; O ye women, beth ye subgettes to your hufbonds, as  
you

you behoveth in God; and ye men loveth your wives.

Afterward speke we of scorning, which is a wicked sinne, and namely, whan he scorneth a man for his good werkes: for certes, swiche scorner faren like the foule tode, that may not endure to smell the swete favour of the vine, whan it flourisheth. Thise scorner ben parting felawes with the devil, for they have joye whan the devil winneth, and sorwe if he lefeth. They ben adversaries to Jesu Crist, for they hate that he loveth; that is to say, salvation of soule.

Speke we now of wicked conseil, for he that wicked conseil yeveth is a traitour, for he deceiveth him that trusteth in him. But natheles, yet is wicked conseil first ayenst himself: for, as sayth the wise man, every false living hath this propertee in himself, that he that wol annoy another man, he annoyeth first himself. And men shul understond, that man shal not take his conseil of false folk, ne of angry folk, or grevous folk, ne of folk that loven specially hir owen profit, ne of to moche worldly folk, namely, in conseiling of mannes soule.

Now cometh the sinne of hem that maken discord among folk, which is a sinne that Crist

hateth utterly; and no wonder is; for he died for to make concord. And more shame don they to Crist, than did they that him crucified: for God loveth better, that frendship be amonges folk, than he did his owen body, which that he yave for unitee. Therefore ben they likened to the devil, that ever is about to make discord.

Now cometh the sinne of Double tonge, swiche as speke faire before folk, and wickedly behind; or elles they make semblaunt as though they spake of good entention, or elles in game and play, and yet they speken of wicked entente.

Now cometh bewreying of conseil, thurgh which a man is defamed: certes unneth may he restore the damage. Now cometh manace, that is an open folie: for he that oft manaceth, he threteth more than he may performe ful oft time. Now comen idel wordes, that be without profite of him that speketh the wordes, and eke of him that herkeneth the wordes: or elles idel wordes ben tho that ben nedeles, or without entente of naturel profit. And al be it that idel wordes be somtime venial sinne, yet shuld men doute hem, for we shul yeve rekening of hem before God. Now cometh jangling, that may not come withouten sinne: and as sayth Salomon,



mon, it is a signe of apert folie. And therefore a philosophre sayd, whan a man axed him how that he shuld plesse the peple, he answered; Do many good werkes, and speke few jangelinges. After this cometh the sinne of japeres, that ben the devils apes, for they make folk to laugh at hir japerie, as folk don at the gaudes of an ape: swiche japes defendeth Seint Poule. Loke how that vertuous wordes and holy comforten hem that travaillen in the service of Crist, right so comforten the vilains words, and the knakkes of japeres, hem that travaillen in the service of the devil. Thise ben the finnes of the tonge, that comen of ire, and other finnes many mo.

*Remedium Iræ,*

THE remedie ayenst Ire, is a vertue that cleped is manfuetude, that is Debonairtee: and eke another vertue, that men clepen patience or sufferance.

Debonairtee withdraweth and refreinethe the stirrings and mevings of mannes corage in his herte, in swich maner, that they ne skip not out by anger ne ire. Sufferance suffereth swetely all the annoyance and the wrong that is don to man outward. Seint Jerome sayth this of debonairtee,

That it doth no harme to no wight, ne sayth; ne for no harme that men do ne say, he ne chafeth not ayenst reson. This vertue somtime cometh of nature; for, as sayth the philosophre, a man is a quick thing, by nature debonaire, and trefable to goodnesse: but whan debonairete is enformed of grace, than it is the more worth.

Patience is another remedy ayenst ire, and is a vertue that suffereth swetely every mannes goodnesse, and is not wroth for non harme that is don to him. The philosophre sayth, that patience is the vertue that suffreth debonairely al the outrage of adversitee, and every wicked word. This vertue maketh a man like to God, and maketh him Goddes owen childe: as sayth Crist. This vertue discomfite thin enemies. And therefore sayth the wise man; if thou wolt vanquish thin enemy, see thou be patient. And thou shalt understond, that a man suffereth foure maner of grevances in outward thinges, ayenst the which foure he must have foure maner of patientes.

The first grevance is of wicked wordes. Thilke grevance suffred Jesu Crist, without grutching, ful patiently, whan the Jewes despised him and reprevd him ful oft. Suffer thou therefore

fore patiently, for the wise man saith: if thou strive with a foole, though the foole be wroth, or though he laugh, algate thou shalt have no reffe. That other grevance outward is to have damage of thy catel. Therayenst suffred Crist ful patiently, whan he was despoiled of al that he had in this lif, and that n'as but his clothes. The thridde grevance is a man to have harme in his body. That suffred Crist ful patiently in all his passion. The fourthe grevance is in outrageous labour in werkes: wherfore I say, that folk that make hir servants to travaile to grevoufly, or out of time, as in holy dayes, sothly they do gret sinne. Hereayenst suffred Crist ful patiently, and taught us patience, whan he bare upon his blessed sholders the crosse, upon which he shuld suffer despitous deth. Here may men lerne to be patient; for certes, not only cristen men be patient for love of Jesu Crist, and for guerdon of the blisful lif that is perdurable, but certes the old Payenes, that never were cristened, commendedden and usedden the vertue of patience.

A philosophre upon a time, that wold have beten his disciple for his gret trespass, for which he was gretly meyed, and brought a yerde to bete

bete the childe, and whan this child sawe the yerde, he sayd to his maister: what thinke ye to do? I wol bete thee, sayd the maister, for thy correction. Forsoth, sayd the childe, ye ought first correct yourself, that have lost all your patience for the offence of a child. Forsooth, sayd the maister all weping, thou sayest soth: have thou the yerde, my dere sone, and correct me for min impatience. Of patience cometh obedience, thurgh which a man is obedient to Crist, and to all hem to which he ought to be obedient in Crist. And understand wel, that obedience is parfite, whan that a man doth gladly and hastily, with good herte entirely, all that he shuld do. Obedience generally, is to performe hastily the doctrine of God, and of his foveraines, to which him ought to be obeisant in all rightwisenesse.

*De Accidia.*

AFTER the sinne of wrath, now wol I speke of the sinne of accidie, or slouth: for envie blindeth the herte of a man, and ire troubleth a man, and accidie maketh him hevy, thoughtful, and wrawe. Envie and ire maken bitternesse in herte, which bitternesse is mother of accidie, and  
benimeth

benimeth him the love of alle goodnesse; than is accidie the anguish of a trouble herte. And Seint Augustine sayth: It is annoye of goodnesse and annoye of harme. Certes this is a damnable sinne, for it doth wrong to Jesu Crist, in as moche as it benimeth the service that men shulde do to Crist with alle diligence, as sayth Salomon: but accidie doth non swiche diligence. He doth all thing with annoye, and with wrawnesse, slaknesse, and excufation, with idelnesse and unlust. For which the book sayth: Accursed be he that doth the service of God negligently. Than is accidie enemie to every estate of man. For certes the estate of man is in three maners: either it is the estate of innocence, as was the estate of Adam, before that he fell into sinne, in which estate he was holden to werk, as in heryng and adoring of God. Another estate is the estate of sinful men: in which estate men ben holden to labour in praying to God, for amending of hir finnes, and that he wold graunt hem to rise out of hir finnes. Another estate is the estate of grace, in which estate he is holden to werkes of penitence: and certes, to all thise thinges is accidie enemie and contrary, for he loveth no besinesse at all. Now certes, this foule  
sinne

finne of accidie is eke a ful gret enemye to the livelode of the body; for it ne hath no purveaunce ayenst temporel necessitee; for it forsleutheth, forsluggeth, and destroieth all goodes temporel by recchelesnesse.

The fourth thing is that accidie is like hem that ben in the peine of helle, because of hir slouthe and of hir hevinesse: for they that be damned, ben so bound, that they may neyther do wel ne think wel. Of accidie cometh first, that a man is annoied and accombred to do any goodnesse, and that maketh that God hath abhominacion of swiche accidie, as sayth Seint John.

Now cometh slouthe, that wol not suffre no hardnesse ne no penance: for sothly, slouthe is so tendre and so delicat, as sayth Salomon, that he wol suffre non hardnesse ne penance, and therefore he shendeth all that he doth. Ayenst this roten finne of accidie and slouthe shuld men exercise hemself, and use hemself to do good werkes, and manly and vertuoufly cachen corage wel to do, thinking that our Lord Jesu Crist quiteth every good deed, be it never so lite. Usage of labour is a gret thing: for it maketh, as sayth Seint Bernard, the labourer to have strong armes and hard sinewes: and slouthe maketh

maketh hem feble and tendre. Than cometh drede for to beginne to werke any good werkes: for certes, he that enclineth to sinne, him thinketh it is to gret an emprise for to undertake the werkes of goodnesse, and casteth in his herte, that the circumstances of goodnesse ben so grevous and so chargeant for to suffre, that he dare not undertake to do werkes of goodnesse, as fayth Seint Gregorie.

Now cometh wanhope, that is, despeir of the mercy of God, that cometh somtime of to moche outrageous forwe, and somtime of to moche drede, imagining that he hath do so moche sinne, that it wolde not availe him, though he wolde repent him, and forsake sinne: thurgh which despeire or drede, he abandoneth all his herte to every maner sinne, as fayth Seint Augustine. Which dampnable sinne, if it continue unto his end, it is cleped the sinne of the holy gost. This horrible sinne is so perilous, that he that is despeired, ther n'is no felonie, ne no sinne, that he douteth for to do, as shewed wel by Judas. Certes, aboven all sinnes than is this sinne most displefant and most adversarie to Crist. Sothly, he that despeireth him, is like to the coward champion recreant, that flieth withouten nede.

Alas!

Alas ! alas ! nedeles is he recreant, and nedeles despeired. Certes, the mercy of God is ever redy to the penitent person, and is above all his werkes. Alas ! cannot a man bethinke him on the Gospel of Seint Luke, chap. xv. wheras Crist sayeth, that as wel shal ther be joye in heven upon a sinful man that doth penitence, as upon ninety and nine rightful men that nedèn no penitence ? Loke further, in the same Gospel, the joye and the feste of the good man that had lost his sone, whan his sone was retourned with repentance to his fader. Can they not remembre hem also, (as sayth Seint Luke, chap. xxiii.) how that the thefe that was honged besidè Jesu Crist, sayd, Lord, remembre on me, whan thou comest in thy regne ? Forsoth, said Crist, I say to thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradis. Certes, ther is non so horrible sinne of man, that ne may in his lif be destroyed by penitence, thurgh vertue of the passion and of the deth of Crist. Alas ! what nedeth man than to be despeired, sith that his mercy is so redy and large ? Axe and have. Than cometh sompno- lence, that is, sluggy flumbring, which maketh a man hevy, and dull in body and in soule, and this sinne cometh of flouthe : and certes,

the



the time that by way of reason man should not slepe, is by the morwe, but if ther were cause reasonable. For sothly in the morwe tide is most covenable to a man to say his prayers, and for to think on God, and to honour God, and to yeve almesse to the poure that comen first in the name of Jesu Crist. Lo, what sayth Salomon? Who so wol by the morwe awake to seeke me, he shal find me. Than cometh negligence or recchelesnesse that recketh of nothing: And though that ignorance be mother of all harmes, certes, negligence is the norice. Negligence ne doth no force, whan he shal do a thing, whether he do it wel or badly.

The remedie of thise two sinnes is, as sayth the wise man, that he that dredeth God, spareth not to do that him ought to do; and he that loveth God, he wol do diligence to please God by his werkes, and abandon himself, with all his might, wel for to do. Than cometh idelnesse, that is the yate of all harmes. An idel man is like to a place that hath no walles; theras deviles may enter on every side, or shoot at him at discoverte by temptation on every side. This idelnesse is the thurrok of all wicked and vilains thoughtes, and of all jangeles, trifles, and all ordure.

ordure. Certes heven is yeven to hem that will labour, and not to idel folk. Also David sayth; they ne be not in the labour of men, ne they shul not ben whipped with men, that is to say, in purgatorie. Certes than semeth it they shul ben tormented with the devil in helle, but if they do penance.

Than cometh the sinne that men clepen *Tarditas*, as whan a man is latered, or taryed or he wol tourne to God: and certes, that is a gret folie. He is like him that falléth in the ditch, and wol not arise. And this vice cometh of false hope, that thinketh that he shal live long; but that hope failleth ful oft.

Than cometh *Lachesse*, that is, he that whan he beginneth any good werk, anon he wol forgete it and stint, as don they that have any wight to governe, and ne take of him no more kepe, anon as they find any contrary or any annoy. This ben the newe shepherdes, that let hir shepe wetingly go renne to the wolf, that is in the breres, and do no force of hir owen governance. Of this cometh poverté and destruction, both of spirituel and temporel thinges. Than cometh a maner coldnesse, that freseth all the herte of man. Than cometh undevotion,  
thurgh

thurgh which a man is so blont, as sayth Seint Bernard, and hath swiche langour in his soule, that he may neyther rede ne sing in holy chirche, ne here ne thinke of no devotion, ne travaile with his hondes in no good werk, that it n'is to him unfavory and all apalled. Than wexeth he sluggish and flombry, and sone wol he be wroth, and sone is enclined to hate and to envie. Than cometh the sinne of worldly sorwe swiche as is cleped *Tristitia*, that sleth a man, as sayth Seint Poule. For certes swiche sorwe werketh to the deth of the soule and of the body also, for therof cometh, that a man is annoied of his owen lif. Wherefore swiche sorwe shorteth the lif of many a man, or that his time is come by way of kinde:

*Remedium Accidiæ:*

AYENST this horrible sinne of accidie, and the braunches of the same, ther is a vertue that is called *fortitudo* or strength, that is, an affection, thurgh which a man despiseth noyous thinges. This vertue is so mighty and so vigorous, that it dare withstond mightily; and wrastle ayenst the assautes of the devil, and wisely kepe himself fro periles that ben wicked; for it enhaunseth

and enforceth the soule, right as accidie abateth and maketh it feble: for this *fortitudo* may endure with long sufferance the travailles that ben covenable.

This vertue hath many spices; the first is cleped magnanimitee, that is to say, gret corage. For certes ther behoveth gret corage ayenst accidie, lest that it swalowe the soule by the sinne of sorwe, or destroy it with wanhope. Certes, this vertue maketh folk to undertake hard and grevous thinges by hir owen will, wisely and resonably. And for as moche as the devil fighteth ayenst man more by queintise and sleight than by strength, therefore shal a man withstond him by wit, by reson, and by discretion. Than ben ther the vertues of feith, and hope in God and in his seintes, to acheven and accomplice the good werkes, in the which he purposeth fermely to continue. Than cometh feuretee or fikerneffe, and that is whan a man ne douteth no travaile in time coming of the good werkes that he hath begonne. Than cometh magnificence, that is to say, whan a man doth and performeth gret werkes of goodnesse, that he hath begonne, and that is the end why that men shuld do good werkes. For in the accomplish-

accomplishing of good werkes lieth the gret guerdon. Than is ther constance; that is stable-nesse of corage, and this shuld be in herte by stedfast feith, and in mouth, and in bering, in chere, and in dede. Eke ther ben mo special remedies ayenst accidie, in divers werkes; and in consideration of the peines of helle and of the joyes of heven, and in trust of the grace of the holy gost, that will yeve him might to performe his good entent:

*De Avaritia:*

AFTER accidie wol I speke of avarice, and of covetise. Of which finnie Seint Poule sayth: The rote of all harmes is covetise. For sothly, whan the herte of man is confounded in itself and troubled, and that the soule hath lost the comfort of God; than seketh he an idel solas of worldly thinges.

Avarice, after the description of Seint Augustine, is a likerousnesse in herte to have erthly thinges. Som other folk sayn, that avarice is for to purchase many erthly thinges, and nothing to yeve to hem that han nede. And understond wel, that avarice standeth not only in land ne catel, but som time in science and in  
Q. 2
glorie,

glorie, and in every maner outrageous thing is avarice. And the difference betwene avarice and coveitise is this : coveitise is for to coveit swiche thinges as thou hast not ; and avarice is to withhold and kepe swiche thinges as thou hast, without rightful nede. Sothly, this avarice is a sinne that is ful dampnable, for all holy writ curseth it, and speketh ayenst it, for it doth wrong to Jesu Crist ; for it bereveth him the love that men to him owen, and tourneth it backward ayenst all reson, and maketh that the avaricious man hath more hope in his catel than in Jesu Crist, and doth more observance in keping of his tresour, than he doth in the service of Jesu Crist. And therefore sayth Seint Poul, That an avaricious man is the thraldome of idolatrie.

What difference is ther betwix an idolastre, and an avaricious man ? But that an idolastre peradventure ne hath not but o maumet or two, and the avaricious man hath many : for certes, every florein in his coffre is his maumet. And certes, the sinne of maumetrie is the first that God defended in the ten commandments, as beareth witnesse, *Exod. Cap. xx.* Thou shalt have no false goddes before me, ne thou shalt make to thee no graven thing. Thus is an avaricious  
man,

man, that loveth his tresour before God, an idolastre. And thurgh this cursed sinne of avarice and coveitise cometh this hard lordships, thurgh which men ben distreined by tallages, customes, and cariages, more than hir duttee or reson is: and eke take they of hir bondmen amercementes, which might more resonably be called extor-tions than amercementes. Of which amerce-mentes, or raunfoming of bondmen, som lordes stewardes say, that it is rightful, for as moche as a cherl hath no temporel thing, that it ne is his lordes, as they say. But certes, this lord-shippes don wrong, that bereven hir bondmen thinges that they never yave hem. *Augustinus de Civitate dei, Libro ix.* Soth is, that the con-dition of thraldom, and the first cause of thral-dom was for sinne. *Genesis v.*

Thus may ye see, that the gilt deserved thral-dom, but not nature. Wherefore this lordes ne shuld not to moche glorifie hem in hir lordshippes, sith that they by naturel condition ben not lordes of hir thralles, but that thraldom came first by the deserte of sinne. And furthermore, ther as the lawe sayth, that temporel goodes of bondfolk ben the goodes of hir lord: ye, that is for to understond, the goodes of the

emperour, to defend hem in hir right, but not to robbe hem ne to reve hem. Therefore sayth Seneca: The prudent shuld live benignely with the thral. Tho that thou clepest thy thralles, ben Goddes peple: for humble folk ben Cristes frendes; they ben contubernial with the Lord thy king.

Thinke also, that of swiche feed as cherles springen of swiche feed springen lordes: as wel may the cherl be saved as the Lord. The same deth that taketh the cherl, swiche deth taketh the Lord. Wherfore I rede, do right so with thy cherl as thou woldest that thy Lord did with thee, if thou were in his plight. Every sinful man is a cherl to sinne: I rede thee, thou Lord, that thou reule thee in swiche wise, that thy cherles rather love thee than drede thee. I wote wel, that ther is degree above degree, as reson is, and skill is, that men do hir devoir, ther as it is due: but certes, extortion, and despit of your underlinges, is dampnable.

And furthermore understond wel, that thise conqueroures or tyrantes maken ful oft thralles of hem, that ben borne of as royal blood as ben they that hem conqueren. This name of Thraldom was never erst couthe, til that Noe sayd,  
that



that his sone Cham shuld be thrall to his brethren for his sinne. What say we than of hem that pille and don extortions to holy Chirche? Certes, the swerd that men yeven first to a knight whan he is newe dubbed, signifieth, that he shuld defend holy Chirche, and not robbe it ne pille it: and who so doth is traitour to Crist. As saith Seint Augustine, Tho ben the devils wolves, that strangelen the shepe of Jesu Crist, and don worse than wolves: for sothly, whan the wolf hath full his wombe, he stinteth to strangle shepe: but sothly, the pillours and destroyers of holy Chirches goodes ne do not so, for they ne stint never to pille. Now as I have sayd, sith so is, that sinne was first cause of thraldom, than is it thus, that at the time that all this world was in sinne, than was all this world in thraldom, and in subjection: but certes, sith the time of grace came, God ordeined, that som folk shuld be more high in estate and in degree, and som folk more lowe, and that everich shuld be served in his estate and his degree. And therefore in som contrees ther as they ben thralles, whan they have toured hem to the feith, they make hir thralles free out of thraldom: and therefore certes the Lord oweth to his man, that the man oweth to the Lord.

The Pope clepeth himself servant of the servants of God. But for as moche as the estate of holy Chirche ne might not have ben, ne the commun profite might not have be kept, ne pees ne rest in erthe, but if God had ordeined, that som men have higher degree, and som men lower; therefore was soveraintee ordeined to kepe, and mainteine, and defend hire underlinges or hire subiectes in reson, as ferforth as it lieth in hire power, and not to destroy hem ne confound. Wherefore I say, that thilke lordes that ben like wolves, that devoure the possessions or the catel of poure folk wrongfully, withouten mercy or mesure, they shul receive by the same mesure that they have mesured to poure folk the mercy of Jesu Crist, but they it amende. Now cometh deceit betwix marchant and marchant. And thou shalt understond, that marchandise is in two maners, that on is bodily, and that other is gostly: that on is honest and lesful, and that other is dishonest and unlesful. The bodily marchandise, that is lesful and honest, is this: that ther as God hath ordeined, that a regne or a contree is suffisant to himself, than it is honest and lesful, that of the haboundaunce of this contree men helpe another contree that is nedy: and therefore ther must be

marchants

marchants to bring fro on contree to another hir marchandise. That other marchandise, that men haunten with fraude, and trecherie, and deceit, with lesinges and false othes, is right cursed and dampnable. Spirituel marchandise is proprely simonie, that is, ententif desire to buy thing spirituel, that is, thing which apperteineth to the seintuarie of God, and to the cure of the soule. This desire, if so be that a man do his diligence to performe it, al be it that his desire ne take non effect, yet it is to him a dedly sinne : and if he be ordered, he is irreguler. Certes simonie is cleped of Simon Magus, that wold have bought for temporel catel the yeste that God had yeven by the holy gost to Seint Peter, and to the Apostles : and therefore understond ye, that both he that selleth and he that byeth thinges spirituel ben called Simoniackes, be it by catel, be it by procuring, or by fleshly praier of his frendes fleshly frendes, or spirituel frendes, fleshly in two maners, as by kinrede or other frendes : sothly, if they pray for him that is not worthy and able, it is simonie, if he take the benefice : and if he be worthy and able, ther is non. That other maner is, whan man, or woman, prayeth for folk to avancen hem only for  
wicked

wicked fleshly affection which they have unto the persons, and that is foule simonie. But certes, in service, for which men yeven thinges spirituel unto hir servants, it must be understonde, that the service must be honest, or elles not, and also, that it be without bargaining, and that the person be able. For (as sayth Seint Damascen) all the finnes of the world, at regard of this sinne, ben as thing of nought, for it is the gretest sinne that may be after the sinne of Lucifer and of Anticrist: for by this sinne God forleseth the chirche and the soule, which he bought with his precious blood, by hem that yeven chirches to hem that ben not digne, for they put in theves, that stelen the soules of Jesu Crist, and destroyen his patrimonie. By swiche undigne preestes and curates, han lewed men lesse reverence of the sacramentes of holy chirche: and swiche yevers of chirches put the children of Crist out, and put into chirches the divels owen sones: they sellen the soules that lambes shuld kepe to the wolf, which stranglith hem: and therefore shall they never have part of the pasture of lambes, that is, in the blisse of heven. Now cometh hafardrie with his aperteauntes, as tables and raffles, of which cometh  
deceit,

deceit, false othes, chidings, and all raving, blaspheming, and reneying of God, hate of his neyghbours, wast of goodes, mispending of time, and somtime manslaughter. Certes, hasardours ne mow not be without grete sinne. Of avarice comen eke lesinges, theft, false witnesse, and false othes : and ye shul understonde, that these be gret finnes, and expresse ayenst the commandements of God, as I have sayd. False witnesse is eke in word, and in dede : in word, as for to bereve thy neyghbours good name by thy false witnesse, or bereve him his catel or his heritage by thy false witnessing, whan thou for ire, or for mede, or for envie, berest false witnesse, or accushest him, or excushest thyself falsely. Ware ye questmongers and notaries : certes, for false witnessing, was Susanna in ful gret sorwe and peine, and many another mo. The sinne of theft is also expresse ayenst Goddes heft, and that in two maners, temporel, and spirituel : the temporel theft is, as for to take thy neyghbours catel ayenst his will, be it by force or by sleight ; be it in meting or mesure ; by steling ; by false enditements upon him ; and in borrowing of thy neyghbours catel, in entent never to pay it ayen, and semblable thinges. Spirituel theft is sacri-  
lege,

lege, that is to fay, hurting of holy thinges, or of thinges sacred to Crist, in two maners; by reason of the holy place, as chirches or chirches hawes; (for every vilains finne, that men don in swiche places, may be called sacrilege, or every violence in semblable places) also they that withdrawe falsely the rentes and rightes that longen to holy chirche; and plainly and generally, sacrilege is to reve holy thing fro holy place, or unholy thing out of holy place, or holy thing out of unholy place.

*Remedium Avaritiæ.*

Now shul ye understond, that releving of avarice is misericorde and pitee largely taken. And men might axe, why that misericorde and pitee are releving of avarice; certes, the avaricious man sheweth no pitee ne misericorde to the nedeful man. For he deliteth him in the keping of his trefour, and not in the rescouing ne releving of his even Cristen. And therefore speke I first of misericorde. Than is misericorde (as sayth the Philosophre) a vertue, by which tbe corage of man is stirred by the misese of him that is misefed. Upon which misericorde foloweth pitee, in performing and fulfilling of charitable werkes  
of

of mercie, helping and comforting him that is misefed. And certes, this meeveth a man to misericorde of Jesu Crist, that he yave himself for our offence, and suffred deth for misericorde, and foryaf us our original finnes, and therby relefed us fro the peine of hell, and amenufed the peines of purgatory by penitence, and yeveth us grace wel to do, and at last the blisse of heven. The spices of misericorde ben for to lene, and eke for to yeve, and for to foryeve and relese, and for to have pitee in herte, and compassion of the mischefe of his even Cristen, and also to chastise ther as nede is. Another maner of remedy ayenst avarice, is resonable largesse: but sothly, here behoveth the consideration of the grace of Jesu Crist, and of the temporel goodes, and also of the goodes perdurable that Jesu Crist yave to us, and to have remembrance of the deth which he shal receive, he wote not whan: and eke that he shal forgon all that he hath, save only that which he hath dispended in good werkes.

But for as moche as som folk ben unmesurable, men oughten for to avoid and eschue fool-largesse, the whiche men clepen waste. Certes, he that is fool-large, he yeveth not his catel, but he leseth his catel. Sothly, what thing that he yeveth

yeveth for vaine-glory, as to minstrals, and to folk that bere his renome in the world, he hath do sinne therof, and non almessè : certes, he leseth foule his good, that ne seketh with the yeste of his good nothing but sinne. He is like to an hors that seketh rather to drink drovy or troubled water, than for to drink water of the clere well. And for as moche as they yeven ther as they shuld nat yeven, to hem apperteineth thilke malison, that Crist shal yeve at the day of dome to hem that shul be dampned.

*De Gulâ.*

AFTER avarice cometh glotonie, which is expresse ayenst the commandement of God. Glotonie is unmesurable appetit to ete or to drinke : or elles to do in ought to the unmesurable appetit and disordeined coveitise to ete or drinke. This sinne corrupted all this world, as is wel shewed in the sinne of Adam and of Eve. Loke also what sayth Seint Poule of glotonie. Many (sayth he) gon, of which I have ofte said to you, and now I say it weping, that they ben the enemies of the crosse of Crist, of which the end is deth, and of which hir wombe is hir God and hir glorie ; in confusion of hem that so serven erthly things.



things. He that is usant to this sinne of glotonie, he ne may no sinne withstond, he must be in seruage of all vices, for it is the devils horde, ther he hideth him and resteth. This sinne hath many spices. The first is dronkenesse, that is the horrible sepulture of mannes reson: and therefore whan a man is dronke, he hath lost his reson: and this is dedly sinne. But sothly, whan that a man is not wont to strong drinkes, and peraventure ne knoweth not the strength of the drinke, or hath febleness in his hed, or hath travailled, thurgh which he drinketh the more, al be he sodenly caught with drinke, it is no dedly sinne, but venial. The second spice of glotonie is, that the spirit of a man wexeth all trouble for dronkenesse, and bereveth a man the discretion of his wit. The thridde spice of glotonie is, whan a man devoureth his mete, and hath not rightful maner of eting. The fourthe is, whan thurgh the gret abundance of his mete, the humours in his body ben distempered. The fifthe is, foryetfulness by to moche drinking, for which sometime a man forgeteth by the morwe, what he did over eve.

In other maner ben distinct the spices of glotonie, after Seint Gregoric. The first is, for  
to

to ete before time. The second is, whan a man geteth him to delicat mete or drinke. The thridde is, whan men taken to moche over mesure. The fourth is curiositee, with gret entent to maken and appareille his mete. The fifth is, for to ete gredily. Thise ben the five fingers of the devils hond, by which he draweth folk to the sinne.

*Remedium Gulæ:*

AYENST glotonie the remedie is abstynence, as sayth Galien: but that I holde not meritorie, if he do it only for the hele of his body. Seint Augustine wol that abstynence be don for vertue, and with patience. Abstynence (sayth he) is litel worth, but if a man have good will therto, and but it be enforced by patience and charitee, and that men don it for Goddes sake, and in hope to have the blisse in heven.

The felawes of abstynence ben attemperance, that holdeth the mene in alle thinges; also shame, that escheweth all dishonestee; suffisance, that seketh no riche metes ne drinks, ne doth no force of non outrageous appareilling of mete; mesure also, that restraineth by reson the unmesurable appetit of eting: sobernesse also, that restraineth.

restreineth the outrage of drinke; sparing also, that restreineth the delicat ese, to sit long at mete; wherfore som folk standen of hir owen will whan they ete, because they wol ete at lesse leifer:

*De Luxuriâ.*

AFTER glotonie cometh lecherie, for thise two finnes ben so nigh cofins, that oft time they wol not depart. God wote this sinne is ful displefant to God; for he said himself; Do no lecherie. And therefore he putteth gret peine ayenst this sinne. For in the old lawe, if a woman thrall were taken in this sinne, she shuld be beten with staves to the deth: and if she were a gentilwoman, she shuld be slain with stones: and if she were a bishoppes doughter, she shuld be brent by Goddes commandement. Moreover, for the sinne of lecherie God dreint all the world, and after that he brent five citees with thonder and lightning, and sanke hem down into hell.

Now let us speke than of the said stinking sinne of lecherie, that men clepen avoutrie, that is of wedded folk, that is to say, if that on of hem be wedded, or elles both. Seint John sayth,

That avouterers shul ben in helle in a flacke brenning of fire and of brimstone, in fire for hir lecherie, in brimstone for the stenche of hir ordure. Certes the breking of this sacrament is an horrible thing: it was made of God himself in Paradis, and confermed by Jesu Crist, as witteffeth Seint Mathew in the Gospel: a man shal let fader and moder, and take him to his wif, and they shal be two in on flesh. This sacrament betokeneth the knitting together of Crist and holy chirche. And not only that God forbade avoutrie in dede, but also he commanded, that thou shuldest not coveit thy neighboures wif. In this heste (sayth Seint Augustine) is forboden all maner coveitise to do lecherie. Lo, what sayth Seint Mathew in the Gospel, That who so seeth a woman, to coveitise of his lust, he hath don lecherie with hire in his herte. Here may ye see, that not only the dede of this sinne is forboden, but eke the desire to don that sinne. This cursed sinne annoyeth grevously hem that it haunt: and first to the soule, for he obligeth it to sinne and to peine of deth, which is perdurable; and to the body annoyeth it grevously also, for it drieth him and wasteth, and shent him, and of his blood he maketh sacrifice to the

fend

fiend of helle: it wasteth eke his catel and his substance. And certes, if it be a foule thing a man to waste his catel on women, yet is it a fouler thing, whan that for swiche ordure women dispenden upon men hir catel and hir substance. This finne, as sayth the Prophet, bereveth man and woman hir good fame and all hir honour, and it is ful plesant to the devil: for therby winneth he the moste partie of this wretched world: And right as a marchant deliteth him most in that chaffare which he hath most advantage and profite of, right so deliteth the fiend in this ordure:

This is that other hond of the devil, with five fingers; to cacche the peple to his vilanie. The first fingre is the foole loking of the foole woman and of the foole man, that sleth right as the Basilicok sleth folk by venime of his sight: for the coveitise of the eyen foloweth the coveitise of the herte. The second fingre is the vilains touching in wicked maner. And therefore sayth Salomon, that who so toucheth and handleth a woman, he fareth as the man that handleth the scorpion, which stingeth and sodenly sleth thurgh his enveniming; or as who so that toucheth warme pitch, it shendeth his

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fingers.

fingers. The thridde is foule wordes, whiche fareth like fire, which right anon brenneth the herte. The fourth finger is kissing: and trewely he were a gret foole that wold kisse the mouthe of a brenning oven or of a fourneis; and more fooles ben they that kiffen in vilainie, for that mouth is the mouth of helle; and namely thise olde dotardes holours, which wol kisse, and flicker, and besie hemself, though they may nought do. Certes they ben like to houndes: for an hound whan he cometh by the roser, or by other bushes, though so be that he may not pisse, yet wol he heve up his leg and make a contenance to pisse. And for that many man weneth that he may not sinne for no likerousnesse that he doth with his wif, trewely that opinion is false: God wote a man may flee himself with his owen knif, and make himself dronken of his owen tonne. Certes be it wif, be it childe, or any worldly thing, that he loveth before God, it is his maumet, and he is an idolastre. A man shuld love his wif by discretion, patiently and attemprely, and than is she as though it were his suster. The fifth fingre of the divels hond, is the stinking dede of lecherie. Trewely the five fingers of glotonie the fend putteth in the wombe

of a man: and with his five fingers of lecherie he gripeth him by the reines, for to throwe him into the fourneis of helle, ther as they shul have the fire and the wormes that ever shul lasten, and weping and wayling, and sharpe hunger and thurst, and grislineffe of divels, whiche shul all to-trede hem withouten respite and withouten ende. Of lecherie, as I sayd, fourden and springen divers spices: as fornication, that is betwene man and woman which ben not married, and is dedly sinne, and ayenst nature. All that is enemy and destruction to nature, is ayenst nature. Parfay the reson of a man eke telleth him wel that it is dedly sinne; for as moche as God forbad lecherie. And Seint Poule yeyeth hem the regne, that n'is dewe to no wight but to hem that don dedely sinne. Another sinne of lecherie is, to bereyen a maid of hire maidenhed, for he that so doth, certes he casteth a mayden out of the highest degree that is in this present lif, and bereveth hire thilke precious fruit that the book clepeth the hundreth fruit. I ne can say it non otherwise in English, but in Latine it hight *Centesimus fructus*. Certes he that so doth, is the cause of many damages and vilanies, mo than any man can reken: right as he somtime is

cause of all dammages that bestes do in the feld, that breketh the hedge of the closure, thurgh which he destroyeth that may not be restored: for certes no more may maidenhed be restored, than an arme, that is smitten fro the body, may returne ayen and waxe: she may have mercy, this wote I wel, if that she have will to do penitence, but never shal it be but that she is corrupte. And all be it so that I have spoke somewhat of avoutrie, it is good to shewe the periles that longen to avoutrie, for to eschewe that foule sinne. Avoutrie, in Latine, is for to saye, approaching of another mannes bedde, thurgh whiche tho, that sometime were on fleshe, abandone hir bodies to other persons. Of this sinne, as sayth the wise man, folow many harmes: firste breking of feith; and certes feith is the key of Cristendom, and whan that key is broken and lorne, sothly Cristendom is lorne, and stont vaine and without fruit. This sinne also is theft, for theft generally is to reve a wight his thinges ayenst his will. Certes, this is the foulest theft that may be, whan that a woman steleth hire body from hire husband, and yeveth it to hire holour to defoule it: and steleth hire soule fro Crist, and yeveth it to the devil: this is a fouler theste



theſte than for to breke a chirche and ſtele away the chalice, for theſe avouterers breken the temple of God ſpiritually, and ſtelen the veſſell of grace; that is the body and the ſoule: for which Criſte ſhal deſtroy hem, as ſayth Seint Poule. Sothly of this theft doubted gretly Joſeph, whan that his Lordes wif prayed him of vilainie, whan he ſayde: Lo, my Lady, how my Lord hath take to me under my warde all that he hath in this world, ne nothing is out of my power, but only ye that ben his wif: and how ſhuld I than do this wickedneſſe, and ſinne ſo horribly ayenſt God, and ayenſt my Lord? God it forbede. Alas! all to litel is ſwicke trowth now yfounde. The thridde harme is the filth, thurgh which they breke the commandement of God, and deſoule the auter of matrimonies, that is Criſt. For certes, in ſo moche as the ſacrament of mariage is ſo noble and ſo digne, ſo moche is it the greter ſinne for to breke it: for God made mariage in Paradis in the eſtate of innocencie, to multiplie mankindẽ to the ſervice of God, and therefore is the breking therof the more grevous, of which breking come falſe heires oft time, that wrongfully occupien folkes heritages: and therefore wol Criſt put hem out of the regne

of heven, that is heritage to good folk. Of this breking cometh eke oft time, that folk unware wedde or finne with hir owen kinrede: and namely thise harlottes, that haunten bordelles of thise foule women, that may be likened to a commune gong, wheras men purge hir ordure. What say we also of putours, that live by the horrible sinne of puterie, and constreine women to yelde hem a certain rent of hir bodily puterie, ye, somtime his owen wif or his childe, as don thise baudes? certes, thise ben cursed finnes. Understond also, that avoutrie is set in the ten commandements betwene theft and manslaughter, for it is the gretest theft that may be, for it is theft of body and of soule, and it is like to homicide, for it kerveth atwo and breketh atwo hem that first were made on flesh. And therefore by the old lawe of God they shuld be flaine, but nathelesse, by the lawe of Jesu Crist, that is the lawe of pitee, whan he sayd to the woman that was found in avoutrie, and shuld have be slain with stons, after the will of the Jewes, as was hir lawe; Go, said Jesu Crist, and have no more will to do sinne; sothly, the vengeance of avoutrie is awarded to the peine of helle, but if so be that it be discombered by penitence. Yet  
ben

ben ther mo spices of this cursed sinne, as whan that on of hem is religious, or elles both, or of folk that ben entred into ordre, as sub-deken, deken, or preeft, or hospitalers: and ever the higher that he is in ordre, the greter is the sinne. The thinges that gretly agrege hir sinne, is the breking of hir avow of chastitee, whan they received the ordre: and moreover soth is, that holy ordre is chefe of all the tresorie of God, and is a special signe and marke of chastitee, to shew that they ben joined to chastitee, which is the moste precious lif that is: and thise ordered folk ben specially titled to God, and of the special meinie of God: for which, whan they don dedly sinne, they ben the special traitours of God and of his peple, for they live by the peple to praye for the peple, and whiles they ben swiche traitours hir prayeres availe not to the peple. Preeftes ben as angels, as by the mysterie of hir dignitee: but forsoth Seint Poule saith, That Sathanas transfourmeth him in an angel of light. Sothly, the preeft that haunteth dedly sinne, he may be likened to an angel of derkenesse, transfourmed into an angel of light: he semeth an angel of light, but for soth he is an angel of derkenesse. Swiche preeftes be the fones  
of

of Hely, as is shewed in the book of Kinges, that they were the sones of Belial, that is, the diuel. Belial is to say, withouten juge, and so faren they; hem thinketh that they be free, and have no juge, no more than hath a free boll, that taketh which cow that him liketh in the toun. So faren they by women; for right as on free boll is ynough for all a toun, right so is a wicked preeft corruption ynough for all a parish, or for all a countree: thise preeftes, as sayth the book, ne cannot minister the mysterie of preefthood to the peple, ne they knowe not God, ne they hold hem not apaied, as faith the book, of foddren flesh that was to hem offred, but they take by force the flesh that is raw. Certes, right so thise shrewes ne hold hem not apaied of rosted flesh and foddren, with which the peple feden hem in gret reverence, but they wol have raw flesh as folkes wives and hir doughters: and certes, thise women that consenten to hir harlotrie, don gret wrong to Crist and to holy Chirche, and to all Halowes, and to all Soules, for they bereven all thise hem that shuld worship Crist and holy Chirche, and pray for Cristen soules: and therefore han swiche preeftes, and hir lemmans also that consenten to hir lecherie, the malison of the  
 court

court Cristen, til they come to amendement. The thridde spice of avoutrie is somtime betwix a man and his wif, and that is, whan they take no regard in hir assembling but only to hir fleshly delit, as faith Seint Jerome, and ne reckon of nothing but that they ben assembled because they ben married; all is good ynough, as thinketh to hem. But in swiche folk hath the diuel power, as said the angel Raphael to Tobie, for in hir assembling, they putten Jesu Crist out of hir herte, and yeven hemself to all ordure. The fourth spice is of hem that assemble with hir kinrede, or with hem that ben of on affinitee, or elles with hem with which hir fathers or hir kinred have deled in the sinne of lecherie: this sinne maketh hem like to houndes, that taken no kepe of kinrede. And certes, parentele is in two maners: eyther gostly or fleshly: gostly, is for to delen with hir godfibbes: for right so as he that engendreth a child, is his fleshly father, right so is his godfather his father spirituel: for which a woman may in no lesse sinne assemble with hire godfib, than with hir owen fleshly broder. The fifthe spice is that abhominable sinne, of which abhominable sinne no man unneth ought to speke ne write, natheles it  
is

is openly reherfed in holy writ. This curfed-  
 nefse don men and women in diuerse en-  
 tent and in diuerse maner: but though that  
 holy writ fpeke of horrible finne, certes holy  
 writ may not be defouled, no more than the  
 sonne that fhineth on the myxene. Another  
 finne apperteineth to lecherie, that cometh in  
 fleping, and this finne cometh often to hem that  
 ben maidens, and eke to hem that ben corrupt;  
 and this finne men call pollution, that cometh  
 of foure maners; fomtime it cometh of languifh-  
 ing of the body, for the humours ben to ranke  
 and haboundant in the body of man; fomtime  
 of infirmitee, for feblenefse of the vertue re-  
 tentif, as phifike maketh mention; fomtime of  
 furfet of mete and drinke; and fomtime of vi-  
 lains thoughtes that ben enclosed in mannes  
 minde. whan he goth to flepe, which may not  
 be withouten finne; for whiche men must kepe  
 hem wifely, or elles may they finne ful gre-  
 uoufly.

*Remedium luxuriæ.*

Now cometh the remedy ayenft lecherie,  
 and that is generally chafitee and continence,  
 that refreineth all difordinate mevings that co-  
 men

men of fleshly talents: and ever the greter merite shal he have that most restraineth the wicked enchaufing or ardure of this sinne; and this is in two maners: that is to say, chastitee in mariage, and chastitee in widewhood. Now shalt thou understonde, that matrimony is lesul assembling of man and woman, that receiven by vertue of this sacrement the bonde, thurgh whiche they may not be departed in all hir lif, that is to say, while that they live bothe. This, as saith the book, is a ful gret sacrement; God made it (as I have said) in paradys, and wold himself be borne in mariage: and for to hallowe mariage he was at a wedding, wheras he tourned water into wine, whiche was the first miracle that he wrought in erthe before his disciples. The trewe effect of mariage clenseth fornication, and replenisheth holy chirche of good lignage, for that is the ende of mariage, and chaungeth dedly sinne into venial sinne betwene hem that ben wedded, and maketh the hertes all on of hem that ben ywedded, as wel as the bodies. This is veray mariage that was established by God, er that sinne began, whan naturel lawe was in his right point in paradys; and it was ordeined, that o man shuld have but

o woman, and o woman but o man, as sayth Seint Augustine, by many reasons.

First, for mariage is figured betwix Crist and holy chirche; and another is, for a man is hed of the woman; (algate by ordinance it shuld be so;) for if a woman had mo men than on, than shuld she have mo hedes than on, and that were an horrible thing before God; and also a woman mighte not please many folk at ones: and also ther shuld never be pees ne rest among hem, for everich of hem wold axe his owen right. And furthermore, no man shuld knowe his owen engendrure, ne who shuld have his heritage, and the woman shuld be the lesse beloved for the time that she were conjunct to many men.

Now cometh how that a man shuld bere him with his wif, and namely in two thinges, that is to say, in suffrance and in reverence, and this shewed Crist whan he firste made woman. For he ne made hire of the hed of Adam, for she shuld not claime to gret lordshippe; for ther as the woman hath the maistrie, she maketh to moche disarray: ther nede non ensamples of this, the experience that we have day by day ought ynough suffice. Also certes, God ne made  
not



not woman of the foot of Adam, for she shuld not be holden to lowe, for she cannot patiently suffer: but God made woman of the rib of Adam, for woman shuld be felaw unto man. Man shuld bere him to his wif in feith, in trowth, and in love; as sayth Seint Poule, that a man shuld love his wif, as Crist loved holy chirche, that loved it so wel that he died for it: so shuld a man for his wif, if it were nede.

Now how that a woman shuld be subget to hire husbond, that telleth Seint Peter; first in obedience. And, eke as sayth the decree, a woman that is a wif, as long as she is a wif, she hath non auctoritee to swere ne bere witnesse, without leve of hire husbonde, that is hire lord; algate he shuld be so by reson. She shuld also serve him in all honestee, and ben attempre of hire array. I wete wel that they shuld fet hir entent to plesse hir husbonds, but not by queintise of hir array. Seint Jerom sayth: wives that ben appareilled in filke and precious purple, ne mow not cloth hem in Jesu Crist. Seint Gregorie sayth also: that no wight seketh precious array, but only for vain glorie to be honoured the more of the peple. It is a gret folie, a woman to have a faire array outward,  
and

and hireself to be foule inward. A wif shuld also be mesurable in loking, in bering, and in laughing, and discrete in all hire wordes and hire dedes, and above all worldly thinges, she shulde love hire husbonde with all hire herte, and to him be trewe of hire body: so shuld every husbond eke be trewe to his wif: for sith that all the body is the husbondes, so shuld hire herte be also, or elles ther is betwix hem two, as in that, no parfit mariage. Than shul men understand, that for three thinges a man and his wif fleshly may assemble. The first is, for the entent of engendrure of children, to the service of God, for certes that is the cause final of matrimonie. Another cause is, to yelde eche of hem to other the dettes of hir bodies: for neyther of hem hath power of his owen bodie. The thridde is, for to eschew lecherie and vilanie. The fourth is for soth dedly sinne. As to the first, it is meritorie: the second also, for, as sayth the decree, she hath merite of chastitee, that yeldeth to hire husbond the dette of hire body, ye though it be ayenst hire liking, and the lust of hire herte. The thridde maner is venial sinne; trewely, scarfely may any of thise be without venial sinne, for the corruption and for the

the delit therof. The fourth maner is for to underftond, if they affemble only for amorous love, and for non of the foresaid caufes, but for to accomplifh hir brenning delit, they recke not how oft, fothly it is dedly finne: and yet with forwe; foin folk wol peine hem more to do, than to hir appetit fufficeth;

The fecond maner of chafstitee is for to be a clene widew, and efchue the embracing of a man, and defire thie embracing of Jefu Crist. Thife ben tho that have ben wives, and have forgon hir hufbondes, and eke women that have don lecherie, and ben releved by penance. And certes, if that a wif coud kepe hire all chafst, by licence of hire hufbond, fo that fhe yave no caufe ne non occafion that he agilted, it were to hire a gret merite. This maner of women, that obferven chafstitee; must be clene in herte as wel as in body, and in thought, and mefurable in clothing and in contenance, abftinent in eting and drinking, in fpeking, and in dede, and than is fhe the vefsel or the boifte of the blessed Magdeleine, that fulfilleth holy chirche of good odour. The thridde maner of chafstitee is virginitee, and it behoveth that fhe be holy in herte, and clene of body, than is fhe the fpoufe of Jefu Crist, and

ſhe is the liſ of angels: ſhe is the preiſing of this world, and ſhe is as theſe martirs in egalitee: ſhe hath in hire, that tonge may not telle, ne herte thinke. Virginitee bare our Lord Jeſu Criſt, and virgin was himſelf.

Another remedie againſt lecherie is ſpecially to withdraw ſwiche thinges, as yeven occaſion to that vilanie: as eſe, eting, and drinking: for certes, whan the pot boileth ſtrongly, the beſt remedie is to withdraw the fire. Sleeping long in gret quiet is alſo a gret nourice to lecherie.

Another remedie ayenſt lecherie is, that a man or a woman eſchewe the compaignie of hem, by which he douteth to be tempted: for all be it ſo that the dede be withſtonden, yet is ther gret temptation. Sothly a white wall, although it ne brenne not fully with ſticking of a candle, yet is the wall black of the leyte. Ful oft time I rede, that no man truſt in his owen perfection, but he be ſtronger than Sampſon, or holier than David, or wiſer than Salomon.

Now after that I have declared you as I can of the ſeven dedly finnes, and ſom of hir braunches, and the remedies, ſothly, if I coude, I wold tell you the ten commandements, but ſo high doctrine I lete to divines. Natheles, I hope to  
God

God they ben touched in this tretise everich of hem alle.

Now for as moche as the second part of penitence stont in confession of mouth, as I began in the first chapitre, I say Seint Auguffine saith: Sinne is every word and every dede, and all that men coveiten ayenst the law of Jesu Crist; and this is for to sinne, in herte, in mouth, and in dede, by the five wittes, which ben sight, hering, sinelling, tasting or favouring, and feling. Now is it good to understond the circumstances, that agreen moche every sinne. Thou shalt consider what thou art that dost the sinne, whether thou be male or female, yonge or olde, gentil or thrall, free or servant, hole or sike, wedded or single, ordered or unordered, wise or foole, clerk or seculer; if she be of thy kinred, bodily or gostly, or non; if any of thy kinred have sinned with hire or no, and many mo thinges.

Another circumstance is this, whether it be don in fornication, or in adyoutrie, or no, in maner of homicide or non, a horrible gret sinne or smal, and how long thou hast continued in sinne. The thridde circumstance is the place, ther thou hast don sinne, whether in other mennes houses, or in thin owen, in feld, in chirche,

or in chirchhawe, in chirche dedicate, or non. For if the chirche be halowed, and man or woman spille his kinde within that place, by way of sinne or by wicked temptation, the chirche were enterdited til it were reconciled by the Bishop; and if it were a preest that did swiche vilanie, the terme of all his lif he shuld no more sing Masse: and if he did, he shuld do dedly sinne, at every time that he so song Masse. The fourth circumstance is, by whiche mediatours, as by messagers, or for enticement, or for consentment, to bere compaignie with felawship; for many a wretche, for to bere felawship, wol go to the diuel of helle. Wherefore, they that eggen or consenten to the sinne, ben partners of the sinne, and of the dampnation of the sinner. The fifth circumstance is, how many times that he hath sinned, if it be in his minde, and how oft he hath fallen. For he that oft falleth in sinne, he despiseth the mercy of God, and encrefeth his sinne, and is unkind to Crist, and he waxeth the more feble to withstand sinne, and sinneth the more lightly, and the later ariseth, and is more slow to shrive him, and namely to him that hath ben his confessour. For which that folk, whan they fall ayen to hir old folies, either they forleten hir  
old

old confessor al utterly, or elles they departen hir shrift in divers places : but sothly swiche departed shrift deserveth no mercie of God for hir finnes. The sixte circumstance is, why that a man finne, as by what temptation; and if himself procure thilke temptation, or by exciting of other folk; or if he sinne with a woman by force or by hire owen assent; or if the woman maugre hire hed have ben enforced or non, this shal she tell, and wheder it were for covetise or poverté, and if it were by hire procuring or non, and swiche other thinges. The seventh circumstance is, in what maner he hath don his sinne, or how that she hath suffered that folk have don to hire. And the same shal the man tell plainly, with all the circumstances, and wheder he hath finned with commun bordel women or non, or don his sinne in holy times or non, in fasting times or non, or before his shrift, or after his later shrift, and hath peradventure broken therby his penance enjoined, by whos helpe or whos conseil, by forcerie or craste, all must be told. All thise thinges, after that they ben gret or smale, engreggen the conscience of man or woman. And eke the preest that is thy juge, may the better be avised of his judgement in

yeving of penance, and that shal be after thy contrition. For understond wel, that after the time that a man hath defouled his baptisme by sinne, if he wol come to salvation, ther is non other way but by penance, and shrifte, and satisfaction; and namely by tho two, if ther be a confessour to whom he may shrive him, and that he first be veray contrite and repentant, and the thridde if he have lif to performe it.

Than shal a man loke and consider, that if he wol make a trewe and a profitable confession, ther must be foure conditions. First it must be in sorowful bitternesse of herte, as sayth the King Ezechiel to God; I wol remember all the yeres of my lif in the bitternesse of my herte. This condition of bitternesse hath five signes; The first is, that confession must be shamefast, not for to coveren ne hide his sinne, but for he hath agilted his God and defouled his soule. And hereof sayth Seint Augustin: the herte travaileth for shame of his sinne, and for he hath gret shamefastnesse he is digne to have gret mercie of God. Swiche was the confession of the Publican, that wold not heve up his eyen to heven for he had offended God of heven: for which shamefastnesse he had anon the mercy of God. And therefore



fore faith Seint Augufine : That fwiche fhame-  
 faft folk ben next foryevenesse and mercy. An-  
 other figne, is humilitee in confeffion : of whiche  
 fayth Seint Peter ; Humbleth you under the  
 might of God : the hond of God is mighty in  
 confeffion, for therby God foryeveth thee thy  
 finnes, for he alone hath the power. And this  
 humilitee fhall be in herte, and in figne outwarde :  
 for right as he hath humilitee to God in his herte,  
 right fo fhuld he humble his body outward to  
 the preeft, that sitteth in Goddes place. For  
 which in no maner, fith that Crift is foveraine,  
 and the preeft mene and mediatour betwix Crift  
 and the finner, and the finner is laft by way of  
 refon, than fhuld not the finner fitte as high as  
 his confeffour, but knele before him or at his  
 feet, but if maladie diftrouble it : for he fhall not  
 take kepe who sitteth ther, but in whos place he  
 sitteth. A man that hath trespassed to a Lord,  
 and cometh for to axe mercie and maken his ac-  
 corde, and fetteth him down anon by the Lord,  
 men wolde holde him outrageous, and not worthy  
 fo fone for to have remiffion ne mercy. The  
 thridde figne is, that the shrift fhuld be ful of  
 teres, if men mowen wepe, and if they mowe not  
 wepe with hir bodily eyen, than let hem wepe in

hir herte. Swiche was the confession of Seint Peter; for after that he had forsake Jesu Crist, he went out and wept ful bitterly. The fourth signe is, that he ne lete not for shame to shrive him and shewe his confession. Swiche was the confession of Magdeleine, that ne spared, for no shame of hem that weren at the feste, to go to our Lord Jesu Crist and beknowe to him hire finnes. The fifthe signe is, that a man or a woman be obeisant to receive the penance that hem is enjoined. For certes Jesu Crist for the gilt of man was obedient to the deth.

The second condition of veray confession is, that it be hastily don: for certes, if a man hadde a dedly wound, ever the lenger that he taried to warishe himself, the more wold it corrupt and haste him to his deth, and also the wound wold be the werse for to hele. And right so fareth sinne, that longe time is in a man unshewed. Certes a man ought hastily to shewe his finnes for many causes; as for drede of deth, that cometh oft sodenly, and is in no certain what time it shal be, ne in what place; and eke the drenching of o sinne draweth in another: and also the lenger that he tarieth, the ferther is he fro Crist. And if he abide to his last day, scarce-  
ly

ly may he shrive him or remembre him of his finnes, or repent him for the grevous maladie of his deth. And for as moche as he ne hath in his lif herkened Jesu Crist, whan he hath spoken unto him, he shal crie unto our Lord at his last day, and scarcely wol he herken him. And understonde that this condition muste have foure things. First that the shrift be purveyed afore, and avised, for wicked hast doth not profite; and that a man con shrive him of his finnes, be it of pride, or envie, and so forth, with the spices and circumstances; and that he have comprehended in his minde the nombre and the gretnesse of his finnes, and how longe he hath lien in sinne; and eke that he be contrite for his finnes, and be in stedfast purpose (by the grace of God) never este to fall into sinne; and also that he drede and countrewaite himself, that he flee the occasions of sinne, to whiche he is inclined. Also thou shalt shrive thee of all thy finnes to o man, and not parcelmele to o man, and parcelmele to another; that is to understonde, in entent to depart thy confession for shame or drede, for it is but strangling of thy soule. For certes, Jesu Crist is entierly all good, in him is non imperfection, and therefore either he foryeveth all partly,

fitly, or elles never a dele. I say not that if thou be assigned to thy penitencer for certain sinne, that thou art bounde to shewe him all the remenant of thy finnes, of whiche thou hast ben shriven of thy curat, but if it like thee of thy humilitee; this is no departing of shrift. Ne I say not, ther as I speke of division of confession, that if thou have licence to shrive thee to a discrete and an honest preest, and wher thee liketh, and by the licence of thy curat, that thou ne mayest wel shrive thee to him of all thy finnes; but lete no blot be behind: lete no sinne be untolde as fer as thou hast remembrance. And whan thou shalt be shriven of thy curat, tell him eke all the finnes that thou hast don sith thou were laste shriven. This is no wicked entente of division of shrift.

Also the veray shrift axeth certain conditions. First that thou shrive thee by thy free will, not constreined, ne for shame of folk, ne for maladie, or swiche other thinges: for it is reson, that he that trespasseth by his free will, that by his free will he confesse his trespas; and that non other man telle his sinne but himself: ne he shal not nay, ne deny his sinne, ne wrath him ayenst the preest for amonesting him to lete his sinne. The  
second

second condition is, that thy shrift be lawful, that is to say, that thou that shrivest thee, and eke the preeft that hereth thy confession, be veraily in the feith of holy chirche, and that a man ne be not dispeired of the mercie of Jesu Crist, as Cain and Judas were. And eke a man muste accuse himself of his owen trespas and not another: but he shal blame and wite himselfe of his owen malice and of his sinne, and non other: but natheles, if that another man be encheson or enticer of his sinne, or the estate of the person be swiche by which his sinne is agregged, or elles that he may not plainly shrive him but he tell the person with whiche he hath sinned, than may he tell, so that his entent ne be not to backbite the person, but only to declare his confession.

Thou ne shalt not also make no lesinges in thy confession for humilitee, peraventure, to say that thou hast committed and don swiche sinnes, of which that thou ne were never gilty. For Seint Augustine sayth; if that thou, because of thin humilitee, makest a lesing on thyself, though thou were not in sinne before, yet arte thou than in sinne thurgh thy lesing. Thou must also shew thy sinne by thy propre mouth, but thou be dombe, and not by no letter: for thou that  
 hast

hast don the sinne, thou shalt have the shame of  
 the confession. Thou shalt not eke peint thy  
 confession, with faire and subtil wordes, to co-  
 ver the more thy sinne: for than begilest thou  
 thyself, and not the preest: thou must tell it  
 plainly, be it never so foule ne so horrible. Thou  
 shalt eke shrive thee to a preest that is discrete  
 to conseille thee: and eke thou shalt not shrive  
 thee for vaine glorie, ne for ypocrisie, ne for no  
 cause, but only for the doute of Jesu Crist, and  
 the hele of thy soule. Thou shalt not eke renne  
 to the preest al sodenly, to tell him lightly thy  
 sinne, as who telleth a jape or a tale, but avised-  
 ly and with good devotion; and generally shrive  
 thee ofte: if thou ofte fall, ofte arise by con-  
 fession. And though thou shrive thee ofter than  
 ones of sinne which thou hast be shriven of, it  
 is more merite: and, as sayth Seint Augustine,  
 thou shalt have the more lightly relese and  
 grace of God, both of sinne and of peine. And  
 certes ones a yere at the left way it is lawful to  
 be houseled, for sothely ones a yere all thinges  
 in the erthe renovelen.

*Explicit secunda pars Penitentiae: et sequitur tertia  
 pars.*

Now

Now have I told you of veray confession, that is the seconde part of penitence: The thridde part is satisfacion, and that stont most generally in almesse dede and in bodily peine. Now ben ther three maner of almesse: contrition of herte, wher a man offreth himself to God: another is, to have pitee of the defaute of his neighbour: and the thridde is, in yeving of good conseil, gostly and bodily, wher as men have nede, and namely in sustenance of mannes food. And take kepe that a man hath nede of thise thinges generally, he hath nede of food, of clothing, and of herberow, he hath nede of charitable conseilling and visiting in prison and in maladie, and sepulture of his ded body. And if thou maiest not visite the nedeful in prison in thy person, visite hem with thy message and thy yestes. Thise ben generally the almesses and werkes of charitee, of hem that have temporel richeffes, or discretion in conseilling. Of thise werkes shalt thou heren at the day of dome.

This almesse shuldest thou do of thy propre thinges, and hastily, and prively if thou mayest: but natheles, if thou mayest not do it prively, thou shalt not forbere to do almesse, though men see it, so that it be not don for thanke of the world,

world, but only to have thanke of Jesu Crist. For, as witnesseth Seint Mathewe, *Cap. v.* a citee may not be hid that is sette on a mountaine; ne men light not a lanterne, to put it under a bushell, but setten it upon a candlesticke, to lighten the men in the hous: right so shal your light lighten before men, that they mowe see your good werkes, and glorifie your Fader that is in heven.

Now as for to speke of bodily peine, it stont in praiers, in waking, in fasting, and in vertuous teching. Of orisons ye shul understond, that orisons or prayers, is to say, a pitous will of herte, that setteth it in God, and expresseth it by word outward, to remeve harmes, and to have thinges spirituel and perdurable, and somtime temporel thinges. Of which orisons, certes in the orison of the *Pateroster* hath Jesu Crist enclosed most thinges. Certes it is privileged of three thinges in his dignitee, for whiche it is more digne than any other prayer: for that Jesu Crist himself made it: and it is short, for it shuld be coude the more lightly, and to hold it the more esie in herte, and helpe himself the oster with this orison, and for a man shuld be the lesse wery to say it, and for a man may not excuse



cuſe him to lerne it, it is ſo ſhorte and ſo eſie : and for it comprehendeth in himſelf all good prayers. The expoſition of this holy prayer, that is ſo excellent and ſo digne, I betake to the maſters of theologie, ſave thus moche wol I ſay, that whan thou prayeſt, that God ſhuld foryeve thee thy giltes as thou foryeveſt hem that have agilted thee, be wel ware that thou be not out of charitee. This holy oriſon amenuſeth eke venial finne, and therefore it apperteineth ſpecially to penitence.

This prayer muſt be trewely ſayd, and in perfect feith, and that men prayen to God ordi- nately, diſcretely, and devoutly : and alway a man ſhal put his will to be ſubgette to the will of God. This oriſon muſt eke be ſayd with gret humbleſſe and ful pure, and honeſtly, and not to the annoyance of any man or woman. It muſt eke be continued with werkes of charitee. It availeth eke ayenſt the vices of the ſoule : for, as ſayth Seint Jerome, by faſting ben ſaved the vices of the fleſh, and by prayer the vices of the ſoule.

After this thou ſhalt underſtonde, that bodily peine ſtont in waking. For Jeſu Criſt ſayth : wake ye and pray ye, that ye ne enter into wicked temptation.

temptation. Ye shul understond also, that fasting stont in three thinges: in forbering of bodily mete and drinke, in forbering of worldly jolitee, and in forbering of dedly sinne: this is to say, that a man shall kepe him fro dedly sinne with all his might.

And thou shalt understonde also, that God ordeined fasting, and to fasting apperteineth foure thinges. Largeness to poure folk: gladnesse of herte spirituel: not to be angry ne annoied, ne grutch for he fasteth: and also resonable houre for to ete by mesure, that is to say, a man shal not ete in untime, ne sit the longer at the table, for he fasteth.

Than shalt thou understonde, that bodily peine stont in discipline, or teching, by word, or by writing, or by ensample. Also in wering of here or of stamin, or of habergeons on hir naked flesh for Cristes sake; but ware thee wel that swiche maner penances ne make not thin herte bitter or angry, ne annoied of thyself; for better is to cast away thin here than to cast away the swetenesse of our Lord Jesu Crist. And therfore sayth Seint Poule: clothe you, as they that ben chosn of God in herte, of misericorde, debonairtee, suffrance, and swiche maner of clothing,

clothing, of whiche Jesu Crist is more plesed than with the heres or habergeons.

Than is discipline eke, in knocking of thy brest, in scourging with yerdes, in kneling, in tribulation, in suffring patiently wronges that ben don to thee, and eke in patient suffring of maladies, or lesing of worldly catel, or wif, or child, or other frendes.

Than shalt thou understond, which thinges distourben penance, and this is in foure maners; that is drede, shame, hope, and wanhope, that is, desperation. And for to speke first of dredé, for which he weneth that he may suffre no penance, ther ayenst is remedie for to thinke, that bodily penance is but short and litel at regard of the peine of helle, that is so cruel and so longe, that it lasteth withouten ende.

Now ayenst the shame that a man hath to shrive him, and namely thise Ipocrites, that wold be holden so parfit, that they have no nede to shrive hem, ayenst that shame shuld a man thinke, that by way of reson, he that hath not ben ashamed to do foule thinges, certes him ought not be ashamed to do faire thinges, and that is confessions. A man shuld also thinke, that God seeth and knoweth al his  
 VOL. III. T thoughtes,

thoughtes, and al his werkes, and to him may nothing be hid ne covered. Men shuld eke remembre hem of the shame that is to come at the day of dome, to hem that ben not penitent in this present lif: for all the creatures in heven, and in erthe, and in helle, shul see apertly all that they hiden in this world.

Now for to speke of the hope of hem, that ben so negligent and slowe to shrive hem: that stondeth in two maners. That on is, that he hopeth for to live long, and for to purchase moche richeffe for his delit, and than he wol shrive him: and, as he sayeth, he may, as him semeth, than timely ynough come to shrift: another is, the surquedrie that he hath in Cristes mercie. Ayenst the first vice, he shal thinke that our lif is in no sikernesse, and eke that all the richeffe in this world ben in aventure, and passen as a shadowe on a wall; and, as fayth Seint Gregorie, that it apperteineth to the gret rightwisnesse of God, that never shal the peine finte of hem, that never wold withdrawe hem from sinne, hir thanks, but ever continue in sinne: for thilke perpetuel will to don sinne shall they have perpetuel peine.

Wanhope,

Wanhope is in two maners. The first wanhope is, in the mercie of God: that other is, that they think that they ne might not long persever in goodnesse. The first wanhope cometh of that, he demeth that he hath finned so gretly and so oft, and so long lyen in sinne, that he shal not be saved. Certes ayenst that cursed wanhope shulde he thinke, that the passion of Jesu Crist is more stronge for to unbinde, than sinne is strong for to binde. Ayenst the second wanhope he shal thinke, that as often as he falleth, he may arisen again by penitence: and though he never so longe hath lyen in sinne, the mercie of Crist is alway redy to receive him to mercie. Ayenst that wanhope that he demeth he shuld not longe persever in goodnesse, he shal think, that the feblenesse of the devil may nothing do, but if men wol suffre him: and eke he shal have strength of the helpe of Jesu Crist, and of all his chirche, and of the protection of angels, if him list.

Than shul men understonde, what is the fruit of penance; and after the wordes of Jesu Crist, it is an endeles blisse of heven, ther joye hath no contrariositee of wo ne grevance; ther all harmes ben passed of this present lif; ther as

is likerneffe from the peines of helle; ther as is the blisful compaignie, that rejoycen hem ever mo everich of others joye; ther as the body of man, that whilom was foule and derke, is more clere than the sonne; ther as the body that whilom was fike and freele, feble and mortal, is immortal, and so strong and so hole, that ther ne may nothing appeire it; ther as is neither hunger, ne thurst, ne colde, but every soule replenished with the sight of the parfit knowing of God. This blisful regne mowe men purchase by poverte spirituel, and the glorie by lowlineffe, the plentee of joye by hunger and thurst, and the reste by travaile, and the lif by deth and mortification of sinne: to which life he us bring, that bought us with his precious blood. Amen.

Now preye I to hem alle that herken this litel tretise or reden it, that if ther be any thing in it that liketh hem, that therof they thanken our Lord Jesu Crist, of whom procedeth all witte and all godeneffe; and if ther be any thing that displefeth hem, I preye hem also that they arrette it to the defaute of myn unkonning, and not to my wille, that wold fayne have  
seyde

seyde better if I hadde had konning; for oure boke seyth, all that is writen is writen for oure doctrine, and that is myn entente. Wherfore I beseke you mekely for the mercie of God that ye preye for me, that Crist have mercie of me and foryeve me my giltes, [and namely of myn translations and enditinges of worldly vanitees, the which I revoke in my Retractions, as the boke of Troilus, the boke also of Fame, the boke of the five and twenty Ladies, the boke of the Duchesse, the boke of Seint Valentines day of the Parlement of briddes, the tales of Canterbury, thilke that sounen unto sinne, the boke of the Leon, and many an other boke, if they were in my remembraunce, and many a song and many a lecherous lay, Crist of his grete mercie foryeve me the sinne. But of the translation of Boes of consolation, and other bokes of legendes of Seints, and of Ome- lies, and moralite, and devotion, that thanke I oure Lord Jesu Crist, and his blisful mother, and alle the Seintes in heven, beseking hem that they fro hensforth unto my lyves ende sende me grace to bewaile my giltes, and to stodien to the savation of my soule,] and graunte me grace of verrey penance, confession

and fatisfaçtion to don in this present lif, thorgh the benigne grace of him, that is king of kinges and preste of alle prestes, that bought us with the precious blode of his herte, so that I mote ben on of hem atte the laste day of dome that shullen be saved; *qui cum Deo patre et Spiritu sancto vivis et regnas Deus per omnia secula. Amen.*

THE END OF THE CANTERBURY TALES.

NOTES



N O T E S

ON THE

T H I R D V O L U M E .

T 4



## NOTES ON THE THIRD VOLUME.

VERSE 13898, corpus Madrian] The relicks of St. *Maternus*. Gloss. Urr. But I can find no such saint in the common Legendaries.

Ver. 13948. A right wel faring] I have no better authority for the insertion of *right* than Ed. Urr.

Ver. 13968. lufsheburghes] Base coins, probably, first imported, as Skinner thinks, from *Luxembourg*. They are mentioned in the Stat. 25 E. III. c. 2. *la monnoie appelle Lucynbourg*, and in P. P. fol. 82. b.

As in *lufsburgh* is a luther alay, yet loketh like sterling.

Ver. 14013. in the feld of Damascene] So Lydgate, from Boccace, speaks of Adam and Eve. *Trag. B. i. c. 1.*

Of slime of the erth in *Damascene the felde*

God made them above ech creature.

Boccace is much longer in relating their story, which is the first of his Tragedies.

Ver. 14021. Sampson] His tragedy is also in Boccace. B. i. c. 19. but our author seems rather to have followed the original, Judges xiv, xv, xvi.

Ver. 14080. the querne] *The mill. Kuerna, mola. Island.*

Ver. 14101. Hercules] In this account of the labours of Hercules Chaucer has evidently copied Boethius, L. iv. Met. 7. Many of the expressions he had used before in his prose translation of that author.

Ver. 14116. the hevene on his nekke longe] This is the reading of the best Mss. and is agreable to  
Boethius,

Boethius, *loc. cit.* thus translated by Chaucer. "And the last of his labors was, that *he susteined the heven upon his necke unbowed.*" The margin of Mf. C. 1. explains *longe* to mean *diu.*

The Editt. read,

And bare *his bed* upon his *sphere* long.

Ver. 14123. faith Trophee] As all the best Mff. agree in this reading, I have retained it, though I cannot tell what author is alluded to. The margin of C. 1. has this note. *Ille vates Chaldaeorum Tropheus.*

The Editt. read—*for trophee.*—

Ver. 14149. Nabuchodonosor] For this history, and the following of Balthasar, see Daniel, i—v. The latter only is related by Boccace, B. ii. c. xxiii.

Ver. 14253. Zenobia] Her story is told by Boccace, *De cas. Vir.* L. viii. c. 7. but more at large in his book *De claris mulieribus*; from which our author has plainly taken almost every circumstance of his narration; though in ver. 14331. he seems to refer to Petrarch as his original. Perhaps, Boccace's book had fallen into Chaucer's hands under the name of Petrarch.

Ver. 14295. Till fully fourty dayes] There is a confusion in this passage, which might have been avoided, if our author had recurred to Trebellius Pollio, Trig. Tyrann. c. xxix. de Zenobia. "Quum femel concubuisse, expectatis menstruis, continebat se si prægna esset; sin minus, iterum potestatem querendis liberis dabat."

Ver. 14378. a vitremite] This word is differently written in the Mff. *vitrymite*; *witermite*; *wintermite*; *vitryte.*

*vitryte*. The Editt. read, *autremite*; which is equally unintelligible.

Ver. 14385. *south* and *septentrioun*] The Mss. read *north*; but there can be no doubt of the propriety of the correction, which was first made, I believe, in Ed. Urr. In the *Rom de la R.* from whence great part of this tragedy of Nero is translated, the passage stands thus, ver. 6501.

Ce desloyal, que je te dy,  
Et d'Orient et de *Midy*,  
D'Occident, de Septentrion,  
Tint-il la jurisdiction.

Ver. 14408. *domesman*] *Judge*. The word in Boethius, who has also related this story, is *Censor*. L. ii. Met. vi.

Ora non tinxit lacrymis, sed esse

*Censor* extincti potuit decoris —

which our author has thus rendered in his prose version, “Ne no tere wette his face, but he was so harde herted, that he might be *domesman*, or *judge*, of her dedde beautee.”

Ver. 14484. Wher *Eliachim*] I cannot find any priest of this name in the book of Judith. The High priest of Jerusalem is called Joacim in c. iv. which name would suite the verse better than *Eliachim*.

Ver. 14493. *Antiochus*] This Tragedy is a poetical paraphrase of II Maccabees, c. ix.

Ver. 14638. word and ende] Dr. Hickes in his Gr. A. S. p. 70. has proposed to read “*ord* and end,” both here and in Tro. B. v. ver. 1668. He has shewn very clearly that *ord and end* was a common Saxon expression

expression for *the whole* of a thing; the *beginning and end* of it. But all the Mss. that I have examined read *word*, and therefore I have left it in the text, as possibly the old Saxon phrase, in Chaucer's time, might have been corrupted.

Ver. 14645. Cresus] In the opening of this story, our author has plainly copied the following passage of his own version of Boethius, B. ii. Pro. 2. "Wiste thou not how Cresus, king of Lydiens, of *whiche king Cyrus was ful fore agaste* a litel before, &c." But the greatest part is taken from the *Rom. de la R.* ver. 6847—6912.

Ver. 14679. Tragedie is] This reflection seems to have been suggested by one which follows soon after the mention of Cræsus in the passage just cited from Boethius. "What other thing bewaylen the cryinges of tragedyes but onely the dedes of fortune, that with an aukewarde stroke overtourneth the realmes of grete nobleye?"

Ver. 14685. Peter of Spaine] This tragedie and the three following, in several Mss. are inserted before, after ver. 14380. So that the Monkes Tale ends with ver. 14684.

And cover hire bright face with a cloude.

In favour of this arrangement, it may be observed, that, when the Monk is interrupted, the Hoste alludes to this line as fresh in his memory, ver. 14788.

He spake how *fortune covered with a cloude*

I wote not what, and als of a *tragedie*

Right now ye herd.—

Where

Where *tragedie* may be supposed to allude to ver. 14679.

On the other hand, though the Monk professedly disregards chronological order, these very modern stories in the midst of the ancient make an awkward appearance; and as the Hoste declares himself to have been half asleep, he may very well be supposed to speak from a confused recollection of what had been said 88 verses before. And what he says of *tragedie* may be referred to ver. 14768.

I have followed the order observed in the best Mss. C. i. Ask. 1. 2. HA.

Ver. 14697. Not Charles Oliver] Not the Oliver of Charles [Charlemagne], but an Oliver of Armorica, a second Genelon, or Ganelon. See ver. 13124. 15233. So this passage is to be understood, which in Ed. Urr. has been changed to—Not Charles, *ne* Oliver.—But who this *Oliver of Bretagne* was, whom our author charges as *werker* of the death of King Petro, is not so clear. According to Mariana, L. xvii. c. 13. such a charge might most properly be brought against *Bertrand du Guesclin*, a Breton, afterwards Constable of France; as it was in consequence of a private treaty with him, that Petro came to his tent, where he was killed by his brother Henry, and partly (as some said) *con ayuda de Beltran*. But how he should come to be called *Oliver* I cannot guess; unless, perhaps, Chaucer confounded him with *Olivier de Clisson*, another famous Breton of those times, who was also Constable of France after Bertrand. [Froissart mentions an *Olivier de Manny*, nephew to Bertrand  
du

du Guesclin, as receiving large rewards from King Henry ; vol. i. ch. 245. but he does not represent him as particularly concerned in the death of Petro.]

The person meant, whoever he was, must have been sufficiently pointed out at the time by his coat of arms, which is described in ver. 14693,4. The "eagle of blak" in "a feld of snow" is plain enough, but the rest of the blazonry I cannot pretend to decypher.

Ver. 14701. Petro King of Cypre] Concerning the taking of Alexandria by this prince, and his other exploits, see the note on ver. 51. and the authors there cited. He was assassinated in 1369. Acad. des Inf. T. xx. p. 439.

Ver. 14709. Barnabo Viscount] Barnabo Visconti Duke of Milan, was deposed by his nephew and thrown into prison, where he died in 1385.

I did not attend to this circumstance, when I stated the insurrection of Strawe in 1381, as the latest historical fact mentioned in these tales. Discourse &c. n. 6. The death of Barnabo was certainly later. Fortunately however this difference of four years has no other consequence, than that it makes the supposed date of the Pilgrimage in 1383, which was before very doubtful, still more improbable. The Knight might as probably be upon a Pilgrimage in 1387 as in 1383, according to the precedent of Sir Mathew de Gourney. See note on ver. 43.

Ver. 14716. Hugelin of Pise] Chaucer himself has referred us to Dante for the original of this tragedy. See *Inferno*. c. xxxiii.

Ver.



Ver. 14765,6. These two verses in the Editt. have been transposed, to the confusion of the sense as well as of the metre.

Ver. 14811. say somewhat of hunting] For the propriety of this request, see the note on ver. 166 of the Monkes Character.

Ver. 14816. thou Sire John] I know not how it has happened, that, in the principal modern languages, John (or its equivalent) is a name of contempt, or at least of slight. So the Italians use *Gianni*, from whence *Zani*; the Spaniards *Juan*, as *Bobo* [*Juan*, a foolish John; the French *Jean*, with various additions; and in English, when we call a man *a John*, we do not mean it as a title of honour. Chaucer in ver. 3708. uses *Jacke fool*, as the Spaniards do *Bobo Juan*; and I suppose *Jack ass* has the same etymology.

The title of *Sire* was usually given, by courtesy, to Priests, both secular and regular.

Ver. 14851. a maner dey] *A kind of dey*; but what *a dey* was it is not easy to determine precisely. It is mentioned, as the last species of labourers in husbandry, in the Stat. 25 Edw. III. St. i. c. 1. *Que chescun charetter, caruer, chaceour des carues, bercher, porcher, deye, & tous autres servantz.*—And again in the Stat. 37 Edw. III. c. 14. *Item que charetters, charuers, chaceours des carues, bovers, vachers, berchers, porchers, deyes, & tous autres gardeins des bestes, bateurs des bleez, & toutes maneres des genz d'estate de garson entendantz a husbandrie.*—It probably meant originally *a day-labourer* in general, though it may since have been used to denote particularly

ticularly the superintendant of a *Dayerie*. See Du Cange, in v. DAERIA. DAYERIA. DAGASCALCI.

Ver. 14857. the mery orgon] This is put licentiously for *orgons*, or *organs*. It is plain from *gon* in the next line that Chaucer meant to use this word as a Plural, from the LAT. GR. *Organâ*. He uses it fo in ver. 15602.

And while that the organs maden melodie.

Ver. 14876. Was cleped faire damofelle Pertelote] I suspect that *faire* has been added by some one who was unnecessarily alarmed for the metre.

After this verse the Editt. (except Ca. 1.) have the two following.

He fethered her a hundred times a day,  
And she him pleafeth all that ever she may.

But as I found them in only two Mss. HA. and D. I was glad to leave them out as an injudicious interpolation. See below, ver. 15183.

Whoever wishes to see a great deal of uncertain etymology concerning the name *Pertelote*, may consult Gl. V. in v. PARTELOT.

Ver. 14881. loken in every lith] *Locked* in every limb. The Editt. read *loking*.

Ver. 14885. My lefe is fare in lond] *Fare*, or *farcn*; gone. So the best Mss. Ed. Ca. 2. reads—*fer*. It is not easy to determine which of these is the true reading, unless we should recover the old song, from which this passage seems to be quoted.

Ver. 14914. Away, quod she] I have here inadvertently followed the printed copies. But instead  
of

of *Away* the best Mss. read *Avoy*, which is more likely to have been used by Chaucer. The word occurs frequently in the French Fabliaux &c. See T. ii. p. 243,5. The Vocabulary, at the end of that volume, renders *Avoi*, *Helas*; but it seems to signify no more than our *Away!* The Italians use *Via!* in the same manner. *Roman de Troye*. Ms.

Lors dit Thoas, *Avoi, avoi*,  
Sire Achilles, vous dites mal.

Ver. 14946. Lo Caton] L. ii. Dist. 32. Somnia ne cures. I observe, by the way, that this distich is quoted by John of Salisbury, Polycrat. L. ii, c. 16. as a precept *viri sapientis*. In another place, L. vii. c. 9. he introduces his quotation of the first verse of Dist. 20. L. iii. in this manner. *Ait vel Cato, vel alius, nam autor incertus est*—.

Ver. 14971. Catapuce] *Catapuzza*, ITAL. *Catapuce*, FR. A kind of Spurge.

Ver. 14990. On of the gretest authors] Cicero [*de Divin*. L. i. c. 27.] relates this and the following story; but in a contrary order; and with so many other differences, that one might be led to suspect that he was here quoted at second hand, if it were not usual with Chaucer, in these stories of familiar life, to throw in a number of natural circumstances, not to be found in his original authors.

Ver. 15116. Seint Kenelme] See his life in all the Editt. of the English *Golden Legende*.

Ver. 15147. Lo hire Andromacha] We must not look for this dream of Andromache in Homer. The first author who relates it is the fictitious Dares, c.

xxiv. and Chaucer very probably took it from him, or from Guido de Columnis; or perhaps from Benoit de Sainte More, whose *Roman de Troye* I believe to have been that History of Dares, which Guido professes to follow, and has indeed almost entirely translated. A full discussion of this point, by a comparison of Guido's work with the *Roman de Troye*, would require more time and pains than I am inclined to bestow upon it. I will just mention a circumstance, which, if it can be verified, will bring the question to a much shorter decision. The *Versio Daretis Phrygii Gallico metro*, in the Ambrosian Library, of which Montfaucon speaks, *Diar. Ital.* p. 19. is undoubtedly the *Roman de Troye* by Benoit de Sainte More. The verses, which are there quoted, differ no otherwise from the beginning of Benoit's Poem in Ms. *Harl.* 4482. than as an old copy usually does from a more modern one. If therefore we can depend upon Montfaucon's judgement, that the Ms. which he saw was written in the xiith Century, it will follow, that Benoit wrote near a hundred years before Guido, whose work, in all the Mss. that I have seen or heard of, is uniformly said to have been finished in the year 1287. There can be no doubt that the later of these two writers copied from the former.

Ver. 15169. so siker as *In principio*] See the note on ver. 256.

The next line is taken from the fabulous conference between the Emperour Adrian and Secundus the Philosopher, of which some account has been given  
in

in n. on ver. 6777. *Quid est mulier? Hominis confusio, infaturabilis bestia &c.*

Ver. 15196. Sithen March ended] I have ventured to depart from the Mss. and Editt. in this passage. They all read *began* instead of *ended*. At the same time Ms. C. 1. has this note in the margin, "i. 2° die Maii." which plainly supposes that the 32 days are to be reckoned from the end of March. As the Vernal Equinox (according to our author's hypothesis, Discourse &c. p. 122) happened on the 12th of March, the place of the sun (as described in ver. 15200, 1) in 22° of Taurus agrees very nearly with his true place on the 2d of May, the 53d day incl. from the Equinox. Ms. C. reads thus,

Syn March began tway monthes and dayes two;  
which brings us to the same day, but, I think, by a less probable correction of the faulty copies.

Ver. 15205. Twenty degrees] The reading of the greatest part of the Mss. is *Fourty degrees*. But that is evidently wrong; for Chaucer is speaking of the altitude of the Sun at, or about, Prime, i. e. six o'clock A. M. See ver. 15203. When the Sun is in 22° of Taurus, he is 21° high about  $\frac{3}{4}$  after 6 A. M.

Ver. 15215. At the side of this verse is written in the margin of Ms. C. *Petrus Comestor*, to intimate, I suppose, that this maxim is to be found in the *Historia Scholastica* of that author, who was a celebrated commentator on the Bible in the xiith Century. See Fabricius, Bib. Med. Ætat. in v.

Ver. 15221. A col fox] Skinner interprets this a *blackish fox*, as if it were a *cole fox*. Gl. Urr. It is

much easier to refute this interpretation than to assign the true one. *Coll* appears from ver. 15389 to have been a common name for a dog. In composition, it is to be taken *in malam partem*, but in what precise sense I cannot say. See Chaucer's H. of F. B. iii. 187. *Coll-tragetour*—and in the *Mirr. for Mag. Leg. of Glendour*, fol. 127. b. *Colprophet* is plainly put for a false, lying prophet. Heywood has an Epigram *Of coleprophet*. Cent. vi. Ep. 89.

Thy prophesy poysonly to the pricke goth:  
*Coleprophet* and *colepoyson* thou art both.

And in his Proverbial Dialogues P. i. ch. x. he has the following lines.

*Coll* under canstyk she can plaie on both hands:  
 Dissimulation well she understands.

I will add an allusion of our author, in the *Test. of Love*, B. ii. fol. cccxxxiii. b. to a story of one *Collo*, which I cannot explain. "Busiris slewe his gastes, and he was slain of Hercules his geste. Hugesst betrayshed many men, and of *Collo* was he betrayed."

Ver. 15240. But what that God] This passage has been translated into (rather elegant) Latin Iambics by Sir H. Savil, in his preface to Bradwardin, *de causâ Dei*, Lond. 1618. See the Testimonies &c. prefixed to Ed. Urr. Our author has discussed this question of the divine prescience &c. more at large in his *Troilus*, B. 4. from ver. 957 to ver. 1078. It is an addition of his own, of which there is no trace in the *Philostrato* of Boccace. See *Essay* &c. n. 62.

Ver.

Ver. 15277. Physiologus] He alludes, I suppose, to a book in Latin metre, entitled, *Physiologus de naturis XII animalium*, by one Theobaldus, whose age is not known. Fabr. Bib. Med. Æt. in v. THEOBALDUS. There is a copy of this work in Ms. *Harl.* 3093. in which the ixth section *De Sirenis* begins thus :

Sirenæ sunt monstra maris resonantia magnis  
 Vocibus et modulis cantus formantia multis,  
 Ad quas incaute veniunt sæpissime nautæ,  
 Quæ faciunt sompnum nimia dulcèdine vocum &c.

See also R. R. ver. 680.

Ver. 15318. in Dan Burnell the asse] The story alluded to is in a poem of Nigel Wireker, entitled, *Burnellus, seu Speculum stultorum*, written in the time of Richard I. The substance of the story is in Gl. Urr. v. BURNEL. The Poem itself is in most collections of Mss. The printed copies are more rare, though there have been several editions of it. See Leyser, *Hist. Po. Med. Ævi*, p. 752,3.

*Burnell* is used as a nickname for the ass in the Chester Whitfun Playes. Ms. *Harl.* 2013. [See the note on ver. 3539.] In the pageant of Balaam, he says—

Go forth, *Burnell*, go forth, go.

What? the devil, my asse will not go.

and again, fol. 36. b.

*Burnell*, why begilest thou me?

The original word was, probably, *Brunell*, from his brown colour; as the Fox below, ver. 15340. is called *Ruffell*, from his red colour, I suppose.

Ver. 15341. by the gargat] The Editt. have changed this into *gorget*; but *gargat* is an old FR. word. *Rom. de Rou. Ms. Reg. 4 C. xi.*

O grant culteals e od granz cuignees

Lur unt *les gargates* trenchies.

Ver. 15353. O Gaufride] He alludes to a passage in the *Nova Poetria* of Geoffrey de Vinfauf, published not long after the death of Richard I. In this work the author has not only given instructions for composing in the different styles of Poetry, but also examples. His specimen of the plaintive kind of composition begins thus :

Neustria, sub clypeo regis defensa Ricardi,

Indefensa modo, gestu testare dolorem.

Exudent oculi lacrymas; exterminet ora

Pallor; connodet digitos tortura; cruentet

Interiora dolor, et verberet æthera clamor :

Tota peris ex morte suâ. Mors non fuit ejus,

Sed tua; non una, sed publica mortis origo.

*O Veneris lacrymosa dies!* o fydus amarum!

Illa dies tua nox fuit, et Venus illa venenum.

Illa dedit vulnus, &c.

These lines are sufficient to shew the object, and the propriety, of Chaucer's ridicule. The whole poem is printed in Leyser's *Hist. Po. Med. Ævi*, p. 862—978.

Ver. 15451. As sayth my Lord] Opposite to this verse, in the Margin of Ms. C. 1. is written "Kantuar," which means, I suppose, that some Archbishop of Canterbury is quoted.

Vet.



Ver. 15468. Sayd to another] I have observed, in the Discourse, &c. § xxxvii. that in Mss. Ask. 1. 2. this line is read thus,

Seide unto *the nunne* as ye shul heer.

The following are the six forged lines, which the same Mss. exhibite by way of introduction to the Nonnes tale.

Madame, and I dorste, I wolde you pray  
 To telle a tale in fortheringe of our way.  
 Than mighte ye do unto us grete ese.  
 Gladly, sire, quoth she, so that I might piese  
 You and this worthy company,  
 And began hir tale riht thus ful sobrely.

Ver. 15514. out of relees] All the best Mss. concur in this reading, and therefore I have followed them, though I confess that I do not clearly understand the phrase; unless perhaps it mean *without release*; *without being ever released from their duty*. The common reading *withouten lees* is a genuine Saxon phrase. Butan leas; *absque falso*: without a lie.

Ver. 15518. Asssembled is] This stanza is very like one in the Prioresses tale. ver. 13403—13410.

Ver. 15530. Sone of Eve] See the Discourse, &c. § xxxvii. n. 30.

Ver. 15536. Be thou min advocat] I have no better authority for the insertion of *thou* than Ed. Urr. The metre, perhaps, might be safe without it (considering *bighe* as a dissyllable), but the verse would be very rough.

Ver. 15553. First wol I] The note upon this in the Margin of Ms. C. 1. is —“ *Interpretatio &c. quom*

'ponit Frater Jacobus Januensis in *Legendâ aureâ*." It has been observed in the Discourse, &c. that this whole tale is almost literally translated from the *Legenda aurea*.

Ver. 15654. louting] *i. latitantem*. Marg. Ms. C. 1. from the SAX. *lutan*, or *lutian*; *latere*.

Ver. 15675. On Lord, on faith] I have adopted this reading in preference to that of the best Ms.—O Lord, o faith, o God &c.—in order to guard against the mistake, which the Editt. have generally fallen into, of considering *o*, in this passage, as the sign of the vocative case. *On* and *o* are used indifferently by Chaucer to signify *one*.

Ver. 15738. And of the miracle] I should have been glad to have met with any authority for leaving out this parenthesis of fourteen lines, which interrupts the narration so awkwardly, and to so little purpose. The substance of it is in the printed Editions of the Latin *Legenda aurea*, but appears evidently to have been at first a marginal observation, and to have crept into the text by the blunder of some copyist. Accordingly it is wanting in Caxton's *Golden Legende*, and, I suppose, in the French *Legende Dorée*, from which he translated. The author of the French version had either made use of an uncorrupted Ms. or perhaps had been sagacious enough to discern and reject the interpolation.

Ver. 15783. And we also] It should have been *us*. I take notice of this, because Chaucer is very rarely guilty of such an offence against grammar.

Ver. 15855. Your cours is don] So all the Mss. In Ed. Urr. *don* is changed to *run*; and I believe no modern

modern poet would have joined any other verb with *cours*, especially after he had used *ydon* in the preceding line; but I am not clear that Chaucer attended to such niceties.

In the latter part of this line, the best Mss. read—your faith *ban ye* conserved.—and I know not by what negligence I omitted to follow them.

Ver. 15966. thin utter eyen] *Exterioribus oculis.*  
Marg. Ms. C. 1.

Ver. 16023. five mile] So all the Mss. except E. which reads “*half a mile.*” This latter reading must certainly be preferred, if we suppose that Chaucer meant to mark the interval between the conclusion of the Nonnes tale and the arrival of the Chanon. But it would be contrary to the general plan of our author’s work, and to his practice upon other occasions, that the Hoste should suffer the company

“To riden by the way, dombe as the ston,”  
even for half a mile. I am therefore rather inclined to believe that *five mile* is the right reading, and that it was intended to mark the distance from *some place*, which we are now unable to determine with certainty, for want of the Prologue to the Nonnes tale.

I have sometimes suspected, that it was the intention of Chaucer to begin the journey *from* Canterbury with the Nonnes tale. In that case, *five mile* would mark very truly the distance from Canterbury to Boughton under blee. The circumstances too of the Chanon’s overtaking the pilgrims and looking, “as he had priked,” or galloped, “miles three,” would agree better with this supposition. It is scarce credible

dible that he should have ridden after them from Southwark to Boughton without overtaking them; and if he had, it must have been a very inadequate representation of his condition, to say that "it femed, he had priked *miles thre*." Besides, the words of the Yeman [ver. 16056,7.]

—Now in the morwe tide

Out of your hostelrie I saw you ride—

seem to imply, that they were overtaken in the same morning in which they set out; but it must have been considerably after noon before they reached Boughton from Southwark.

There is another way of solving these difficulties, by supposing that the Pilgrims lay upon the road, and that the Nonnes tale was the first of the second day's journey. It is most probable, that a great part of the company (not to mention their horses) would have had no objection to dividing the journey to Canterbury into two days; but if they lay only five miles on this side of Boughton, I do not see how they could spend the whole second day till evening [See ver. 17316] in travelling from thence to Canterbury.

I must take notice too, in opposition to my first hypothesis, that the manner, in which the Yeman expresses himself in ver. 16091,2. seems to shew that he was riding *to* Canterbury.

Ver. 16156. For Caton sayth] This precept of Cato is in L. 1. Dist. 17.

Ne cures si quis tacito sermone loquatur;  
Conscijs ipse sibi de se putat omnia dici.

Ver.

Ver. 16211. thurgh jupartie] So Ms. C. 1. I have followed it, as it comes nearest to the true original of our word *jeopardie*, which our etymologists have sadly mistaken. They deduce it from *J'ai perdu*, or *Jeu perdu*; but I rather believe it to be a corruption of *Jeu parti*. A *jeu parti* is properly a game, in which the chances are exactly even. [See Froissart, v. i. c. 234. Ils n'estoient pas à *jeu parti* contre les François, v. ii. c. 9. se nous les voyons à *jeu parti*.] From hence it signifies any thing uncertain, or hazardous. In the old French Poetry, the discussion of a Problem, where much might be said on both sides, was called a *Jeu parti*. See *Poesies du Roy de Navarre*, Chançon xlviiii. and *Gloss.* in v. See also Du Cange in v. JOCUS PARTITUS.

Ver. 16288. The foure spirites &c.] Compare Gower, *De Conf. Am.* B. iv. fol. 76. b.

Ver. 16306. Ascaunce] See the note on ver. 7327.

Ver. 16430. But all thing] This is taken from the *Parabolæ* of *Alanus de Insulis*, who died in 1294. See Leyser, *Hist. Po. Med. Ævi*, p. 1074.

Non teneas aurum totum quod splendet ut aurum,  
Nec pulchrum pomum quodlibet esse bonum.

Ver. 16480. a preest an annueller] They were called *annuelleres*, not from their receiving a yearly stipend, as the *Gloss.* explains it, but from their being employed solely in singing *annuals*, or *anniversary Masses*, for the dead, without any cure of soules. See the Stat. 36 Edw. III. c. x. where the *Chapelleins Parochiels* are distinguished from others *chantanz annu-*  
les,

*les, et a cure des almes nient entendantz.* They were both to receive yearly stipends, but the former was allowed to take six marks, and the latter only five. Compare Stat. 2 H. V. St. 2. c. 2. where the stipend of the *Chapellein Parochiel* is raised to eight marks, and that of the *Chapellein annueler* (he is so named in the statute) to seven.

Ver. 16915. the secree of secrees] He alludes to a treatise, entitled, *Secreta Secretorum*, which was supposed to contain the sum of Aristotles instructions to Alexander. See Fabric. Bibl. Gr. v. ii. p. 167. It was very popular in the middle ages. Ægidius de Columnâ, a famous divine and bishop, about the latter end of the xiiiith Century, built upon it his book *De regimine principum*, of which our Occleve made a free translation in English verse, and addressed it to Henry V, while Prince of Wales. A part of Lydgate's translation of the *Secreta Secretorum* is printed in Ashmole's *Theat. Chem. Brit.* p. 397. He did not translate more than about half of it, being prevented by death. See Ms. Harl. 2251. and Tanner, *Bib. Brit.* in v. LYDGATE. The greatest part of the viiith Book of Gower's *Conf. Amant.* is taken from this supposed work of Aristotle.

Ver. 16918. As his book Senior] Ed. Urr. reads—As *in* his book—which I should have preferred to the common reading, if I had found it in any copy of better authority.

The book alluded to is printed in the *Theatrum Chemicum*, vol. v. p. 219. under this title. “Senioris Zádith fil. Hamuelis tabula Chynica.” The story which

which follows of Plato and his disciple is there told, [p. 249.] with some variations, of Salomon. “Dixit Salomon rex, Recipe lapidem qui dicitur *Tbitarios*—Dixit sapiens, Assigna mihi illum. Dixit, est corpus *magnesiæ*—Dixit, quid est *magnesia*? Respondit, *magnesia* est *aqua*, composita &c.”

Ver. 16961. Do him come forth] So Mss. Ask. 1. 2. and some others. The common reading is—Do him *comfort*. The alteration is material, not only as it gives a clearer sense, but as it intimates to us, that the narrator of a tale was made to come out of the crowd, and to take his place within hearing of the Host, during his narration. Agreeably to this notion when the Host calls upon Chaucer, [ver. 13628] he says,

Approche nere, and loke up merily.

Now ware you, Sires, and let this man have place.

It was necessary that the Host, who was to be “juge and reportour” of the tales [ver. 816], should hear them all distinctly. The others might hear as much as they could, or as they chose, of them. It would have required the lungs of a Stentor, to speak audibly to a company of thirty people, trotting on together in a road of the fourteenth Century.

Ver. 16965. to slepen by *the morwe*] This must be understood generally for *the day-time*; as it was then after-noon. It has been observed in the Discourse &c. § xiii. that, in this episode of the Coke, no notice is taken of his having told a tale before.

Ver. 16991. wol ye just at the fan?] Some Mss. read—*van*. The sense of both words is the same.

The

The thing meant is the *Quintaine*, which is called a *fan*, or *van*, from its turning round like a weathercock. See Du Cange in v. VANA; Menestrier *sur les tournois*, as quoted by Menage, *Diët. Etymol.* in v. QUINTAINE; and Kennet's *Paroch. Antiq.*

Ver. 16993. win of ape] This is the reading of Mss. HA. D. E. and Ed. Ca. 1. and I believe the true one. The explanation in the Gloss. of this and the preceding passage, from Mr. Speght, is too ridiculous to be repeated. *Wine of ape* I understand to mean the same as *vin de finge* in the old *Calendrier des Bergiers*. Sign. l. ii. b. The author is treating of Physiognomy, and in his description of the four temperaments he mentions, among other circumstances, the different effects of wine upon them. The Choleric, he says, a *vin de Lyon*; *cest a dire, quant a bien beu veult tansir noyser et battre*—The Sanguine, a *vin de Singe*; *quant a plus beu tant est plus joyeux*—In the same manner the Phlegmatick is said to have *vin de mouton*, and the Melancholick *vin de porceau*.

I find the same four animals applied to illustrate the effects of wine in a little Rabbinical tradition, which I shall transcribe here from Fabric. Cod. Pseudepig. V. T. vol. i. p. 275. *Vineas plantanti Noacho Satanam se junxisse memorant, qui, dum Noa vites plantaret, mactaverit apud illas ovem, leonem, simiam et suem: Quod principio potus vini homo fit instar ovis, vinum sump-tum efficiat ex homine leonem, largius haustum mutet eum in saltantem simiam, ad ebrietatem infusum transformet illum in pollutam et prostratam suem.* See also *Gesta Romanorum*, c. 159. where a story of the same purport



purport is quoted from Josephus, *in libro de casu rerum naturalium*.

Ver. 16999. a faire chivachee] A fair *expedition*. See the note on ver. 85. The common Editt. read—*chevisance*.

Ver. 17112. Take any brid] This passage is too like one which has occurred before in the Squieres tale, ver. 10925. The thought is plainly taken from Boethius, L. iii. Met. 2. See also *Rom. de la R.* ver. 14717—34.

Ver. 17124. Let take a cat] This is imitated from *Rom. de la R.* ver. 14825.

Ver. 17130. Lo, here hath kind] So Mss. Ask. 1. 2. The common Editt. read, *best*. *Kind* is *nature*. See the next line but one; and ver. 10922, 4.

Ver. 17132. A she-wolf] This is also from the *Rom. de la R.* ver. 8142.

Tout ainsi comme fait la louve,  
Que sa folie tant empire,  
Qu'elle prent de tous loups le pire.

Ver. 17173. or any these] *Any* is from conjecture only, instead of *a*, the reading of all the Mss. that I have consulted. The reading of Ed. Urr. is—or *elles* a these—whether from authority or conjecture I cannot tell; but even as a conjecture I should have adopted it in preference to my own, if I had taken notice of it in time.

Ver. 17278. My sone, thy tonge] In the *Rom. de la R.* ver. 7399. this precept is quoted from *Ptolomé*,

Au commencer de l'*Almageste*.

See the note on ver. 5764.

Ver.

Ver. 17281. The firste vertue] This precept is also quoted in the *Rom. de la R.* ver. 7415. from Cato. It is extant L. i. Dist. 3.

Virtutem primam esse puta compefcere linguam.

Ver. 17308. be non auctour newe] This seems to be from Cato. L. i. Dist. 12.

Rumores fuge, ne incipias *novus auctor* haberi.

It looks as if Chaucer read,

*Rumoris* fuge ne incipias novus auctor haberi.

Ver. 17315. Foure of the clock] See the Discourse &c. § xli.

Ver. 17321. Therwith the mones exaltation In mene Libra alway gan ascend] This is a very obscure passage. Some of the Mss. read—I mene Libra. According to the reading which I have followed, *exaltation* is not to be considered as a technical term, but as signifying simply *rising*; and the sense will be, that the moon's rising, in the middle of Libra, was continually ascending &c.

If *exaltation* be taken in its technical meaning, as explained in the note on ver. 6284, it will be impossible to make any sense of either of the readings: for the *exaltation of the moon* was not in *Libra*, but in *Taurus*. *Kalendrier des Bergiers*. Sign. i. ult. Mr. Speght, I suppose, being aware of this, altered *Libra* into *Taurus*; but he did not consider, that the Sun, which has just been said to be *descending*, was at that time in *Taurus*, and that consequently *Taurus* must also have been *descending*.

*Libra* therefore should by no means be parted with. Being in that part of the Zodiac which is nearly opposite

posite to *Taurus* (the place of the sun), it is very properly represented as *ascending* above the horizon toward the time of the Sun's setting. If any alteration were to be admitted, I should be for reading—

Therwith *Saturnes* exaltation,

I mene *Libra*, alway gan ascende—

The exaltation of *Saturn* was in *Libra*. *Kalendrier des Bergers*. Sign. K. i.

Ver. 17354. I cannot geste, rom, ram, raf] This is plainly a contemptuous manner of describing *alliterative poetry*; and the Person's prefatory declaration that "he is a Southern man," would lead one to imagine, that compositions in that style were, at this time, chiefly confined to the Northern provinces. It was observed long ago by William of Malmesbury, l. iii. *Pontif. Angl.* that the language of the North of England was so harsh and unpolished, as to be scarce intelligible to a Southern man. *Quod propter viciniam barbararum gentium, et propter remotionem regum quondam Anglorum modo Normannorum contigit, qui magis ad Austrum quam ad Aquilonem diversati noscuntur.* From the same causes we may presume, that it was often long before the improvements in the poetical-art, which from time to time were made in the South, could find their way into the North; so that there the hobbling alliterative verse might still be in the highest request, even after Chaucer had established the use of the Heroic metre in this part of the island. Dr. Percy has quoted an alliterative poem by a Cheshire man on the battle of Flodden in 1513, and he has remarked "that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon

idioms." Essay on Metre of P. P. This may perhaps have been owing to their being generally inhabitants of the Northern counties, where the old Saxon idiom underwent much fewer and slower alterations, than it did in the neighbourhood of the capital.

*To geste* here is *to relate gestes*. In ver. 13861. he has called it *to telle in geste*. Both passages seem to imply that *Gestes* were chiefly written in alliterative verse, but the latter passage more strongly than this. After the Host has told Chaucer, that he "shall no longer rime," he goes on —

"Let see wher thou canst tellen ought *in geste*,  
Or tellen *in prose* somwhat at the leste—"

*Geste* there seems to be put for a species of composition, which was neither *Rime* nor *Prose*; and what that could be, except *alliterative metre*, I cannot guess. At the same time I must own, that I know no other passage which authorizes the interpretation of *Geste* in this confined sense. In the H. of F. ii. 114. Chaucer speaks of himself as making—

"bokes, songes, ditees

In *rime*, or elles in *cadence*."

where *cadence*, I think, must mean a species of poetical composition distinct from riming verses. The name might be properly enough applied to the metre used in the *Ornulum* [See the Essay, &c. n. 52.], but no work of Chaucer in any such metre, without rime, has come within my observation.

Ver. 17378. had the wordes] This is a French phrase. It is applied to the Speaker of the Commons in *Rot. Parl.* 51 E. III. n. 87. Mons. Thomas

de

de Hungerford, Chivaler, qi *avoit les paroles* pur les Communes d'Angleterre en cest Parlement, &c.

P. 143. l. 2. forlete finne or that finne forlete hem] The same thought occurs, by way of precept, at the end of the Doctour's tale, ver. 12220.

*Forsaketh* finne or finne you *forsake*.

P. 175. l. 1. sayth Moyfes] I cannot tell where. Perhaps there may be some such passage in the Rabbinical histories of Moses, which the learned Gaulmin published in the last century [Paris, 1629, 8<sup>o</sup>.], and which, among other traditions, contain that alluded to by S. Jude, Ep. ver. 9.

P. 176. l. 12. in the *thurrok*] The Editt. have changed this word, in this place, into *timber*, though, in another place, p. 223. l. *penult.* they have left it, and Mr. Speght explains it to mean *an heap*. It is a Saxon word, which the Glossaries render *cymba*, *caupulus*, (originally perhaps *campulus*, as it was sometimes written. Du Cange, in v. CAUPULUS). It seems to have signified any sort of *keeled vessel*, and from thence, what we call, *the hold* of a ship. The following explanation of it from an old book, entitled, "*Oure Ladyes mirroure*" [Lond. 1530. fol. 57. b.], will fully justify Chaucer's use of it in both places, in the first literally, and in the second metaphorically. "Ye shall understande that there ys a place in the bottome of a shyppe, wherin ys gathered all the fylthe that cometh into the shyppe—and it is called in some contre of thys londe a *thorrocke*. Other calle yt an *hamron*, and some calle yt the *bulcke* of the shyppe." I know not what to make of *hamron*.

P. 183. l. 4. outrageous array of clothing] What follows should be read carefully by any Antiquary, who may mean to write *de Re Vestiariâ* of the English nation in the xivth Century.

P. 258. l. *penult.* so high doctrine I lete to divines] See before, ver. 17366—71. and below, p. 271. l. 7. "The exposition of this—I betake to the maisters of Theologie." The secular clergy, in the time of Chaucer, being generally very ignorant, it would not have been in character, I suppose, to represent the Person as a deep divine, though a very pious, worthy Priest. The Frere (whose brethren had the largest share of the learning which was then in fashion) is made to speak with great contempt of the Parochial Pastors, ver. 7590.

"This every *lewed* Vicar and Person  
Can say &c."

And yet in the Person's Character, ver. 402. we are told, that —

"He was also a *lerved* man, a *clerk*."

It may be doubted therefore, whether in these passages Chaucer may not speak for himself, forgetting or neglecting the character of the real speaker.

P. 276. l. 18. Now preye I to hem alle &c.] What follows being found, with some small variations, in all complete Mss. (I believe) of the Canterbury tales, and in both Caxton's Editions, which were undoubtedly printed from Mss. there was no pretence to leave it out in this Edition, however difficult it may be to give any satisfactory account of it.

I must first take notice, that this passage in Ms. Ask. 1. is introduced by these words —

*Here*

*Here taketh the maker his leve.*  
and is concluded by these—

*Here endeth the Personys Tale.*

In Ms. Ask. 2. there is a similar introduction and conclusion in Latin; at the beginning,—*Hic capit auctor licentiam*—and at the end,—*Explicit narratio Rectoris, et ultima inter narrationes hujus libri de quibus composuit Chaucer, cujus anime propicietur Deus. Amen.*

These two Mss. therefore may be considered as agreeing in substance with those Mss. mentioned in the Discourse, &c. § xlii. in which this passage makes part of the Persones Tale. One of them is described by Hearne, in his letter to Bagford, App. to R. G. p. 66r, 2.

In Edit. Ca. 2. as quoted by Ames, p. 56. it is clearly separated from the Persones Tale, and entitled,  
*The Prayer.*

In the Mss. in which it is also separated from the Persones tale, I do not remember to have seen it distinguished by any title, either of *Prayer*, or *Revocation*; or *Retraction*, as it is called in the Preface to Ed. Urry. If we believe what is said in p. 277. l. 7. Chaucer had written a distinct piece entitled, *his Retractions*, in which he had revoked his blameable compositions.

The just inference from these variations in the Mss. is perhaps, that none of them are to be at all relied on; that different Copyists have given this passage the title that pleased them best, and have attributed it to the Persones or to Chaucer, as the matter seemed to them to be most suitable to the one or the other.

Mr. Hearne, whose greatest weakness was not his incredulity, has declared his suspicion, "that the Revocation (meaning this whole passage) is not genuine, but that it was made by the Monks." [App. to R. G. p. 603.]. I cannot go quite so far. I think, if the Monks had set about making a Revocation for Chaucer to be annexed to the Canterbury Tales, they would have made one more in form. The same objection lies to the supposal, that it was made by himself.

The most probable hypothesis, which has occurred to me, for the solution of these difficulties, is to suppose, that the beginning of this passage (except the words *or reden it* in l. 19.) and the end make together the genuine conclusion of the Persones Tale, and that the middle part, which I have inclosed between hooks, is an interpolation.

It must be allowed, I think (as I have observed before in the Discourse, &c. § xlii.), that the appellation of "litel tretise" suits better with the Persones tale taken singly, than with the whole work. The doubt expressed in l. 22. "if there be any thing that displeth &c." is very agreeable to the manner in which the Person speaks in his Prologue, ver. 17366. [See the note on p. 258. l. *penult.*] The mention of "verray penance confession and satisfacion" in p. 277. l. *penult.* seems to refer pointedly to the subject of the speaker's preceding discourse; and the title given to Christ in p. 270. l. 2. "Prest of all Prestes" seems peculiarly proper in the mouth of a Prest.

So much for those parts which may be supposed to have originally belonged to the Person. With respect to the middle part, I think it not improbable, that  
Chaucer



Chaucer might be persuaded, by the Religious who attended him in his last illness, to revoke, or retract, certain of his works; or at least that they might give out, that he had made such Retractions as they thought proper. In either case, it is possible that the same zeal might think it expedient to join the substance of these Retractions to the Canterbury Tales, the antidote to the poison; and might accordingly procure the present interpolation to be made in the Epilogue to the Persones Tale, taking care at the same time, by the insertion of the words "*or reden it*" in l. 19. to convert that epilogue from an address of the Persones to his *bearers* into an address of Chaucer to his *readers*.

But, leaving these very uncertain speculations, I will say a few words upon those *enditinges of worldly vanitees*, which are here supposed to have sitten heavy on our author's conscience.

P. 277. l. 9. the boke of Troilus] It has been said in the Essay, &c. n. 62. that the Troilus is borrowed from the Filostrato of Boccace. This is evident not only from the Fable and Characters, which are the same in both poems, but also from a number of passages in the English which are literally translated from the Italian. At the same time there are several long passages, and even episodes, in the Troilus, of which there are no traces in the Filostrato. Of these therefore it may be doubted, whether Chaucer has added them out of his own invention, or taken them either from some completer copy of Boccace's poem than what we have in print, or from some copy interpolated by another hand. He speaks of himself as a translator *out of Latin*, B. ii. 14. and in two passages he quotes

his author by the name of *Lollius*, B. i. 394—421, and B. v. 1652. The latter passage is in the *Filostrato*, but the former (in which the 102d Sonnet of Petrarch is introduced) is not. What he says of having translated *out of Latin* need not make any difficulty, as the *Italian* language was commonly called *Latino volgare* [See the quotation from the *Theseida*, Discourse, &c. n. 9.]; and Lydgate [Prol. to *Boccace*] expressly tells us, that Chaucer translated — “a boke, which called is *Trophe*,

In *Lombard tonge*, as men may rede and see.”

How *Boccace* should have acquired the name of *Lollius*, and the *Filostrato* the title of *Trophe*, are points which I confess myself unable to explain.

*Ibid.* the boke of Fame] Chaucer mentions this among his works in the Leg. of G. W. ver. 417. He wrote it while he was Comptroller of the Custom of wools, &c. [See B. ii. ver. 144—8.] and consequently after the year 1374. See App. to Pref. C.

*Ibid.* l. 10. the boke of five and twenty Ladies] This is the reading of all the Mss. If it be genuine, it affords a strong proof that this enumeration of Chaucer's works was not drawn up by himself; as there is no ground for believing that *the Legende of Good women* ever contained, or was intended to contain, the histories of *five and twenty Ladies*. See the note on ver. 4481. It is possible however that xxv may have been put by mistake for xix.

*Ibid.* the boke of the Duchesse] See the note on ver. 4467. One might have imagined that this poem, written upon a particular occasion, was in all probability an original composition; but upon comparing the

the portrait of a beautiful woman, which M. de la Ravaliere [Poef. du R. de N. Gloss. v. BELEE.] has cited from Ms. *du Roi*, N° 7612. with Chaucer's description of his heroine [ver. 817, *et seq.*], I find that several lines in the latter are literally translated from the former. I should not therefore be surprized, if, upon a further examination of that Ms. it should appear, that our author, according to his usual practice, had borrowed a considerable part of his work from some French poet.

*Ibid.* l. 11. the boke of Seint Valentines day &c.] In the Editt. *the Assamblee of Foules*. Chaucer himself in the Leg. of G. W. ver. 419. calls it *the Parlement of Foules*. See the note on ver. 1920. and App. to Pref. C. note (e).

*Ibid.* l. 12. the tales of Canterbury &c.] If we suppose, that this passage was written by Chaucer himself, to make part of the conclusion of his Canterbury Tales, it must appear rather extraordinary, that he should mention those tales in this general manner, and in the midst of his other works. It would have been more natural to have placed them either at the beginning or at the end of his catalogue.

*Ibid.* l. 14. the boke of the Leon] This book is also ascribed to Chaucer by Lydgate [Prol. to Boccace], but no Ms. of it has hitherto been discovered. It may possibly have been a translation of *Le dit du Lion*, a poem of Guillaume de Machaut, composed in the year 1342. Acad. des Insc. t. xx. p. 379. 408. Some lines from this poem, as I apprehend, are quoted in the Glossary to *Poef. du Roi de N.* v. ARROUSERS.  
BACHELER,

Whether

Whether we suppose this list of Chaucer's exceptional-works to have been drawn up by himself, or by any other person, it is unaccountable that his translation of the *Roman de la Rose* should be omitted. If he translated the whole of that very extraordinary composition, (as is most probable,) he could scarce avoid being guilty of a much greater licentiousness, in sentiment as well as diction, than we find in any of his other writings. His translation, as we have it, breaks off at ver. 5370. of the original [ver. 5810. Ed. Urr.], and beginning again at ver. 11253. ends imperfect at ver. 13105. In the latter part we have a strong proof of the negligence of the first editor, who did not perceive that two leaves in his Ms. were misplaced. The passage from ver. 7013 to ver. 7062 incl. and the passage from ver. 7257 to ver. 7304 incl. should be inserted after ver. 7160. The later Editors have all copied this, as well as many other blunders of less consequence, which they must have discovered, if they had consulted the French original.

A Bachelor, who dances with Franchise, is said to resemble

“The Lordes sonne of Wyndesore.”

[R. R. ver. 1250.]

This seems to be a compliment to the young Princes in general, rather than to any particular son of Edward III, who is certainly meant by *the Lord of Windsor*. In the French it is simply—*Il sembloit estre filz de Roy.*

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Ver. 104. peacock arwes] *Arrows with peacock feathers.* See Mr. Warton's illustration of this passage. *Hist. of Eng. Po.* p. 450.

There is a Patent in Rymer, 15 R. II. *de arte sagittandi per Valettos Regis exercendâ.* The Yeomen, and all other Servants of the Royal household, of whatever state or office, *under the degree of Yeomen,* are ordered to carry Bows and arrows with them, whenever they ride, &c. in the King's train.

Ver. 169. his bridel—Gingeling] See this fashion of hanging bells on bridles, &c. illustrated by Mr. Warton, *Hist. of Eng. Po.* p. 164. See also below, ver. 14800, 1.

Ver. 307. in forme and reverence] *with propriety and modesty.* In the next line "*ful of high sentence*" means only, I apprehend, "*full of high, or excellent, sense.*"—Mr. Warton will excuse me for suggesting these explanations of this passage in lieu of those which he has given in his *Hist. of Eng. Po.* p. 451. The credit of good letters is concerned, that Chaucer should not be supposed to have made "a pedantic formality," and "a precise sententious style on all subjects," the characteristics of a scholar.

Ver. 331. a feint of silk with barres smale] It appears from our author's translation of R. R. ver. 1103. that *barres* were called *cloux* in French, and were an usual ornament of a girdle. See Mr. Warton's *Hist.* p. 377. 426. *Clavus* in Latin, from whence the Fr. *Cloux* is derived, seems to have signified not only an  
outward

outward *border*, but also what we call a *stripe*. Montfaucon, t. iii. part i. ch. vi. A *Bar* in Heraldry is a narrow *stripe*, or *Fascia*. Du Cange, in v. CLAVATUS, quotes the *Statut. Andegav.* an. 1423. in which the Clergy, and especially the Regulars, are forbid to wear *zonas auro clavatas*.

Ver. 388. a mormal] A *cancer*, or *gangrene*. So the Gloss. and I believe Chaucer meant no more, by his confining the disease to *the shin*. The original word, *Malum mortuum*, LAT. *Mauxmorz*, FR. seems to have signified a kind of dead palsy, which took away entirely the use of the legs and feet. Du Cange, in v. MALUM MORTUUM. Jonson, in imitation of this passage, has described a cook with an—"old mormal on his shin." *Sad Shepherd*. A. ii. S. vi.

Ver. 627. Note. Add—The Original of the word seems to be pointed out in the following passage. Vit. R. ii. a Mon. Evesh. p. 169. "facies alba — interdum sanguinis fluxumate viciata."

Ver. 2154. *Torettes*] Rather, *torettes*, with the MS. from the FR. *Touret*, which is explained by Cotgrave to signify, among other things, "the little ring, by which a Hawkes *Lune* [or, *Leash*] is fastened unto the *Jesses*." Mr. Warton has shewn, by several quotations, that *torettes* were affixed to the collars of dogs, for a similar purpose. Hist. of Eng. Po. p. 364. Our author says, that "the Ringe [of the Astrolabe] renneth in a manner of a *turet*." Tr. of Ast. fol. 291. b.

Ver. 2608. the herte spone] This part of the human body is not mentioned in any Dictionary, that I have seen. The following passage of Jonson [*Sad Shepherd*].

*Shepherd*. A. i. S. vi.] would incline one to suspect, that it means the concave part of the breast, where the lower ribs unite with the *cartilago ensiformis*.

— He that undoes *him*, [the deer,]

Doth cleave the *brisket bone*, upon the *spoon*

Of which a little gristle grows—

The Gloss. supposes *spone* to be a Participle, signifying *Thrust, driven, pushed*; from the IT. *Spingere*.

Ver. 3247. blisful for to see] The better Mss. read—*on to see*,—which I believe is right. See Lydg. Troy, B. iii. ch. xxii,

His brother *Troilus*, so goodly *on to see*.—  
and Gower, *Conf. Am.* fol. 17. b.

Tho was she fouler *unto* [r. *on to*] *se*.

Ver. 3251. perled with latoun] That is, I believe, *ornamented with latoun in the shape of pearls*. It is probable that some very elegant purses were embroidered with real pearls.

Ver. 3853. Whan folk han laughed] The better Mss. read—*laughen*, which therefore is probably right. Chaucer sometimes forms the Participle of the past time in *en*, even in those verbs, of which he also uses the Participle in *ed*. See ver. 3311. *washen*; 7354. *faren*; for *washed*, and *fared*.

Ver. 3902. of a fouter a shipman or a leche.] The Proverbial expression, *Ex futuro medicus*, was perhaps derived from the fable of Phædrus with that title. L. i. Fab. 14. The other, *Ex futuro nauclerus*, is alluded to by Pynson the printer, at the end of his Edit. of Littelton's Tenures, 1525. [*Ames*, p. 488.] Speaking of one Redman, another printer, he says,—“*Mirror profecto*

perfecto unde nunc tandem se fateatur typographum, nisi forte quum Diabolus futorem nauclerum, et illum calcographum fecit."

Ver. 3990. *Note.* Add—Mr. Warton strongly confirms this reading. *Hist. of Eng. Po.* p. 432. note n.

Ver. 4059. *Note.* Add—See the *Town and Country Magazine*, for May, 1769, p. 273.—When this note was written, I was in hopes of being able to refer the reader to some more creditable edition of this poem. But the influence of those malignant stars, which so long confined poor Rowley in his iron chest, seems still to predominate. Seriously it were much to be wished, that the gentleman, who is possessed of the still remaining fragments of this unfortunate author, would print them as soon as possible. If he should not have leisure or inclination to be the Editor himself, he might easily find a proper person to take that trouble for him, as nothing more would be requisite, than to print the several pieces faithfully from their respective Mss. distinguishing which of those Mss. are originals and which transcripts, and also by whom, and when, the transcripts were made, as far as that can be ascertained.

Ver. 4094. make a clerkes berde] i. e. *cheat* him. *Faire la barbe*, Fr. is to *shave*, or *trim* the beard; but Chaucer translates the phrase literally, at least when he uses it in its metaphorical sense. See ver. 5943. and *H. of F.* ii. 181. Boccace has the same metaphor. *Decam.* viii. 10. Speaking of some exorbitant cheats, he says, that they applied themselves—"non a radere ma a scorticare buomini:" and a little lower—"si a soavemente la barbiera saputo menare il rasio."

Ver.



Ver. 4348. *Note.* Add—I have lately met with another (I suppose, the true) receipt for stuffing a Goose in Ms. *Harl.* 279. It begins—“Take *perceley* and swynis grece or sewet of a shepe and parboyle hem, &c.”

Ver. 5002. The following plot of the Knight against Constance [from this ver. to ver. 5030.], and also her adventure with the Steward [from ver. 5330 to ver. 5344.], are both to be found (with some small variations) in a Story in the *Gesta Romanorum*, ch. 101. Ms. *Harl.* 2270. Occlève has versified the whole story; as he has another from the same collection, *De Jobnatha et muliere malâ*, ch. 54. *Ibid.* (cxx. *Edit.*) See an excellent Ms. of Occlève's works, *Bib. Reg.* 17 D. vi. The first poem begins,—“In the Romain jêstes writen is thus:” the second,—“Some time an Emperour prudent and wise.”

Ver. 5799. The bacon—at Dunmow] See Blount's *Ant. Tenures*, p. 162. This whimsical institution was not peculiar to Dunmow. There was the same in Bretagne. “A l'Abbaie Sainct Melaine, près Rennes, y a, plus de six cens ans sont, un costé de lard encore tout frais et non corrompu; et neantmoins voué et ordonné aux premiers, qui par'an et jour ensemble mariez ont vescu sans debat, grondement, et sans s'en repentir.” *Contes d'Eutrap*, t. ii. p. 161.

Ver. 6457. undermeles] The undermele, i. e. *undern-mele*, was the dinner of our ancestors. See the note on ver. 8136.

Ver. 7488. mendiants] In Ms. A. it is *mendinants*, both here and below, ver. 7494. which reading, though

though not agreeable to analogy, is perhaps the true one, as I find the word constantly so spelled in the Stat. 12 R. II. c. 7, 8, 9, 10.

Ver. 10261. Ye mafe, ye mafen] The final *n* has been added without authority, and unnecessarily. This line is very oddly written in Mss. Ask. 1. 2.

Ya may ya may ya quod she.

Ver. 10921, thilke text] Boethius, l. iii. met. 2.

Repetunt proprios quæque recurfus,  
Redituque suo fingula gaudent.—

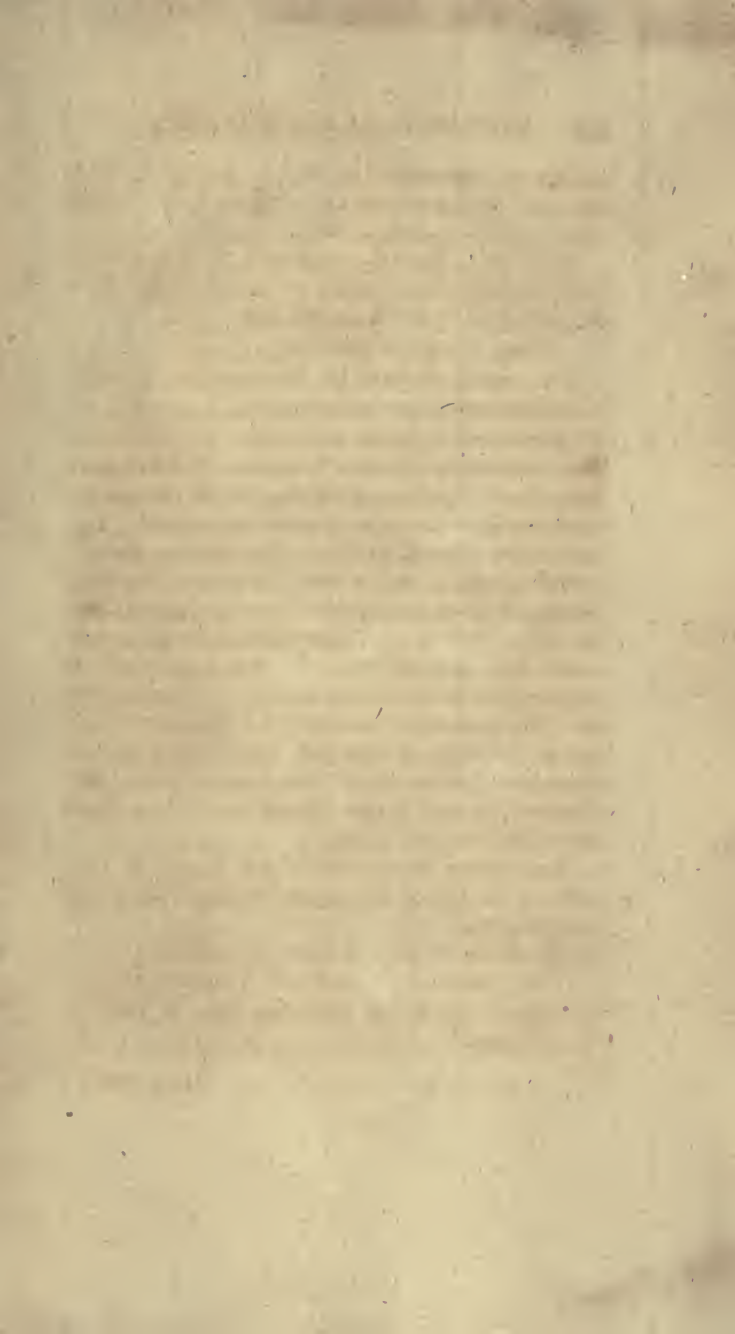
which our author has thus translated. “All thynges seken ayen to hir propre course, and all thynges rejoyfen on hir retourninge agayne to hir nature.” The comparifon of the Bird is taken from the same place.

Ver. 12914. I smell a loller] This is in character, as appears from a treatise of the time. *Harl. Catal.* n. 1666. “Now in Engeland it is a comun protection ayens persecutioun—if a man is customable to swere nedeles and fals and unavisid, by the bones, nailes, and fides and other membres of Crist.—And to absteyne fro othes nedeles and unlesful,—and repreve sinne by way of charite, is mater and cause now, why Prelates and sum Lordes sclaundren men, and clepen hem *Lollardes*, *Eretikes*, &c.”

Ver. 14881. *Note.* Add—*Loken* is used by Occleve, in the first of his poems mentioned above in n. on ver. 5002.

Leste was the Erles chamber dore unftoken,  
To which he came, and fonde it was not *loken*.

*Discourse*, &c. n. 32. Add—See App. to Pref. A. n. (e) p. xiv.

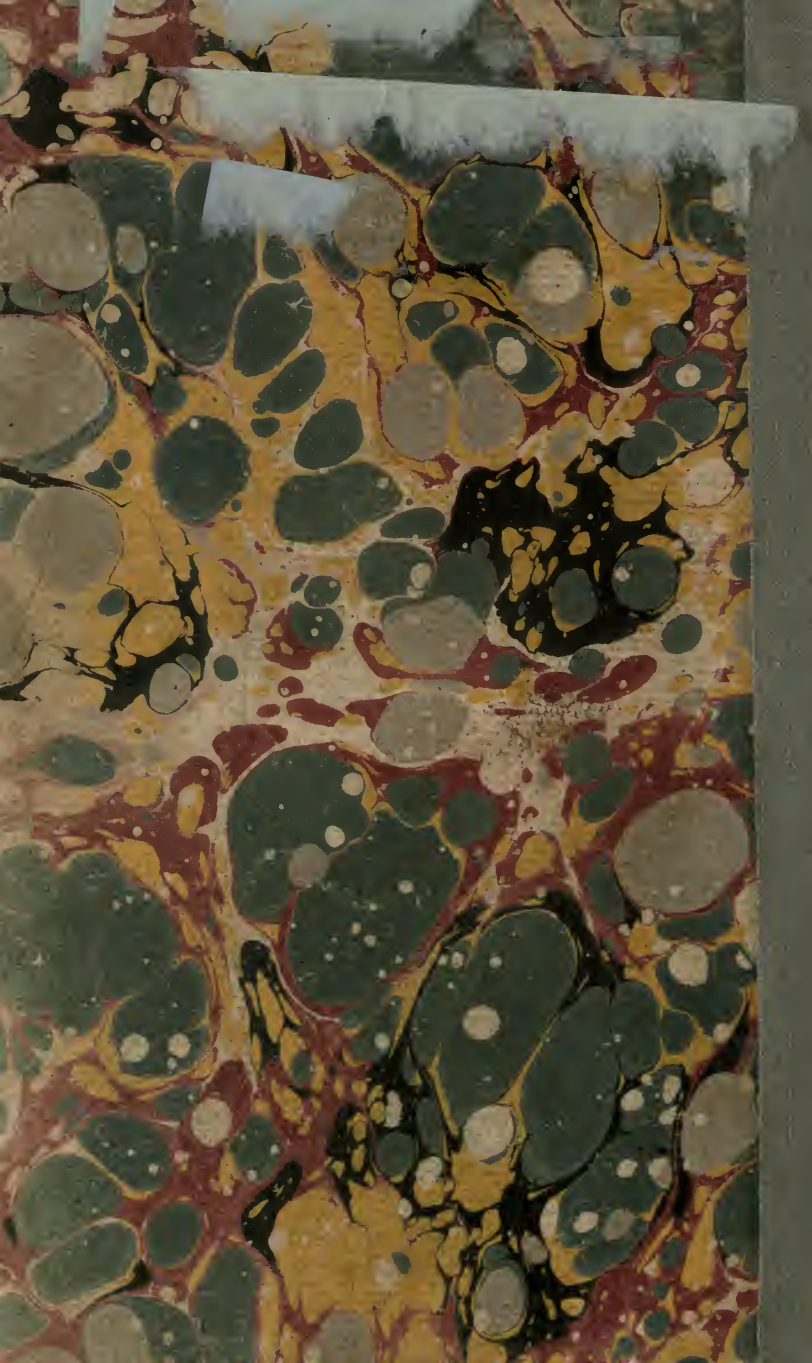


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